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INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

On the 26th day of February, 1564, says the register of the parish church of St. George the Martyr, in the ancient city of Canterbury, *was christened Christofer the sonne of John Marlowe;* and exactly two months afterwards, on the 26th of April, 1564, the register of the church of Stratford-upon-Avon records the baptism of *Gulielmus, filius Johannis Shakspere.* So few days intervened between the births of these two children, one of whom was destined to lead the way in showing what an English Play ought to be, and the other to carry the English Drama to the highest conceivable pitch of excellence and glory. But although they came into the world so nearly together, there was an interval of many years between their deaths. Marlowe perished suddenly before he was twenty-nine, and Shakspeare went quietly to his rest at the age of fifty-two. Had their fates been reversed how different an aspect would our literary history have borne. It is idle to speculate on what Marlowe might have performed if twenty-three years had been added to the narrow span of his working existence; but it is quite safe to assert that, if Shakspeare had died in 1593, the name, which now fills the whole wide world with its renown, must have been content with a narrow niche in *Specimens of Poets of the Age of Elizabeth.**

John Marlowe, the father of Christopher, is stated in a scurrilous ballad of uncertain date to have followed a "trade;"† and in two scribbles,‡ "in a very old hand," in the margins of volumes, themselves not printed for some years after the poet's death, the particular trade is fixed as that of a "shoemaker." From a more reliable source we learn that he survived his son, and the entry of his funeral in 1605 describes him as "clarke of St. Maries." He had two other sons, Thomas and John, and two daughters,

* "Marlowe was buried on June 1, 1593, and there is reason to suppose that previous to that year Shakspeare had done little more than improve the three parts of *Henry VI.* (if indeed he touched the third part of *Henry VI.* at all), and had written *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *The Comedy of Errors.* His *Richard II.* has generally been assigned to the year 1593."—*Collier's Memoirs of Alleyn*, p. 10.

† "Had he been brought up to the trade
His father followed still,
This exit he had never made
Nor playde a part so ill."—Appendix A, p. 370.

‡ "'Marlowe a shooe makers sonne of Cant,' MS. note in a very old hand, on the margin of a copy of Beard's *Theatre of God's Judgments*, 1598, which, when I saw it, belonged to Mr. B. H. Bright. 'His father was a shoemaker in Canterburie,' MS. note in a copy of *Hero and Leander*, ed. 1629, now in the possession of Mr. J. P. Collier."—*Mr. Dyce's Note.*

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Mary and Margaret. The poet appears to have been the second child and first son of his parents. The earlier entry of 1548 I take to refer to an aunt, not a sister.*

It was a great advantage in those days, and not at all a bad thing now, to be born in a cathedral city. There was always the certainty of a good school, and the probability that among the numerous clergy who battened in the shadow of the ancient Minster, (men of greater culture and more abundant leisure than their fellows), some particular individual might haply be found with discernment to discover and taste to appreciate any instance of distinguished merit which might crop up among the boys who were educated at their doors. There is something, too, in the daily sight of one of these "vast abbayes" which rains as much poetic influence on the soul of a youthful genius as all the shaggy woods, brown heaths, fountains, and floods between the Land's End and John o' Groats. In the next generation the "antique pillars, massy proof," of Powles, and the "storied windows, richly dight," of the Minster on Thorney Island, were found to be meet nurses for the poetic child of a scrivener in Bread Street; while, nearer to our own time the grimy tower and gloomy record chamber of an old church in Bristol were the Helicon and Hippocrene of Thomas Chatterton.

Canterbury, even now, with the single exception of Oxford, is the most interesting city in England, and in the sixteenth century it was possessed of still greater relative importance. For the sordid spirit of the "little beagle," Robert Cecil, had not yet turned its buildings into quarries for his palace in the Strand;† the shrine of its ambiguous archbishop had not ceased to be regarded by at least one-half of the people as the holiest spot in the island; and the venerable town was still as it were an ante-city to the metropolis, the halting-place of every foreign prince and ambassador who sought the court of the great Elizabeth. Strange emotions must have stirred the soul of the schoolboy who ten years afterwards was to write *Doctor Faustus* and *Edward II.* when he ascended the pilgrim-worn steps which led to the shrine of Becket, or looked up at the sword and shield, and helmet and surcoat, which overhung the stately tomb of the Black Prince.

There is something that requires clearing up about Marlowe's stay at the King's School at Canterbury. Mr. Dyce details the "great difficulty" which he experienced in

---

* 1548. The 28th day of December was christened Marget the daughter of John Marlow.
1562. The 21st of May was christened Mary the daughter of John Marlowe.
1565. The of May was christened Margarit the daughter of John Marlowe.
1568. The last day of October was christened the sonne of John Marlow.
1569. The 20th day of August was christened John the sonne of John Marlow.

1566. The 10th day of December was buried Simon the sonne of Thomas Marlow.
1567. The 5th day of November was buried the sonne of John Marlow.
1568. The 28th day of August was buried the daughter of John Marlow.
1570. The 7th day of August was buried Thomas the sonne of John Marlow.
1604. John Marloe, Clarke of St. Maries, was buried the 26th of January.

The existing register is only a copy from the lost original, and the blanks arose from the transcriber's inability to decipher the names.

† See the *Calendars of State Papers, Domestic Series.*

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obtaining an extract from the Treasurer's Accounts; and after giving this extract, which proves that Marlowe was a scholar from Michaelmas, 1578, till Michaelmas, 1579,* he goes on to inform us in a note that the accounts for that very year, and the year before and after it, are "wanting"! Beyond the dates in this curiously-derived extract, nothing is known of him until 1580, when, at sixteen years of age, he was entered at Benet (Corpus Christi) College, Cambridge. The terms in which this entry is made, the bare name *Marlin* being written without prefix or affix, is conceived to render it "nearly certain" that he had not obtained one of the two scholarships which had recently been founded in this very college for the benefit of the boys of the King's School at Canterbury. But when a biographer is reduced to the dilemma of choosing between two improbabilities, the safest course is to select the lesser; and in the present case there can, I think, be no question that it is less unlikely that a hurried and *quasi* informal entry has been made in the College books, than that a boy of Marlowe's ability and industry and precocity of intellect should have gone from that particular school to that particular college on any footing but that of a foundation scholar. The matter is of little consequence, except as furnishing a curious instance of the manner in which a "speculative" biography is almost of necessity built up. Two centuries and a half after this entry was made, "a gentleman of Corpus"† remarks to the Rev. George Skinner that "*scholars* were entered with a pomp and circumstance not found in the notice of *Marlin*." He was *therefore* not a scholar. Two anonymous scribblers in the margins of books had noted that he was the son of a "shoemaker," so the father is at once set down as a cobbler and a pauper, and unable to pay the expenses of a college. Somebody else, *therefore*, must have paid them, but who could that somebody be? By great good fortune, at the very moment when this question had to be answered, a manuscript copy of a Latin epitaph on a Kentish Squire, with Marlowe's name inscribed on it, turns up,‡ and one Sir Roger Manwood is immediately hailed as the generous and discriminating patron! But although a certain baldness in the wording of the *College*, entry has thus suggested a doubt; which, if true, demanded an hypothesis; which, if not false, required a guess; which if possessing a fragment of a toe to stand upon, was to be recorded as history—the entries in the Records of the *University* are plain and satisfactory, and refuse to be burdened with any such rickety superstructure. The Matriculation Book tells us that on the 17th of March, 1581,§ when just turned seventeen, he was matriculated as Pensioner of Benet College: the Grace Book adding that he proceeded B.A. 1583, and commenced M.A. 1587.‖ How Marlowe passed the interval between these two degrees it is impossible now to determine. Of his two contemporaries at the University, who grew to distinction in the same literary pursuits,

* "The year ending at the Feast of St. Michael, 21st Eliz."

† Some Account of Marlowe and his Writings, p. xii. Note.

‡ This epitaph was discovered by Mr. Collier, but the strangely ingenious deductions from it were entirely the work of others.

§ *Athenæ Cantabrigienses*, ii. 158. "17 Mar. 1580. Chrof. Marlen Pensioner." *Cambridge Matriculation Book.*

‖ "Xrof Marlyn, 1583, A.B." "Chr. Marley, 1587, A.M." *Cambridge Grace Book.*

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Thomas Nash, we know, passed* "seven yere together lacking a quarter" in residence at Cambridge; Robert Greene,† on the other hand, tells us that he had been drawn into travelling to Italy and Spain, and on his return to England had "ruffeled out in my silks in the habit of malcontent" before he became a Master of Arts. There was nothing, therefore, to have prevented Marlowe from travelling out of the island, and his home at Canterbury placed him in the very track‡ of the bold spirits who followed Leicester and Sidney to the Wars of the Low Countries. His familiarity with military terms, and his fondness for using them are most remarkable; and I make no doubt myself that he was trailing a pike or managing a charger with the English force a few months after "that strange engine for the brunt of war," "the fiery keel," had been hurled against "Antwerp bridge." In the days of Elizabeth, as in those of Anne, it may be granted that our army swore terribly in Flanders, and in the rough school of the march and the leaguer he was more likely to have acquired the habit of using profane oaths and appealing to the dagger than in the quiet halls on the banks of the Cam. While, therefore, it is very probable that some portion of the interval between 1583 and 1587 was thus employed, it is quite certain that a still greater part of it must have been passed in a diligent cultivation of the Muses; for the researches of Mr. Collier have placed it beyond a doubt, not only that Marlowe was the author of *Tamburlaine the Great*, but that both parts of that, in every sense of the word, astonishing drama, had been publicly performed in London at least as early as 1587.§ I have already mentioned Robert Greene and Thomas Nash as contemporaries at Cambridge. The former had taken his M.A. degree from Clare Hall in 1583, and the latter had just left St. John's College with nothing but the Bachelor's degree which he had obtained the year before. It seems probable that he had been compelled to quit the University, but, at any rate there were circumstances which rendered Marlowe's better fortune peculiarly irritating to him. Greene had originally belonged to the same College as Nash, and it may have been owing to this circumstance, or to a common jealousy of Marlowe's rising talents, that, when the former in this year 1587 published his *Menaphon, Camilla's Alarum to Slumbering Euphues in his melancholy cell of Silexadra*, &c. &c., he permitted or invited Nash to prefix an Epistle to the Reader. Of the work itself we learn from its interminable title-page that it was "worthie the youngest eares for pleasure, or the gravest censures for principles," but it derives all its interest now from Nash's preface, which contains a violent tirade against the "idiot *art-masters* who intrude themselves to our ears as the alchymists of eloquence, who (mounted on the stage of arrogance) think to outbrave better pens by the *swelling bombast of braggart blank verse*;" as also against those "who commit the digestion of their *choleric incumbrances* to the *spacious volubility* of a *drumming decasylla-*

* *Athenæ Cantabrigienses.*

† *The Repentance of Robert Greene.*

‡ In a letter dated 12th Jan. 1586, Burghley describes to Leycester how his son Thomas Cecil, with 60 horses and 200 foot, had been lying at "Margat in Kent ever sence" the 26th December.

§ *History of Dramatic Poetry*, iii. 113.

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bon."* A great original genius had come soaring down from the topmost heights of Parnassus, and the kites and the crows, as is their wont on such rare occasions, had assembled together to pick holes in the nobler bird's plumage. And as it so happened the lights and shadows were so strong, and the colours so glaring, as to appear to invite the attacks of hostile beaks and claws.

The reader of 1870 must endeavour to place himself in the position of the spectator of 1587 before he commences upon *Tamburlaine the Great.* He must consider that when it appeared the literature of England was only "mewing its mighty youth;" and that the fantastical and wearisome, yet eloquent and ingenious *Euphues* of John Lyly was to the then generation of Englishmen all, and more than all, that *Pickwick* and *Vanity Fair* and the *Waverley Novels* are to us just now. *The Faery Queene*† was still in manuscript, and so was *The Arcadia*;‡ and although the public taste was showing itself ripe for the reception of dramatic entertainments of a high order, all that a clever body of rising young actors could obtain from a still cleverer body of rising young authors, was a tiresome farrago, in which stilted classicalities and puerile historic fables sought to mingle with the old moralities and the stupid jokes of clownish jackpuddings; the whole conveyed either in involved prose or in a bastard kind of verse, sometimes rhymed sometimes unrhymed, but, as a general rule, destitute of melody, strength, and animation, *Tamburlaine the Great,* with all its faults, which are not unfairly hit off by Greene and Nash, put an end to this at once and for ever, and cleared the way for the most vigorous shoot of that "noble literature, the greatest of the many glories of England."

The pervading sins of *Tamburlaine* are so glaring and manifest that he who travels express may read them, but there can be no doubt that it was by virtue of these sins that the plays became so marvellously popular. The bombast and ranting which so grate upon our ears or provoke us to laughter, were in the days of Elizabeth absolutely essential to the conventional idea of an Oriental conqueror. It was this very "scenical strutting, and furious vociferation," which, though "flying from all humanity," as Ben Jonson§ said fifty years afterwards, "*warranted* the Tamer-lanes and Tamer-chams of the late age to the ignorant gapers." But while thus of necessity ministering to the vulgar taste in one way by his representation of the Scythian Tamburlaine, "threatening the world with high astounding terms," this young poet of twenty-two

* The work in which this appears was published in 1587, and as there can be no mistake as to *Tamburlaine* being the production aimed at, it is plain that it must have been before the public some time previously.

† *The Faerie Queene, disposed into twelve books, fashioning XII Morall vertues.* London, printed for William Ponsonbie, 1590. Mr. J. W. Hales, the latest biographer of Spenser, has repeated the old error of fixing the day of his death as the 16th of January. The following extract makes it clear that it occurred on the 13th:—"Spenser, our principall poet, comming lately out of Ireland, died at Westminster *on Satterday last.*"—*John Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton,* 17th Jan. 1598.

‡ *The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia, written by Sir Philippe Sidnei.* London. Printed for William Ponsonbie. Anno Domini 1590.

§ Ben Jonson's *Discoveries. Ingeniorum Discrimina. Not.* 10. Gifford's Ed. ix. 180.

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stood alone among the writers of 1586 in the rare power of grasping his subject as a whole—that prime essential of excellence—and in the art of making his characters converse in a language which was at once harmonious, poetical, and natural. The opening lines of the Prologue,* if spoken when the play was first acted, proclaim, perhaps a little arrogantly, the poet's sense of the superiority of his work over that of any of his predecessors, but whatever his confidence may have been, he could hardly have anticipated the effect which was at once produced. Mr. Collier was the first modern writer to point out the great extent of our debt to Marlowe on this score, and his views on the subject have since been fully adopted by Mr. Hallam. "This play," says that most cautious and judicious of critics,† "has more spirit and poetry than any which upon clear grounds can be shown to have preceded it. We find also more action on the stage, a shorter and more dramatic dialogue, a more figurative style, with a far more varied and skilful versification. If Marlowe did not re-establish blank verse, which is difficult to prove, he gave it at least a variety of cadence, and an easy adaptation of the rhythm to the sense, by which it instantly became in his hands the finest instrument that the tragic poet has ever employed for his purpose, less restricted than that of the Italians, and falling occasionally almost into numerous prose, lines of fourteen syllables being very common in all our old dramatists, but regular and harmonious at other times, as the most accurate ear could require." No man reaped greater advantage from this reform than Shakspeare, but so provoking occasionally is the bombast, that even he, all "gentle" as he was, could not resist making fun of a particular passage, which he has put into the mouth of Pistol in a manner so exquisitely ludicrous that up to the time of the publication of Mr. Collier's *History of Dramatic Poetry* all the intervening generations had received it as utterly damnatory of the poem from which it was taken. Even Charles Lamb‡ was so tickled with the humour of Mine Ancient that it blinded him to the beauty of some lines in the same passage where, addressing the pampered jades of Asia, he says:

> "The horse that guide the golden eye of heaven,
> And blow the morning from their nosterils,
> Making their fiery gait above the clouds,
> Are not so honoured in their governor!"

which one could almost fancy to have flowed from the pen of Shakspeare himself. The play, indeed, will be found full of such passages by any one who honestly searches for them. We are all taught to admire the spirit and fire of Hotspur when he says:—

> "By heaven methinks it were an easy leap
> To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
> Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
> And pluck up drownèd honour by the locks."

---

* See p. 1.

† *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, vol. ii. p. 270.

‡ *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets* (Ed. 1849), i. 18. Mr. Dyce corrected this edition, as far as the quotations are concerned, but he omitted to notice that Lamb had given one of the lines quoted in the text,—

"Making their fiery gait above the *glades*."

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And delightful as this exaggeration is, it is not at all more poetically conceived than many of the rants of the Scythian shepherd and his bassoes. Take for instance the following lines, which appear to me to breathe the very spirit of Harry Hotspur:

> "And till by vision or by speech I hear
> Immortal Jove say 'Cease my Tamburlaine,'
> I will persist, a terror to the world,
> Making the meteors (that, like armèd men,
> Are seen to march upon the towers of heaven),
> Run tilting round about the firmament,
> *And break their burning lances in the air*
> For honour of my wondrous victories."*

Marlowe was no doubt as sensible as his critics of the injury done to his genius by the spirit of ranting which pervaded his first production, and selected a subject for his second which he felt himself able to handle in such a manner as would show the world that he had a spirit within him which would carry him to the loftiest heights of legitimate imagination. *The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus* has had the good fortune to be written of by Hazlitt in his happiest vein, and when Hazlitt is at his best, what critic can excel him in eloquence and discrimination.

"His *Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*, though an imperfect and unequal performance, is his greatest work. Faustus himself is a rude sketch, but it is a gigantic one. This character may be considered as a personification of the pride of will and eagerness of curiosity sublimed beyond the reach of fear and remorse. He is hurried away, and, as it were, devoured by a tormenting desire to enlarge his knowledge to the utmost bounds of nature and art, and to extend his power with his knowledge. He would realize all the fictions of a lawless imagination, would solve the most subtle speculations of abstract reason; and for this purpose sets at defiance all mortal consequences, and leagues himself with demoniacal power, with 'fate and metaphysical aid.' . . . . Faustus, in his impatience to fulfil at once and for a moment, for a few short years, all the desires and conceptions of his soul, is willing to give in exchange his soul and body to the great enemy of mankind. Whatever he fancies becomes by this means present to his sense; whatever he commands is done. He calls back time past, and anticipates the future; the visions of antiquity pass before him—Babylon in all its glory, Paris, and Œnone; all the projects of philosophers, or creations of the poet, pay tribute at his feet; all the delights of fortune, of ambition, of pleasure, and of learning,

* P. 49*a*. This idea, derived from the stars in their courses fighting against Sisera (*Judges* v. 20), had been previously employed in the first part of this play (p. 24 *b*), where the moon, the planets, and the meteors are represented as angels in their crystal armour fighting a doubtful battle with the resolves of Tamburlaine. I had followed Mr. Dyce in giving up in despair the lines introductory to these now referred to, but I have since fancied that a very trifling change—*make in* for *making*—would restore their meaning.

> "Eyes that, (when Ebena steps to heaven)
> In silence of thy solemn evening's walk,
> *Make, in* the mantle of the richest night
> The moon, the planets, and the meteors light."

See p. 24 *b*, line 9 from stop.

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are centered in his person; and from a short-lived dream of supreme felicity and drunken power, he sinks into an abyss of darkness and perdition. This is the alternative to which he submits; the bond which he signs with his blood! As the outline of the character is grand and daring, the execution is abrupt and fearful. The thoughts are vast and irregular, and the style halts and staggers under them 'with uneasy steps,' 'such footing found the sole of unblest feet.' There is a little fustian and incongruity of metaphor now and then, which is not very injurious to the subject."*

Hallam† says of *Faustus* that "it is full of poetical beauties, but an intermixture of buffoonery weakens the effect, and leaves it, on the whole, rather a sketch by a great genius than a finished performance. There is an awful melancholy about Marlowe's Mephistophiles, perhaps more impressive than the malignant mirth of that fiend in the renowned work of Goethe. But the fair form of Margaret is wanting, and Marlowe has hardly earned the credit of having breathed a few casual inspirations into a greater mind than his own." When the illustrious possessor of this greater mind was himself spoken to on the subject,‡ we are told that he "burst out with an exclamation of praise: How greatly it is all planned! He had thought of translating it. He was fully aware that Shakspeare did not stand alone." Charles Lamb is the very last man to be selected to weigh the merits of a Georgian German and an Elizabethan Englishman. One might as well have asked Sir Egerton Brydges for a judicial opinion on the claims to the Barony of Chandos of Sudeley. But the very prejudices of such a man are delightful, and it is difficult not to sympathize with him when he says§ "What has Margaret to do with Faust? Marlowe makes Faust possess Helen of Greece!" He is not the only person who has doubted whether the conquest of a simple village maiden would have arrested the daring ambition that had just made so tremendous a sacrifice. With regard to the buffoonery of which Hallam so justly complains, I have no hesitation in saying that it must be attributed to any hand rather than Marlowe's own. The edition of 1604 has been separately reprinted, with the view of showing that this debasing matter was of gradual introduction, the dose being made stronger and stronger to satisfy the taste of the groundlings, a proceeding which can hardly be complained of in a generation which appears to relish few things so much as the beastly grimaces, hurdy-gurdy tunes, and stupid threadbare jokes of pack after pack of buffoons smeared all over with filthy lampblack. If by any chance the original MS. of the *Tragical History of Dr. Faustus* is ever recovered, it is almost safe to predicate that Marlowe's share would be found to consist solely and entirely of those grand, daring, and affecting scenes which will last as long as the English language.

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* Hazlitt's *Lectures on Elizabethan Literature*, ed. 1869, p. 43.

† *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, ii. 271.

‡ *Henry Crabb Robinson's Diary*, ii. 434, under date 1829.

§ "1833. April 19. I reached the Lambs' at tea-time. . . . Hayward had sent him his *Faust*. He thinks it well done, but he thinks nothing of the original. How inferior to Marlowe's play! One scene of that is worth the whole! What has Margaret to do with Faust? Marlowe, after the original story, makes Faust possess Helen of Greece."—*H. C. Robinson's Diary*, iii. 24.

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Mr. Collier* considers that *The Jew of Malta* was written in 1589 or 1590, and on such a point the opinion of no other man is of equal weight. It seems the work of a writer grown confident—not to say careless—by use and success, as may well have been the case of the young author of *Tamburlaine* and *Faustus;* and had he carried out the three last acts, as he was well capable of doing, with the same ability as the two first, he would not only have drawn a Jew fit to be matched against Shylock, but have written a play not much inferior to the *Merchant of Venice.* But while the first part conveys the most life-like and poetical idea conceivable of what the great Levantine merchant of the Middle Ages must have appeared to an untravelled subject of the Tudors, the whole of the latter part is more grotesquely untrue to nature than the worst portions of *Tamburlaine.* Looking at the *first two* acts, Hallam† justly says, that the drama is "more vigorously conceived, both as to character and circumstances, than any other Elizabethan play, except those of Shakspeare;" and, regarding the *three last* acts only, Lamb,‡ with equal justice (there being no modern German rival to warp his judgment), describes the principal character as "a mere monster, brought in with a large painted nose to please the rabble. He kills in sport, poisons whole nunneries, invents infernal machines. He is just such an exhibition as, a century or two earlier, might have been played before the Londoners *by the royal command,* when a general pillage and massacre of the Hebrews had been previously resolved on in the Cabinet." There are, however, a few passages of uncommon merit, and among these may be distinguished the living picture of the Alsatian bully, sent by Bellamira to extort money from Barabas.

> "He sent a shaggy tottered staring slave,
> That when he speaks draws out his grisly beard
> And winds it twice or thrice about his ear:
> Whose face has been a grindstone for men's swords:
> His hands are hacked: some fingers quite cut off;
> Who, when he speaks, grunts like a hog, and looks
> Like one that is employed in catzerie
> And cross-biting—such a sort of rogue
> As is the husband to a hundred whores!"—p. 1108.

Qualified, however, as must always be the praise assigned to the *Jew of Malta,* the critics combine in a chorus of approbation when they come to speak of *Edward the Second,* which is recognised by common consent as, after Shakspeare's, the finest specimen of the English historical drama; while, as regards its only superiors, it possesses the important advantage of being anterior to them all in the date of its production. The conclusion, in particular, has called forth the admiration of the highest judges. Hazlitt§ pronounces it to be "certainly superior" to the parallel scene in *Richard II.,* and "in heart-breaking distress, and the sense of human weakness claiming pity from utter helplessness and conscious misery, is not surpassed by any

* *History of Dramatic Poetry,* iii. 135.
† *Introduction to the Literature of Europe,* ii. 270. ‡ Lamb's *Specimens,* i. 29.
§ *Elizabethan Literature,* p. 55.

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writer whatever." This is high praise, but it is more than confirmed by the verdict of Lamb,* who says "the death-scene of Marlowe's King moves pity and terror beyond any scene, ancient or modern, with which I am acquainted." But, if I may presume to speak after such authorities, the pity and terror fail to exalt the character of Edward in the reader's mind, while the last scene of *Faustus* fills the soul with love and admiration as for a departed hero.

The *Massacre of Paris* is not only a fragment, but the little that remains to us has come down in a most corrupt state.† Mr. Dyce, however, considers that, "after every allowance has been made on these accounts, it must be regarded as the very worst of Marlowe's dramas." The nobles of the French court appear to me, however, to have more marked individuality of character than those in *Edward II.*, where the Barons resemble each other as closely as if they had been painted by Kneller, in his later days, when the grasping old Westphalian was thinking of his dividends rather than his fame.‡

In the tragedy of *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, which, in Mr. Collier's opinion, was written in 1590, although not printed till 1594, Marlowe was assisted, or perhaps rather his work was completed, by his old opponent Thomas Nash. However this may be, the production must be regarded on the whole as a very pleasing poem, every now and then swelling into real beauty, and at the worst times not sinking lower than other poets at the time were apt to do. Occasionally we come upon such a line as,—

"Gentle Achates reach the tinder-box,"

which, if I were a proper biographer, I should at once assign to Nash, while just afterwards we stumble upon passages of such genuine vigour and beauty as nobody but the writer of a life of the lesser genius would give to any one but Marlowe. Take for instances the lines in which Æneas describes the opening of the Wooden Horse:—

"Then he unlocked the horse, and suddenly,
From out his entrails, Neoptolemus,
Setting his spear upon the ground, leapt forth,
And after him a thousand Grecians more,
In whose stern faces shined the quenchless fire
That after burnt the pride of Asia;"

and the charming verses in which Dido indulges her fancy in equipping the ships of her lover:

"I'll give thee tackling made of rivelled gold,
Wound on the barks of odoriferous trees,
Oärs of massy ivory, full of holes,

* Lamb's *Dramatic Specimens*, p. 26.

† In the note at p. 336 on the words "Enter a soldier."

‡ I have made no mention of the play of *Lust's Dominion; or, The Lacivious Queen*, which was first printed as Marlowe's in 1657, but was proved by Mr. Collier, in 1826, to be the joint work of Thomas Dekker, William Houghton, and John Day. Hazlitt, who was not aware of the above fact, criticized it as a play of Marlowe's, and assigned it a high place among his dramas. The verdict of Mr. Collier has been emphatically endorsed by Mr. Dyce.

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Through which the water shall delight to play;
Thy anchors shall be hewed from crystal rocks,
Which, if thou loose, shall shine above the waves;
The masts, whereon thy swelling sails shall hang,
Hollow pyramides of silver plate;
The sails of folded lawn, where shall be wrought
The wars of Troy, but not Troy's overthrow;
For ballace, empty Dido's treasury!
Take what ye will, but leave Æneas here."

I now come to the poem of *Hero and Leander*, or *The Sestiad*, as I suppose Marlowe must have intended to call it (from the town of Sestos, in which the scene is laid); a name which Chapman retained, or perhaps invented, when he completed the poem and divided it into books. In Marlowe's time it was supposed that the Musæus who wrote the Greek poem on which the Sestiads were founded, was in very deed the ancient Athenian bard whom modern criticism has dismissed from his position as the flesh and blood predecessor of Hesiod and Homer, and fixed *in nubibus* along with Orpheus and other "semi-mythological personages." It is fortunate that the respect which Marlowe must have felt for what was then regarded as the most ancient of human compositions did not lead him into a repetition of the fatal blunder of a line for line translation. In fact he may almost be said to have lost sight of his original altogether, and to have given full swing to his rich and thick-coming fancies. Malone told Thomas Warton that, in addition to the two first Sestiads, Marlowe left behind him "about a hundred lines of the third;" which, however, in my opinion are not to be looked for in the place assigned to them, where all is manifestly Chapman's, but in the episode of Teras, and other portions of the fifth Sestiad, where the higher hand of Marlowe seems to me easily discernible. Chapman was a true and excellent poet, in some respects Marlowe's superior, but altogether different from him in lines of thought and modes of expression, and labouring besides under the immense disadvantage of singing as it were in falsetto, by endeavouring to work in the style and spirit of another man's performance. The age was not the age of mocking-birds, but of genuine songsters of the grove, who each piped the wood notes that were native to him, and which persist in making themselves heard sweet and clear in the midst of any attempt at imitating another. The popularity of this poem was unbounded. Contemporary literature is full of allusions to it: Shakspeare and Ben Jonson have introduced quotations from it into their works; and Taylor the Water Poet tells us that his brother "scullers" sweetened their toil by chanting its couplets as they rowed along the Thames.

But before this time arrived, the short and troubled career of this greatly gifted man had come to a dark and melancholy close. During the six years which elapsed between his quitting Cambridge and his death, we know literally nothing of him, except that he must have composed the works above enumerated; that he had the evil reputation of being a free liver and a free-er thinker; and that he had tried his fortune upon the stage. The curtain is for a moment lifted, but it is only to show him in the agonies of

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a violent death. In the last week of May, 1593, he was carousing at Deptford, in—to say the least—very doubtful company; and taking offence at some real or supposed insult to himself or his female companion, he unsheathed his dagger to avenge it, and in the scuffle which ensued received a mortal wound in the head from his own weapon. It is a convenient custom in fatal brawls like these to cast the blame on the dead man and the stranger who can make no answer himself, and is without friends to represent the matter in a fairer light. In the present case, too, the narratives which have come down to us were written long after the event, and by men whose purpose it was to represent him in the blackest light as the object of the direct vengeance of the Almighty. I shall not, therefore, detain the reader by pointing out the improbabilities and discrepancies in their stories, which are given at the foot of the page,* and only wish I could convince myself that, in the following passage of the *Hero and Leander*, Chapman intended us to understand that the dying bed of the poet was watched over by some "associate" or "friend beloved," who listened to and treasured up his "late desires."

"Then, now, most strangely intellectual fire
That, proper to my soul, hast power to inspire

* "Not inferior to any of the former in atheisme and impietie, and equal to al in maner of punishment, was one of our own nation, of fresh and late memorie, called Marlin, by profession a scholler, brought up from his youth in the Universitie of Cambridge, but by practice a playmaker and a poet of scurrilitie, who by giving too large a swing to his owne wit, and suffering his lust to have the full reines, fell (not without just desert) to that outrage and extremitie, that hee denied God and his sonne Christ, and not onely in word blasphemed the Trinitie, but also (as is credibly reported) wrote bookes against it, affirming our Saviour to be but a deceiver, and Moses to be but a conjurer and seducer of the people, and the holy Bible to bee but vaine and idle stories, and all religion but a device of policie. But see what a hooke the Lord put into the nostrils of this barking dogge! So it fell out, that as he purposed to stab one, whom he ought a grudge unto, with his dagger, the other party perceiving so avoyded the stroke, that, withal catching hold of his wrest, hee stabbed his owne dagger into his owne head, in such sort that, notwithstanding all the meanes of surgerie that could bee wrought, hee shortly after died thereof: the manner of his death being so terrible (for hee even cursed and blasphemed to his last gaspe, and together with his breath an oath flew out of his mouth) that it was not only a manifest signe of God's judgement, but also an horrible and fearfulle terror to all that beheld him. But herein did the justice of God most notably appeare, in that hee compelled his owne hand which had written those blasphemies, to bee the instrument to punish him, and that in his braine which had devised the same."—*Beard's Theatre of God's Judgements.* 1597. In the *first* edition of his book, Beard states that Marlowe was killed "in the streets of London," which is important, as showing on what vague information he wrote. "As the poet Lycophron was shot to death by a certain rival of his, so Christopher Marlow was stabd to death by a bawdy servingman, a rival of his in his lewd love."—*More's Palladis Tamia.* 1598. "Not inferior to these was one Christopher Marlow, by profession a playmaker, who as it was reported, about fourteen years ago wrote a book against the Trinitie. But see the effects of God's justice! It so hapned that at Detford, a little village about three miles distant from London, as he meant to stab with his poniard one name Ingram, that had invited him thither to a feast, and was then playing at tables, hee quickly perceiving it, so avoyded the thrust, that with all drawing out his dagger for his defence, hee stabd this Marlowe into the eye, in such sort, his braynes comming out, at the daggers point, hee shortly after dyed. Thus did God, the true executioner of divine justice, work the end of impious atheists."—*Sir William Vaughan's Golden Grove, Moralised in three books.* 1600.

Let any one who is inclined to place implicit reliance on evidence of this description take up the works of Peter Pindar, Esq., 5 vols. 8vo, 1812, and turn to the note at p. 493 of vol. iii., and read what is there specifically asserted as to the career of the living William Gifford.

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Her burning faculties, and with the wings
Of thy unspheared flame, visits't the springs
Of spirits immortal. Now, as swift as Time
Doth follow motion, find th' eternal clime
Of his free soul, whose living subject stood
Up to the chin in the Pierian flood,
And drunk to me half this Mussæan story,
Inscribing it to deathless memory:
Confer with it, and make my pledge as deep,
That neither's draught be consecrate to sleep:
Tell it how much his late desires I tender
(If yet it know not), and to light surrender
My soul's dark offspring."

But whatever our opinions may be as to the attending circumstances, the parish register leaves us in no doubt as to the main fact by recording the burial of "Christopher Marlow, slaine by ffrancis Archer, the 1 of June, 1593." The old church of St. Nicholas at Deptford has been enlarged and rebuilt, and restored and re-restored, till nothing of the original except the old grey tower remains, and it is vain even to guess at the spot in which the body of the young poet was laid. He died we may well suppose in the worst inn's worst room, and his grave was dug we may be certain in the obscurest corner of the churchyard; but even had it been otherwise, all knowledge of the locality would have passed away during the dark hundred years in which Christopher Marlowe became a name unknown.* The Reverend Daniel Lysons was a "man of letters," well read in "standard authors," and had made a narrow scrutiny of the Deptford registers; but, in 1796, when he published his account of the "Towns, Villages, and Hamlets within Twelve Miles of London," he passed over the record above quoted as one in which no human being was likely to feel interest. He bestows twenty-six quarto pages on this particular parish, and devotes several of them to extracts from the registers, which he says commence in the year 1563. In his anxiety that every entry of importance should be preserved, he is careful to transcribe the particulars of the

* A century ago the ignorance of the general public regarding the early English writers was something portentous. John Monck Mason, when he published his edition of Massinger in 1779, informs his readers that "notwithstanding my partiality for this kind of reading, and some pains I had taken to gratify it, I never heard of Massinger till about two years ago, when a friend of mine, who knew my inclination, lent me a copy of his works!" Dean Stanley, however, goes too far when he tells us of Michael Drayton that "after the lapse of not much more than a hundred years, Goldsmith, in his visit to the Abbey, could say, when he saw his monument, 'Drayton! I never heard of him before.'" But Goldsmith does not make the remark *in propriâ personâ*, but puts it into the mouth of his learned Chinese, *Lien Chi Altanghi*. It would hardly be more unfair to say that Addison imagined that St. Paul's had been hollowed out of a mountain. The mention of Drayton suggests the propriety of quoting his eloquent lines:—

"Next Marlowe bathéd in the Thespian springs,
Had in him those brave translunary things
That the first poets had; his raptures were
All air and fire, which made his verses clear;
For that fine madness still he did retain,
Which rightly should possess a Poet's brain."

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baptism* of "Phineas Pett, son of Peter Pett," on the 8th of November, 1570, and the burial of "Mr. Ephraim Paget, Rector of St. Edmund, Lombard Street;" the interment, also, on the 26th of August, 1631, of "William Shewers and John Finicke, two children, which, playing together, shut themselves into a hutch and were smothered." If Mr. Lysons, therefore, had ever heard our poet's name, it is certain that the fact of his being slain by Francis Archer would have found a niche in his *Environs*. He has, however, preserved one item which in a manner connects itself indirectly with our subject. When Captain Pearse and Lieut. Logan were interred in the churchyard of St. Nicholas after being "shot to death for losing the Saphire cowardly;" we may be sure they were laid in the same dark corner which contained the dust of Marlowe.

The dagger of Francis Archer averted one trouble which was hanging ominously over his victim's head. A very few days before the poet's death a "note" of his "damnable opinions and judgment of religion, and scorn of God's work," had been laid before Elizabeth's council, with a view to the institution of proceedings against him. These charges, it is to be observed, were drawn up by one Richard Bames or Bame, who was himself hanged at Tyburn in the course of the following year for some degrading offence; and they besides include matter, such as that about coining, which could never have been seriously spoken by any man of ordinary common sense. As authority, therefore, they are of themselves utterly worthless; but, even supposing the whole of them to be the clumsy fabrication of a scoundrelly professional informer, there is no smoke without fire, and the man who could thus be charged must have been well known as a free thinker and reckless speaker. In the present day the speculations, after being purged of grossness and manifest exaggerations, would not, in their general scope, appear novelties to any bearded man who did not chance to be a "great arithmetician" suddenly converted into a South African bishop; but in the Tudor times they found no being, certainly no utterance, save among such intellectual Bohemians as formed the Greene and Marlowe circle. When the latter commenced his career one of the great turning-points of English history was about to commence. The Queen of Scots was put to death, and the Armada destroyed; and the common dread of Spanish conquest and Papal tyranny being for ever removed, the Englishmen who had merely drifted away from Catholicism, and the Englishmen who had become Protestants from conviction, having no longer occasion to stand side by side, had for the first time leisure to look each other in the face, and to recognise the full extent of the gulf which separated them. Elizabeth at this moment held such a commanding position in the hearts of her people that it was quite in her power to have bridged over this chasm of differences, and to have become the founder of a really national Church. Not only did she neglect this opportunity, but, by following the bent of her own, and her father's *Fidei Defensor* inclinations, she drove the Puritans into a position where nothing was left for earnest men but to close their ranks and withdraw themselves farther than ever from their opponents. Happily the vigorous rule of

* I have merely selected this entry on account of its early date. This fine old family of master shipwrights were among the most faithful servants of their country for fully a hundred years.

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the great queen, and the affection which they bore to her, put actual warfare out of the question; and, till other times arrived, broadsides and pamphlets were the only vents left for their bitterness. I have entered upon this digression to show the exceptional circumstances under which Marlowe's personal character has been handed down to us in the writings of the Puritan pamphleteers and balladmongers, and the many grains of salt which must in fairness be employed to qualify their descriptions. Stage plays and bear-baitings and holidays had never been favourites with the stricter Protestants; but about this time they began to single them out as the most particular manifestations of the presence of Satan amongst us; and the awfully sudden death of so eminent a man as Marlowe, in the very flower of his manhood, following, as it did, so closely upon the miserable ending of Robert Greene, may well have tended to confirm the belief. And, even in our own time, the daring sentiments which it was necessary to put into the mouth of Faustus, nay, the mere selection of such a subject for a drama, have been held by many to justify the description which had then been given of his opinions. Even so gentle a critic as Charles Lamb gives a certain amount of countenance to the idea.

"The growing horrors of Faustus are awfully marked by the hours and half hours as they expire, and bring him nearer and nearer to the exactment of his dire compact. It is indeed an agony and bloody sweat. Marlowe is said to have been tainted with atheistical positions, to have denied God and the Trinity. To such a genius the history of Faustus must have been delectable food: to wander in fields where curiosity is forbidden to go; to approach the dark gulf near enough to look in; to be busied in speculations which are the rottenest part of the core of the fruit that fell from the tree of knowledge. Barabas the Jew and Faustus the conjuror are offsprings of a mind which at least delighted to dally with interdicted subjects. They both talk a language which a believer would have been tender of putting in the mouth of a character, though but in fiction. But the holiest minds have sometimes not thought it blameable to counterfeit impiety in the person of another, to bring Vice in upon the stage speaking her own dialect, and themselves being armed with an unction of self-confident impunity, have not scrupled to handle and touch that familiarly which would be death to others. Milton, in the person of Satan, has started speculations hardier than any which the feeble armoury of the atheist ever furnished; and the precise, strait-laced Richardson has strengthened Vice from the mouth of Lovelace, with entangling sophistries, and abstruse pleas against her adversary, Virtue, which Sedley, Villiers, and Rochester wanted depth of libertinism sufficient to have invented."

It only remains to speak of some of the minor productions which go to make up this volume, and which we may suppose to have been the mere sweepings found in his desk after the tragedy at Deptford. The translation, line for line, and in rhyme, of Ovid's Elegies, was in all probability executed in his Cambridge days, an dalmost as a *tour de force*. Some years after his death the bishops fixed upon it as a proper sacrifice to be burned by the common hangman; but although perhaps the object was to heap further discredit on the name of Marlowe, and through him on the Stage, it must be remembered that the publication was no doing of his own, and that the ideas

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are the property of Ovid. A much better plea might easily be set up for him than Dryden, a century later, with all his ingenuity, was able to offer for a similar offence.*

The charming verses, *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love*, must also have been an early production. They are quoted by Marlowe himself in *The Jew of Malta* (p. 110 *a*), and no doubt suggested to Shakspeare the affectionate name of "dead Shepherd" under which he apostrophizes him in *As You Like it*. Mr. Campbell, one of the most fastidious of critics, says very truly of this song that it "combines a sweet wild spirit with an exquisite finish of expression." This delightful combination again appears in the beautiful lines called *A Fragment* (p. 274) in reading which the blindest eye must see the sun flickering through the leaves and the dullest ear recognise the sound of the crystal stream singing among the pebbles. In the translation of the *First Book of Lucan* blank verse was happily chosen instead of rhyme as in the *Ovid*, and the result has been the occurrence every here and there of one of those "mighty lines" of which the mightiest might be proud. At page 285 they will be found in a cluster, and the description of the supernatural appearances which followed the passage of the Rubicon, must have been lingering in the memory of Shakspeare when he penned two of his noblest passages. How still grander might Marlowe here have shown himself had he not been dancing in the self-imposed fetters of a line-for-line translation.

It would be unpardonable to close any notice of Marlowe without adverting to the great loss which the cause of old English literature has recently suffered by the death of the Rev. Alexander Dyce. No person who has not had occasion to compare the Edition of Marlowe's Works in 3 vols. 8vo., published by Mr. Pickering, in 1826, under the editorship of Mr. Dickinson, with those which Mr. Dyce issued in 1850 and 1865, can appreciate the immense labour which he must have bestowed upon his task If I have differed from him now and then in the course of the notes at the end of this volume, I have never done so but with the most unfeigned diffidence in the value of my own opinion, and the most genuine respect for his acquirements as a scholar and a critic, and regard for his memory as a gentleman and a friend.

* "I can less easily answer why I translated it than why I thus translated it. The objection arises from the obscenity of the subject, which is aggravated by the too lively and alluring delicacy of the verses. In the first place, without the least formality of an excuse, I own it pleased me, and let my enemies make the worst they can of this confession; I am not yet so secure from that passion, but that I want my author's antidotes against it. He has given the truest and most philosophical account both of the disease and remedy which I ever found in any author: for which reasons I translated him. But it will be asked why I turned him into this luscious English (for I will not give it a worse word)? Instead of an answer, I would ask again of my supercilious adversaries, whether I am not bound when I translate an author to do him all the right I can, and to translate him to the best advantage . . . If nothing of this kind be to be read, physicians must not study nature, anatomies must not be seen, and somewhat I could say of particular passages in books, which, to avoid profaneness, I do not name."—*Preface to Sylvæ, or the Second Part of Poetical Miscellanies.* 1685.

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Tamburlaine the Great.

PART THE FIRST.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Mycetes, *King of Persia.*
Cosroe, *his Brother.*
Ortygius, Ceneus, } *Persian Lords.*
Meander, Menaphon, Theridamas, } *Persian Captains.*
Tamburlaine.
Techelles, Usumcasane, } *his Officers.*
Agydas, Magnetes, } *Median Lords attending upon Zenocrate.*
Capolin, *an Egyptian Captain.*
Bajazet, *Emperor of the Turks.*
King of Arabia.
King of Fez.
King of Morocco.
King of Algiers.
Soldan of Egypt.
Governor of Damascus.
Philemus, *a Messenger.*
Zenocrate, *Daughter of the Soldan of Egypt.*
Anippe, *her Maid.*
Zabina, *Empress of the Turks.*
Ebra, *her Maid.*

THE PROLOGUE.

FROM jigging veins of rhyming mother wits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
We'll lead you to the stately tent of war,
Where you shall hear the Scythian Tamburlaine:
Threatening the world with high astounding terms,
And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword.
View but his picture in this tragic glass,
And then applaud his fortune as you please.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Enter Mycetes, Cosroe, Meander, Theridamas, Ortygius, Ceneus, Menaphon, *with others.*

Myc. Brother Cosroe, I find myself aggrieved,
Yet insufficient to express the same;
For it requires a great and thundering speech:
Good brother, tell the cause unto my Lords;
I know you have a better wit than I.

Cos. Unhappy Persia, that in former age
Hast been the seat of mighty conquerors,
That, in their prowess and their policies,
Have triumphed over Afric and the bounds
Of Europe, where the sun scarce dares appear
For freezing meteors and congealèd cold,
Now to be ruled and governed by a man
At whose birth-day Cynthia with Saturn joined,
And Jove, the Sun, and Mercury denied
To shed their influence in his fickle brain.—
Now Turks and Tartars shake their swords at thee,
Meaning to mangle all thy provinces.

Myc. Brother, I see your meaning well enough,
And through your planets I perceive you think
I am not wise enough to be a king,
But I refer me to my noblemen
That know my wit, and can be witnesses.
I might command you to be slain for this:
Meander, might I not?

Meand. Not for so small a fault, my sovereign lord.

Myc. I mean it not, but yet I know I might;
Yet live; yea live, Mycetes wills it so.
Meander, thou, my faithful counsellor,
Declare the cause of my conceivèd grief,
Which is, God knows, about that Tamburlaine,
That, like a fox in midst of harvest time,

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Doth prey upon my flocks of passengers;
And, as I hear, doth mean to pull my plumes:
Therefore 'tis good and meet for to be wise.
Meand. Oft have I heard your Majesty complain
Of Tamburlaine, that sturdy Scythian thief,
That robs your merchants of Persepolis
Trading by land unto the Western Isles,
And in your confines with his lawless train
Daily commits uncivil outrages,
Hoping (misled by dreaming prophecies)
To reign in Asia, and with barbarous arms
To make himself the monarch of the East;
But ere he march in Asia, or display
His vagrant ensign in the Persian fields,
Your Grace hath taken order by Theridamas,
Charged with a thousand horse, to apprehend
And bring him captive to your Highness' throne.
Myc. Full true thou speak'st, and like thyself, my Lord,
Whom I may term a Damon for thy love:
Therefore 'tis best, if so it like you all,
To send my thousand horse incontinent
To apprehend that paltry Scythian.
How like you this, my honourable Lords?
Is 't not a kingly resolution?
Cos. It cannot choose because it comes from you.
Myc. Then hear thy charge, valiant Theridamas,
The chiefest captain of Mycetes' host,
The hope of Persia, and the very legs
Whereon our State doth lean as on a staff,
That holds us up, and foils our neighbour foes:
Thou shalt be leader of this thousand horse,
Whose foaming gall with rage and high disdain
Have sworn the death of wicked Tamburlaine.
Go frowning forth; but come thou smiling home,
As did sir Paris with the Grecian dame;
Return with speed — time passeth swift away;
Our life is frail, and we may die to-day.
Ther. Before the moon renew her borrowed light,
Doubt not, my Lord and gracious Sovereign,
But Tamburlaine and that Tartarian rout,
Shall either perish by our warlike hands,
Or plead for mercy at your Highness' feet.
Myc. Go, stout Theridamas, thy words are swords,
And with thy looks thou conquerest all thy foes;
I long to see thee back return from thence,
That I may view these milk-white steeds of mine
All loaden with the heads of killèd men,
And from their knees e'en to their hoofs below
Besmeared with blood that makes a dainty show.
Ther. Then now, my Lord, I humbly take my leave.
Myc. Theridamas, farewell! ten thousand times. [*Exit* Theridamas.
Ah, Menaphon, why stay'st thou thus behind,
When other men press forward for renown?
Go, Menaphon, go into Scythia;
And foot by foot follow Theridamas.
Cos. Nay, pray you let him stay; a greater [task]
Fits Menaphon than warring with a thief:
Create him Prorex of all Africa,
That he may win the Babylonians' hearts
Which will revolt from Persian government,
Unless they have a wiser king than you.
Myc. "Unless they have a wiser king than you."
These are his words; Meander, set them down.
Cos. And add this to them—that all Asia
Laments to see the folly of their king.
Myc. Well, here I swear by this my royal seat,—
Cos. You may do well to kiss it then.
Myc. Embossed with silk as best beseems my state,
To be revenged for these contemptuous words.
O, where is duty and allegiance now?
Fled to the Caspian or the Ocean main?
What shall I call thee? brother? — no, a foe;
Monster of nature!—Shame unto thy stock
That dar'st presume thy sovereign for to mock!
Meander, come: I am abused, Meander.
[*All go out but* Cosroe *and* Menaphon.
Men. How now, my Lord? What, mated and amazed
To hear the king thus threaten like himself!
Cos. Ah, Menaphon, I pass not for his threats;
The plot is laid by Persian noblemen
And captains of the Median garrisons
To crown me emperor of Asia:
But this it is that doth excruciate
The very substance of my vexèd soul—

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To see our neighbours that were wont to quake
And tremble at the Persian monarch's name,
Now sit and laugh our regiment to scorn;
And that, which might resolve me into tears—
Men from the farthest equinoctial line
Have swarmed in troops into the Eastern India,
Lading their ships with gold and precious stones,
And made their spoils from all our provinces.
Men. This should entreat your highness to rejoice,
Since Fortune gives you opportunity
To gain the title of a conqueror
By curing of this maimèd empery.
Afric and Europe bordering on your land,
And continent to your dominions,
How easily may you, with a mighty host,
Pass into Græcia, as did Cyrus once,
And cause them to withdraw their forces home,
Lest you subdue the pride of Christendom.
Cos. But, Menaphon, what means this trumpet's sound?
Men. Behold, my lord, Ortygius and the rest
Bringing the crown to make you emperor!

Enter Ortygius *and* Ceneus, *with others, bearing a Crown.*

Orty. Magnificent and mighty Prince Cosroe,
We, in the name of other Persian states
And Commons of the mighty monarchy,
Present thee with the imperial diadem.
Cen. The warlike soldiers and the gentlemen,
That heretofore have filled Persepolis
With Afric captains taken in the field,
Whose ransom made them march in coats of gold,
With costly jewels hanging at their ears,
And shining stones upon their lofty crests,
Now living idle in the wallèd towns,
Wanting both pay and martial discipline,
Begin in troops to threaten civil war,
And openly exclaim against their king:
Therefore, to stop all sudden mutinies,
We will invest your highness emperor,
Whereat the soldiers will conceive more joy,
Than did the Macedonians at the spoil
Of great Darius and his wealthy host.
Cos. Well, since I see the state of Persia droop
And languish in my brother's government,
I willingly receive the imperial crown,
And vow to wear it for my country's good,
In spite of them shall malice my estate.
Orty. And in assurance of desired success,
We here do crown thee monarch of the East,
Emperor of Asia and of Persia;
Great Lord of Media and Armenia;
Duke of Africa and Albania,
Mesopotamia and of Parthia,
East India and the late discovered isles;
Chief lord of all the wide, vast Euxine Sea,
And of the ever-raging Caspian Lake.
All. Long live Cosroe, mighty emperor!
Cos. And Jove may never let me longer live
Than I may seek to gratify your love,
And cause the soldiers that thus honour me
To triumph over many provinces!
By whose desire of discipline in arms
I doubt not shortly but to reign sole king,
And with the army of Theridamas,
(Whither we presently will fly, my lords)
To rest secure against my brother's force.
Orty. We knew, my lord, before we brought the crown,
Intending your investion so near
The residence of your despisèd brother,
The lords would not be too exasperate
To injury or suppress your worthy title;
Or, if they would, there are in readiness
Ten thousand horse to carry you from hence,
In spite of all suspected enemies.
Cos. I know it well, my lord, and thank you all.
Orty. Sound up the trumpets then—
[*Trumpets sound.*
All. God save the king!
[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.

Enter Tamburlaine, *leading* Zenocrate, *followed by* Techelles, Usumcasane, Agydas, Magnetes, *Lords, and Soldiers, loaded with Treasure.*

Tamb. Come, lady, let not this appal your thoughts;
The jewels and the treasure we have ta'en
Shall be reserved, and you in better state,
Than if you were arrived in Syria,
Even in the circle of your father's arms,
The mighty soldan of Ægyptia.
Zeno. Ah, shepherd! pity my distressed plight,
(If, as thou seem'st, thou art so mean a man,)
And seek not to enrich thy followers
By lawless rapine from a silly maid,
Who travelling with these, my uncle's, lords
To Memphis, from his country of Media,
Where, all my youth, I have been governèd,

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Have past the army of the mighty Turk,
Bearing his privy signet and his hand
To safe conduct us thorough Africa.
Mag. And since we have arrived in Scythia,
Besides rich presents from the puissant Cham,
We have his highness' letters to command
Aid and assistance, if we stand in need.
Tamb. But now you see these letters and commands
Are countermanded by a greater man;
And through my provinces you must expect
Letters of conduct from my mightiness,
If you intend to keep your treasure safe.
But since I love to live at liberty,
As easily may you get the soldan's crown
As any prizes out of my precinct;
For they are friends that help to wean my state
'Till men and kingdoms help to strengthen it,
And must maintain my life exempt from servitude—
But, tell me, madam, is your grace betrothed?
Zeno. I am—my lord—for so you do import.
Tamb. I am a lord, for so my deeds shall prove;
And yet a shepherd by my parentage.
But, lady, this fair face and heavenly hue
Must grace his bed that conquers Asia,
And means to be a terror to the world,
Measuring the limits of his empery
By east and west, as Phœbus doth his course.
Lie here ye weeds that I disdain to wear!
This complete armour and this curtle axe
Are adjuncts more beseeming Tamburlaine.
And, madam, whatsoever you esteem
Of this success and loss unvalued,
Both may invest you empress of the East;
And these that seem but silly country swains
May have the leading of so great an host,
As with their weight shall make the mountains quake,
Even as when windy exhalations
Fighting for passage, tilt within the earth.
Tech. As princely lions, when they rouse themselves,
Stretching their paws, and threatening herds of beasts,
So in his armour looketh Tamburlaine.
Methinks I see kings kneeling at his feet,
And he with frowning brows and fiery looks,
Spurning their crowns from off their captive heads.
Usum. And making thee and me, Techelles, kings,
That even to death will follow Tamburlaine.
Tamb. Nobly resolved, sweet friends and followers!
These Lords, perhaps do scorn our estimates,
And think we prattle with distempered spirits;
But since they measure our deserts so mean,
That in conceit bear empires on our spears,
Affecting thoughts coequal with the clouds,
They shall be kept our forcèd followers,
Till with their eyes they view us emperors.
Zeno. The Gods, defenders of the innocent,
Will never prosper your intended drifts,
That thus oppress poor friendless passengers.
Therefore at least admit us liberty,
Even as thou hopest to be eternized,
By living Asia's mighty emperor.
Agyd. I hope our ladies' treasures and our own,
May serve for ransom to our liberties:
Return our mules and empty camels back,
That we may travel into Syria,
Where her betrothed lord Alcidamas,
Expects th' arrival of her highness' person.
Mag. And wheresoever we repose ourselves,
We will report but well of Tamburlaine.
Tamb. Disdains Zenocrate to live with me?
Or you, my lords, to be my followers?
Think you I weigh this treasure more than you?
Not all the gold in India's wealthy arms
Shall buy the meanest soldier in my train.
Zenocrate, lovelier than the love of Jove,
Brighter than is the silver Rhodope,
Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hills,—
Thy person is more worth to Tamburlaine,
Than the possession of the Persian crown,
Which gracious stars have promised at my birth.
A hundred Tartars shall attend on thee,
Mounted on steeds swifter than Pegasus;
Thy garments shall be made of Median silk,
Enchased with precious jewels of mine own,
More rich and valurous than Zenocrate's.
With milk-white harts upon an ivory sled,
Thou shalt be drawn amidst the frozen pools,
And scale the icy mountains' lofty tops,
Which with thy beauty will be soon resolved.
My martial prizes with five hundred men,
Won on the fifty-headed Wolga's waves,
Shall we all offer to Zenocrate,—
And then myself to fair Zenocrate.
Tech. What now!—in love?

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Tamb. Techelles, women must be flatterèd:
But this is she with whom I am in love.

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. News! news!
Tamb. How now—what's the matter?
Sold. A thousand Persian horsemen are at hand,
Sent from the king to overcome us all.
Tamb. How now, my lords of Egypt, and Zenocrate!
How!—must your jewels be restored again,
And I, that triumphed so, be overcome?
How say you, lordings,—is not this your hope?
Agyd. We hope yourself will willingly restore them.
Tamb. Such hope, such fortune, have the thousand horse.
Soft ye, my lords, and sweet Zenocrate!
You must be forced from me ere you go.
A thousand horsemen!—We five hundred foot!—
An odds too great for us to stand against.
But are they rich?—and is their armour good?
Sold. Their pluméd helms are wrought with beaten gold,
Their swords enamelled, and about their necks
Hang massy chains of gold, down to the waist,
In every part exceeding brave and rich.
Tamb. Then shall we fight courageously with them?
Or look you I should play the orator?
Tech. No: cowards and faint-hearted runaways
Look for orations when the foe is near:
Our swords shall play the orator for us.
Usum. Come! let us meet them at the mountain top,
And with a sudden and a hot alarum,
Drive all their horses headlong down the hill.
Tech. Come, let us march!
Tamb. Stay! ask a parle first.

The Soldiers *enter.*

Open the mails, yet guard the treasure sure;
Lay out our golden wedges to the view,
That their reflections may amaze the Persians;
And look we friendly on them when they come;
But if they offer word or violence,
We'll fight five hundred men at arms to one,
Before we part with our possession.
And 'gainst the general we will lift our swords,
And either lance his greedy thirsting throat,
Or take him prisoner, and his chain shall serve
For manacles, till he be ransomed home.
Tech. I hear them come; shall we encounter them?
Tamb. Keep all your standings and not stir a foot,
Myself will bide the danger of the brunt.

Enter Theridamas *and others.*

Ther. Where is this Scythian [this] Tamburlaine?
Tamb. Who seek'st thou, Persian?—I am Tamburlaine.
Ther. Tamburlaine!—A Scythian shepherd so embellished
With nature's pride and richest furniture!
His looks do menace Heaven and dare the gods:
His fiery eyes are fixed upon the earth,
As if he now devised some stratagem,
Or meant to pierce Avernus' darksome vauts
To pull the triple-headed dog from hell.
Tamb. Noble and mild this Persian seems to be,
If outward habit judge the inward man.
Tech. His deep affections make him passionate.
Tamb. With what a majesty he rears his looks!
In thee, thou valiant man of Persia,
I see the folly of thy emperor.
Art thou but captain of a thousand horse,
That by charàcters graven in thy brows,
And by thy martial face and stout aspèct,
Deserv'st to have the leading of an host?
Forsake thy king, and do but join with me,
And we will triumph over all the world;
I hold the fates bound fast in iron chains,
And with my hand turn fortune's wheel about:
And sooner shall the sun fall from his sphere,
Than Tamburlaine be slain or overcome.
Draw forth thy sword, thou mighty man at arms,
Intending but to raze my charmèd skin,
And Jove himself will stretch his hand from Heaven
To ward the blow and shield me safe from harm.
See how he rains down heaps of gold in showers,
As if he meant to give my soldiers pay!
And as a sure and grounded argument,
That I shall be the monarch of the East,
He sends this soldan's daughter rich and brave,

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To be my queen and portly emperess.
If thou wilt stay with me, renownèd man,
And lead thy thousand horse with my condùct,
Besides thy share of this Egyptian prize,
Those thousand horse shall sweat with martial spoil
Of conquered kingdoms and of cities sacked;
Both we will walk upon the lofty cliffs,
And Christian merchants that with Russian stems
Plough up huge furrows in the Caspian sea,
Shall vail to us, as lords of all the lake.
Both we will reign as consuls of the earth,
And mighty kings shall be our senators.
Jove sometimes maskèd in a shepherd's weed,
And by those steps that he hath scaled the heavens
May we become immortal like the gods.
Join with me now in this my mean estate,
(I call it mean because being yet obscure,
The nations far removed admire me not,)
And when my name and honour shall be spread
As far as Boreas claps his brazen wings,
Or fair Böötes sends his cheerful light,
Then shalt thou be competitor with me,
And sit with Tamburlaine in all his majesty.
Ther. Not Hermes, prolocutor to the gods,
Could use persuasions more pathetical.
Tamb. Nor are Apollo's oracles more true,
Than thou shalt find my vaunts substantial.
Tech. We are his friends, and if the Persian king
Should offer present dukedoms to our state,
We think it loss to make exchange for that
We are assured of by our friend's success.
Usum. And kingdoms at the least we all expect,
Besides the honour in assurèd conquests,
When kings shall crouch unto our conquering swords
And hosts of soldiers stand amazed at us;
When with their fearful tongues they shall confess,
These are the men that all the world admires.
Ther. What strong enchantments tice my yielding soul
To these resolvèd, noble Scythians?
But shall I prove a traitor to my king?
Tamb. No, but the trusty friend of Tamburlaine.
Ther. Won with thy words, and conquered with thy looks,
I yield myself, my men, and horse to thee,
To be partaker of thy good or ill,
As long as life maintains Theridamas.
Tamb. Theridamas, my friend, take here my hand,
Which is as much as if I swore by Heaven,
And call'd the gods to witness of my vow.
Thus shall my heart be still combined with thine
Until our bodies turn to elements,
And both our souls aspire celestial thrones.
Techelles and Casane, welcome him!
Tech. Welcome, renownèd Persian to us all!
Usum. Long may Theridamas remain with us!
Tamb. These are my friends, in whom I more rejoice
Than doth the king of Persia in his crown,
And by the love of Pylades and Orestes,
Whose statues we adore in Scythia,
Thyself and them shall never part from me
Before I crown you kings in Asia.
Make much of them, gentle Theridamas,
And they will never leave thee till the death.
Ther. Nor thee nor them, thrice noble Tamburlaine,
Shall want my heart to be with gladness pierced,
To do you honour and security.
Tamb. A thousand thanks, worthy Theridamas.
And now fair madam, and my noble lords,
If you will willingly remain with me
You shall have honours as your merits be;
Or else you shall be forced with slavery.
Agyd. We yield unto thee, happy Tamburlaine.
Tamb. For you then, madam, I am out of doubt.
Zeno. I must be pleased perforce.
Wretched Zenocrate! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Enter Cosroe, Menaphon, Ortygius, Ceneus, *with other soldiers.*

Cos. Thus far are we towards Theridamas,
And valiant Tamburlaine, the man of fame,
The man that in the forehead of his fortune
Bears figures of renown and miracle.
But tell me, that hast seen him, Menaphon,
What stature wields he, and what personage?
Men. Of stature tall, and straightly fashioned,

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Like his desire lift upward and divine,
So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit,
Such breadth of shoulders as might mainly bear
Old Atlas' burthen;—'twixt his manly pitch,
A pearl, more worth than all the world, is placed,
Wherein by curious sovereignty of art
Are fixed his piercing instruments of sight,
Whose fiery circles bear encompassèd
A heaven of heavenly bodies in their spheres,
That guides his steps and actions to the throne,
Where honour sits invested royally:
Pale of complexion, wrought in him with passion,
Thirsting with sovereignty and love of arms;
His lofty brows in folds do figure death,
And in their smoothness amity and life;
About them hangs a knot of amber hair,
Wrappèd in curls, as fierce Achilles' was,
On which the breath of Heaven delights to play,
Making it dance with wanton majesty.—
His arms and fingers, long, and sinewy,
Betokening valour and excess of strength;—
In every part proportioned like the man
Should make the world subdued to Tamburlaine.

Cos. Well hast thou pourtrayed in thy terms of life
The face and personage of a wondrous man;
Nature doth strive with Fortune and his stars
To make him famous in accomplished worth;
And well his merits shew him to be made
His fortune's master and the king of men,
That could persuade at such a sudden pinch,
With reasons of his valour and his life,
A thousand sworn and overmatching foes.
Then, when our powers in points of swords are joined
And closed in compass of the killing bullet,
Though strait the passage and the port be made
That leads to palace of my brother's life,
Proud is his fortune if we pierce it not,
And when the princely Persian diadem
Shall overweigh his weary witless head,
And fall like mellowed fruit with shakes of death,
In fair Persia, noble Tamburlaine
Shall be my regent and remain as king.

Orty. In happy hour we have set the crown
Upon your kingly head that seeks our honour,
In joining with the man ordained by Heaven,
To further every action to the best.

Cen. He that with shepherds and a little spoil
Durst in disdain of wrong and tyranny,
Defend his freedom 'gainst a monarchy,
What will he do supported by a king,
Leading a troop of gentlemen and lords,
And stuffed with treasure for his highest thoughts!

Cos. And such shall wait on worthy Tamburlaine.
Our army will be forty thousand strong,
When Tamburlaine and brave Theridamas
Have met us by the river Araris;
And all conjoined to meet the witless king,
That now is marching near to Parthia,
And with unwilling soldiers faintly armed,
To seek revenge on me and Tamburlaine,
To whom, sweet Menaphon, direct me straight,

Men. I will, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Mycetes, Meander, *with other Lords; and Soldiers.*

Myc. Come, my Meander, let us to this gear.
I tell you true, my heart is swoln with wrath
On this same thievish villain, Tamburlaine,
And, on that false Cosroe, my traitorous brother.
Would it not grieve a king to be so abused
And have a thousand horsemen ta'en away?
And, which is worse, to have his diadem
Sought for by such scald knaves as love him not?
I think it would; well then, by Heavens I swear,
Aurora shall not peep out of her doors,
But I will have Cosroe by the head,
And kill proud Tamburlaine with point of sword.
Tell you the rest, Meander; I have said.

Meand. Then having past Armenian deserts now,
And pitched our tents under the Georgian hills,
Whose tops are covered with Tartarian thieves,
That lie in ambush, waiting for a prey,
What should we do but bid them battle straight,
And rid the world of those detested troops?
Lest, if we let them linger here awhile,

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They gather strength by power of fresh supplies.
This country swarms with vile outrageous men
That live by rapine and by lawless spoil,
Fit soldiers for the wicked Tamburlaine;
And he that could with gifts and promises
Inveigle him that led a thousand horse,
And make him false his faith unto his king,
Will quickly win such as be like himself.
Therefore cheer up your minds; prepare to fight;
He that can take or slaughter Tamburlaine,
Shall rule the province of Albania:
Who brings that traitor's head, Theridamas,
Shall have a government in Media,
Beside the spoil of him and all his train:
But if Cosroe, (as our spials say,
And as we know) remains with Tamburlaine,
His Highness' pleasure is that he should live,
And be reclaimed with princely lenity.
A Spy. A hundred horsemen of my company
Scouting abroad upon these champion plains
Have viewed the army of the Scythians,
Which make report it far exceeds the king's.
Meand. Suppose they be in number infinite,
Yet being void of martial discipline,
All running headlong after greedy spoils,
And more regarding gain than victory,
Like to the cruel brothers of the earth,
Sprung of the teeth of dragons venomous,
Their careless swords shall lance their fellows' throats,
And make us triumph in their overthrow.
Myc. Was there such brethren, sweet Meander, say,
That sprung of teeth of dragons venomous?
Meand. So poets say, my lord.
Myc. And 'tis a pretty toy to be a poet.
Well, well, Meander, thou art deeply read,
And having thee, I have a jewel sure.
Go on, my Lord, and give your charge, I say;
Thy wit will make us conquerors to-day.
Meand. Then, noble soldiers, to entrap these thieves,
That live confounded in disordered troops,
If wealth or riches may prevail with them,
We have our camels laden all with gold,
Which you that be but common soldiers
Shall fling in every corner of the field;
And while the base-born Tartars take it up,
You, fighting more for honour than for gold,
Shall massacre those greedy-minded slaves;
And when their scattered army is subdued,
And you march on their slaughtered carcasses,
Share equally the gold that bought their lives,
And live like gentlemen in Persia.
Strike up the drum! and march courageously!
Fortune herself doth sit upon our crests.
Myc. He tells you true, my masters: so he does.
Drums, why sound ye not, when Meander speaks? [*Exeunt, drums sounding.*

SCENE III.

Enter Cosroe, Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Techelles, Usumcasane *and* Ortygius, *with others.*

Cos. Now, worthy Tamburlaine, have I reposed
In thy approvèd fortunes all my hope.
What think'st thou, man, shall come of our attempts?
For even as from assurêd oracle,
I take thy doom for satisfaction.
Tamb. And so mistake you not a whit, my Lord;
For fates and oraclès [of] Heaven have sworn
To royalize the deeds of Tamburlaine,
And make them blest that share in his attempts.
And doubt you not but, if you favour me,
And let my fortunes and my valour sway
To some direction in your martial deeds,
The world will strive with hosts of men at arms,
To swarm unto the ensign I support:
The host of Xerxes, which by fame is said
To have drank the mighty Parthian Araris,
Was but a handful to that we will have.
Our quivering lances, shaking in the air,
And bullets, like Jove's dreadful thunderbolts,
Enrolled in flames and fiery smouldering mists,
Shall threat the gods more than Cyclopian wars:
And with our sun-bright armour as we march,
We'll chase the stars from heaven and dim their eyes
That stand and muse at our admirèd arms.
Ther. You hear, my Lord, what working words he hath:
But when you see his actions stop his speech,
Your speech will stay or so extol his worth
As I shall be commended and excused

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For turning my poor charge to his direction.
And these his two renownèd friends, my lord,
Would make one thirst and strive to be retained
In such a great degree of amity.
Tech. With duty and with amity we yield
Our utmost service to the fair Cosroe.
Cos. Which I esteem as portion of my crown.
Usumcasane and Techelles both,
When she that rules in Rhamnus' golden gates,
And makes a passage for all prosperous arms,
Shall make me solely emperor of Asia,
Then shall your meeds and valours be advanced
To rooms of honour and nobility.
Tamb. Then haste, Cosroe, to be king alone,
That I with these, my friends, and all my men
May triumph in our long-expected fate. —
The king, your brother, is now hard at hand;
Meet with the fool, and rid your royal shoulders
Of such a burthen as outweighs the sands
And all the craggy rocks of Caspia.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, we have discoverèd the enemy
Ready to charge you with a mighty army.
Cos. Come, Tamburlaine! now whet thy wingèd sword,
And lift thy lofty arm into the clouds,
That it may reach the king of Persia's crown,
And set it safe on my victorious head.
Tamb. See where it is, the keenest curtle axe
That e'er made passage thorough Persian arms.
These are the wings shall make it fly as swift
As doth the lightning or the breath of Heaven,
And kill as süre as it swiftly flies.
Cos. Thy words assüre me of kind success;
Go, valiant soldier, go before and charge
The fainting army of that foolish king.
Tamb. Usumcasane and Techelles come!
We are enow to scare the enemy,
And more than needs to make an emperor.
[*They go out to the battle.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Mycetes, *with his Crown in his hand, offering to hide it.*

Myc. Accursed be he that first invented war!
They knew not, ah they knew not, simple men,
How those were hit by pelting cannon shot,
Stand staggering like a quivering aspen leaf
Fearing the force of Boreas' boisterous blasts.
In what a lamentable case were I
If Nature had not given me wisdom's lore,
For kings are clouts that every man shoots at,
Our crown the pin that thousands seek to cleave;
Therefore in policy I think it good
To hide it close; a goodly stratagem,
And far from any man that is a fool:
So shall I not be known; or if I be,
They cannot take away my crown from me.
Here will I hide it in this simple hole.

Enter Tamburlaine.

Tamb. What, fearful coward, straggling from the camp,
When kings themselves are present in the field?
Myc. Thou liest.
Tamb. Base villain! darest thou give me the lie?
Myc. Away; I am the king; go; touch me not.
Thou break'st the law of arms, unless thou kneel
And cry me "mercy, noble king."
Tamb. Are you the witty king of Persia?
Myc. Aye, marry am I: have you any suit to me?
Tamb. I would entreat you speak but three wise words.
Myc. So I can when I see my time.
Tamb. Is this your crown?
Myc. Aye, didst thou ever see a fairer?
Tamb. You will not sell it, will you?
Myc. Such another word and I will have thee executed. Come, give it me!
Tamb. No; I took it prisoner.
Myc. You lie; I gave it you.
Tamb. Then 'tis mine.
Myc. No; I mean I let you keep it.
Tamb. Well; I mean you shall have it again.
Here; take it for awhile: I lend it thee,
'Till I may see thee hemmed with armèd men;
Then shalt thou see me pull it from thy head:
Thou art no match for mighty Tamburlaine.
[*Exit* Tamb.

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Myc. O gods! Is this Tamburlaine the thief?
I marvel much he stole it not away.
[*Trumpets sound to the battle:* Mycetes *runs out.*

SCENE V.

Enter Cosroe, Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Menaphon, Meander, Ortygius, Techelles, Usumcasane, *with others.*

Tamb. Hold thee, Cosroe! wear two imperial crowns;
Think thee invested now as royally,
Even by the mighty hand of Tamburlaine,
As if as many kings as could encompass thee
With greatest pomp, had crowned thee emperor.
Cos. So do I, thrice-renownèd man at arms,
And none shall keep the crown but Tamburlaine.
Thee do I make my regent of Persia,
And general lieutenant of my armies.
Meander, you, that were our brother's guide,
And chiefest counsellor in all his acts,
Since he is yielded to the stroke of war,
On your submission we with thanks excuse,
And give you equal place in our affairs.
Meand. Most happiest emperor, in humblest terms,
I vow my service to your majesty,
With utmost virtue of my faith and duty.
Cos. Thanks, good Meander: then Cosroe reign,
And govern Persia in her former pomp!
Now send embassage to thy neighbour kings,
And let them know the Persian king is changed,
From one that knew not what a king should do,
To one that can command what 'longs thereto.
And now we will to fair Persepolis,
With twenty thousand expert soldiers.
The lords and captains of my brother's camp
With little slaughter take Meander's course,
And gladly yield them to my gracious rule.
Ortygius and Menaphon, my trusty friends,
Now will I gratify your former good,
And grace your calling with a greater sway.
Orty. And as we ever aimed at your behoof,
And sought your state all honour it deserved,
So will we with our powers and our lives
Endeavour to preserve and prosper it.
Cos. I will not thank thee, sweet Ortygius;
Better replies shall prove my purposes.
And now, Lord Tamburlaine, my brother's camp
I leave to thee and to Theridamas,
To follow me to fair Persepolis.
Then will I march to all those Indian mines,
My witless brother to the Christians lost,
And ransom them with fame and usury.
And till thou overtake me, Tamburlaine,
(Staying to order all the scattered troops,)
Farewell, lord regent and his happy friends!
I long to sit upon my brother's throne.
Meand. Your majesty shall shortly have your wish,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis.
[*All go out but* Tamb., Tech., Ther., *and* Usum.
Tamb. "And ride in triumph through Persepolis!"
Is it not brave to be a king, Techelles?
Usumcasane and Theridamas,
Is it not passing brave to be a king,
"And ride in triumph through Persepolis?"
Tech. O, my lord, 'tis sweet and full of pomp.
Usum. To be a king is half to be a god.
Ther. A god is not so glorious as a king.
I think the pleasure they enjoy in heaven,
Cannot compare with kingly joys in earth.—
To wear a crown enchased with pearl and gold,
Whose virtues carry with it life and death;
To ask and have, command and be obeyed;
When looks breed love, with looks to gain the prize,
Such power attractive shines in princes' eyes!
Tamb. Why say, Theridamas, wilt thou be a king?
Ther. Nay, though I praise it, I can live without it.
Tamb. What say my other friends? Will you be kings?
Tech. I, if I could, with all my heart, my lord.
Tamb. Why, that's well said, Techelles; so would I,
And so would you, my masters, would you not?
Usum. What then, my lord?
Tamb. Why then, Casane, shall we wish for aught
The world affords in greatest novelty,
And rest attemptless, faint, and destitute?
Methinks we should not: I am strongly moved,
That if I should desire the Persian crown,
I could attain it with a wondrous ease.
And would not all our soldiers soon consent,
If we should aim at such a dignity?
Ther. I know they would with our persuasions.
Tamb. Why then, Theridamas, I'll first assay
To get the Persian kingdom to myself;

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Then thou for Parthia; they for Scythia and Media;
And, if I prosper, all shall be as sure
As if the Turk, the Pope, Afric, and Greece,
Came creeping to us with their crowns apiece.
Tech. Then shall we send to this triumphing king,
And bid him battle for his novel crown?
Usum. Nay, quickly then, before his room be hot.
Tamb. 'Twill prove a pretty jest, in faith, my friends.
Ther. A jest to charge on twenty thousand men!
I judge the purchase more important far.
Tamb. Judge by thyself, Theridamas, not me;
For presently Techelles here shall haste
To bid him battle ere he pass too far,
And lose more labour than the gain will quit.
Then shalt thou see this Scythian Tamburlaine,
Make but a jest to win the Persian crown.
Techelles, take a thousand horse with thee,
And bid him turn him back to war with us,
That only made him king to make us sport.
We will not steal upon him cowardly,
But give him warning and more warriors.
Haste, thee, Techelles, we will follow thee.
What saith Theridamas?
Ther. Go on for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Cosroe, Meander, Ortygius, Menaphon, *with other Soldiers.*

Cos. What means this devilish shepherd to aspire
With such a giantly presumption
To cast up hills against the face of heaven,
And dare the force of angry Jupiter?
But as he thrust them underneath the hills,
And pressed out fire from their burning jaws,
So will I send this monstrous slave to hell,
Where flames shall ever feed upon his soul.
Meand. Some powers divine, or else infernal, mixed
Their angry seeds at his conception;
For he was never sprung of human race,
Since with the spirit of his fearful pride,
He dare so doubtlessly resolve of rule,
And by profession be ambitious.
Orty. What god, or fiend, or spirit of the earth,
Or monster turnèd to a manly shape,
Or of what mould or mettle he be made,
What star or state soever govern him,
Let us put on our meet encountering minds;
And in detesting such a devilish chief,
In love of honour and defence of right,
Be armed against the hate of such a foe,
Whether from earth, or hell, or heaven, he grow.
Cos. Nobly resolved, my good Ortygius;
And since we all have sucked one wholesome air,
And with the same proportion of elements
Resolve, I hope we are resembled
Vowing our loves to equal death and life.
Let's cheer our soldiers to encounter him,
That grievous image of ingratitude,
That fiery thirster after sovereignty,
And burn him in the fury of that flame,
That none can quench but blood and empery.
Resolve, my lords and loving soldiers, now
To save your king and country from decay.
Then strike up, drum; and all the stars that make
The loathsome circle of my dated life,
Direct my weapon to his barbarous heart,
That thus opposeth him against the gods,
And scorns the powers that govern Persia!
[*Exeunt. Martial music.*

SCENE VII.

Alarums.—A battle; enter Cosroe, *wounded,* Theridamas, Tamburlaine, Techelles, Usumcasane, *with others.*

Cos. Barbarous and bloody Tamburlaine,
Thus to deprive me of my crown and life!
Treacherous and false Theridamas,
Even at the morning of my happy state,
Scarce being seated in my royal throne,
To work my downfall and untimely end!
An uncouth pain torments my grievèd soul,
And death arrests the organ of my voice,
Who, entering at the breach thy sword hath made,
Sacks every vein and artier of my heart.—
Bloody and insatiate Tamburlaine!
Tamb. The thirst of reign and sweetness of a crown
That caused the eldest son of heavenly Ops,
To thrust his doting father from his chair,
And place himself in the empyreal heaven,
Moved me to manage arms against thy state.
What better precedent than mighty Jove?
Nature that framed us of four elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds:
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wandering planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,

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And always moving as the restless spheres,
Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest,
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,
That perfect bliss and sole felicity,
The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.
Ther. And that made me to join with Tamburlaine:
For he is gross and like the massy earth,
That moves not upwards, nor by princely deeds
Doth mean to soar above the highest sort.
Tech. And that made us the friends of Tamburlaine,
To lift our swords against the Persian king.
Usum. For as when Jove did thrust old Saturn down,
Neptune and Dis gained each of them a crown,
So do we hope to reign in Asia,
If Tamburlaine be placed in Persia.
Cos. The strangest men that ever nature made!
I know not how to take their tyrannies.
My bloodless body waxeth chill and cold,
And with my blood my life slides through my wound;
My soul begins to take her flight to hell,
And summons all my senses to depart.—
The heat and moisture, which did feed each other,
For want of nourishment to feed them both,
Are dry and cold; and now doth ghastly death,
With greedy talons gripe my bleeding heart,
And like a harpy, tires on my life.
Theridamas and Tamburlaine, I die:
And fearful vengeance light upon you both!
[Cosroe *dies.*—Tamburlaine *takes the crown and puts it on.*
Tamb. Not all the curses, which the furies breathe,
Shall make me leave so rich a prize as this.
Theridamas, Techelles, and the rest,
Who think you now is king of Persia?
All. Tamburlaine! Tamburlaine!
Tamb. Though Mars himself, the angry god of arms,
And all the earthly potentates conspire
To dispossess me of this diadem,
Yet will I wear it in despite of them,
As great commander of this eastern world,
If you but say that Tamburlaine shall reign.
All. Long live Tamburlaine and reign in Asia!
Tamb. So now it is more surer on my head,
Than if the gods had held a Parliament,
And all pronounced me king of Persia.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Bajazet, *the Kings of* Fez, Morocco, *and* Argier, *with others in great Pomp.*

Baj. Great kings of Barbary and my portly bassoes,
We hear the Tartars and the eastern thieves,
Under the conduct of one Tamburlaine,
Presume a bickering with your emperor,
And think to rouse us from our dreadful siege
Of the famous Grecian Constantinople.
You know our army is invincible;
As many circumcisèd Turks we have,
And warlike bands of Christians renied,
As hath the ocean or the Terrene sea
Small drops of water when the moon begins
To join in one her semicircled horns.
Yet would we not be braved with foreign power,
Nor raise our siege before the Grecians yield,
Or breathless lie before the city walls.
K. of Fez. Renownèd emperor, and mighty general,
What, if you sent the bassoes of your guard
To charge him to remain in Asia,
Or else to threaten death and deadly arms
As from the mouth of mighty Bajazet.
Baj. Hie thee, my basso, fast to Persia,
Tell him thy lord, the Turkish emperor,
Dread lord of Afric, Europe, and Asia,
Great king and conqueror of Græcia,
The ocean Terrene, and the Coal-black sea,
The high and highest monarch of the world
Wills and commands (for say not I entreat),
Not once to set his foot on Africa,
Or spread his colours [forth] in Græcia,
Lest he incur the fury of my wrath.
Tell him I am content to take a truce,
Because I hear he bears a valiant mind:
But if, presuming on his silly power,
He be so mad to manage arms with me,
Then stay thou with him; say, I bid thee so:
And if, before the sun have measured heaven
With triple circuit, thou regreet us not,
We mean to take his morning's next arise
For messenger he will not be reclaimed,
And mean to fetch thee in despite of him.
Bas. Most great and puissant monarch of the earth,
Your basso will accomplish your behest,
And show your pleasure to the Persian,
As fits the legate of the stately Turk.
[*Exit* Bas.
Arg. They say he is the king of Persia;
But, if he dare attempt to stir your siege,
'Twere requisite he should be ten times more,

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For all flesh quakes at your magnificence.
Baj. True, Argier; and trembles at my looks.
K. of Mor. The spring is hindered by your smothering host,
For neither rain can fall upon the earth,
Nor sun reflex his virtuous beams thereon,
The ground is mantled with such multitudes.
Baj. All this is true as holy Mahomet;
And all the trees are blasted with our breaths.
K. of Fes. What thinks your greatness best to be achieved
In pursuit of the city's overthrow?
Baj. I will the captive pioneers of Argier
Cut off the water that by leaden pipes
Runs to the city from the mountain Carnon.
Two thousand horse shall forage up and down,
That no relief or succour come by land:
And all the sea my gallies countermand.
Then shall our footmen lie within the trench,
And with their cannons mouthed like Orcus' gulf,
Batter the walls, and we will enter in;
And thus the Grecians shall be conquerèd.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Zenocrate, Agydas, Anippe, *with others.*

Agyd. Madam Zenocrate, may I presume
To know the cause of these unquiet fits,
That work such trouble to your wonted rest?
'Tis more than pity such a heavenly face
Should by heart's sorrow wax so wan and pale,
When your offensive rape by Tamburlaine,
(Which of your whole displeasures should be most)
Hath seemed to be digested long ago.
Zeno. Although it be digested long ago,
As his exceeding favours have deserved,
And might content the Queen of Heaven, as well
As it hath changed my first conceived disdain,
Yet since a farther passion feeds my thoughts
With ceaseless and disconsolate conceits,
Which dye my looks so lifeless as they are,
And might, if my extremes had full events,
Make me the ghastly counterfeit of death.
Agyd. Eternal heaven sooner be dissolved,
And all that pierceth Phœbus' silver eye,
Before such hap fall to Zenocrate!
Zeno. Ah, life and soul, still hover in his breast
And leave my body senseless as the earth.
Or else unite you to his life and soul,
That I may live and die with Tamburlaine!

Enter behind Tamburlaine, Techelles, *and others.*

Agyd. With Tamburlaine! Ah, fair Zenocrate,
Let not a man so vile and barbarous,
That holds you from your father in despite,
And keeps you from the honours of a queen,
(Being supposed his worthless concubine,)
Be honoured with your love but for necessity.
So now the mighty soldan hears of you,
Your highness needs not doubt, but in short time,
He will with Tamburlaine's destruction
Redeem you from this deadly servitude.
Zeno. Leave [Agydas] to wound me with these words,
And speak of Tamburlaine as he deserves.
The entertainment we have had of him
Is far from villainy or servitude,
And might in noble minds be counted princely.
Agyd. How can you fancy one that looks so fierce,
Only disposed to martial stratagems?
Who, when he shall embrace you in his arms,
Will tell how many thousand men he slew;
And when you look for amorous discourse,
Will rattle forth his facts of war and blood,
Too harsh a subject for your dainty ears.
Zeno. As looks the Sun through Nilus' flowing stream,
Or when the Morning holds him in her arms,
So looks my lordly love, fair Tamburlaine;
His talk more sweeter than the Muses' song
They sung for honour 'gainst Pierides;
Or when Minerva did with Neptune strive:
And higher would I rear my estimate
Than Juno, sister to the highest god,
If I were matched with mighty Tamburlaine.
Agyd. Yet be not so inconstant in your love;
But let the young Arabian live in hope
After your rescue to enjoy his choice.
You see though first the king of Persia,
Being a shepherd, seem'd to love you much,
Now in his majesty he leaves those looks,
Those words of favour, and those comfortings,
And gives no more than common courtesies.
Zeno. Thence rise the tears that so distain my cheeks,
Fearing his love through my unworthiness.—
[Tamburlaine *goes to her and takes her away lovingly by the hand, looking wrathfully on* Agydas, *and says nothing. Exeunt all but* Agydas.

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Agyd. Betrayed by fortune and suspicious love,
Threatened with frowning wrath and jealousy,
Surprised with fear of hideous revenge,
I stand aghast! but most astonièd
To see his choler shut in secret thoughts,
And wrapt in silence of his angry soul!
Upon his brows was pourtrayed ugly death;
And in his eyes the furies of his heart
That shine as comets, menacing revenge,
And cast a pale complexion on his cheeks.
As when the seaman sees the Hyades
Gather an army of Cimmerian clouds,
(Auster and Aquilon with wingèd steeds,
All sweating, tilt about the watery heavens,
With shivering spears enforcing thunder claps,
And from their shields strike flames of lightning,)
All-fearful folds his sails and sounds the main,
Lifting his prayers to the Heavens for aid
Against the terror of the winds and waves,
So fares Agydas for the late-felt frowns,
That sent a tempest to my daunted thoughts,
And make my soul divine her overthrow.

Enter Usumcasane, *and* Techelles *with a naked dagger.*

Tech. See you, Agydas, how the king salutes you?
He bids you prophesy what it imports.
Agyd. I prophesied before, and now I prove
The killing frowns of jealousy and love.
He needed not with words confirm my fear,
For words are vain where working tools present
The naked action of my threatened end:
It says, Agydas, thou shalt surely die,
And of extremities elect the least;
More honour and less pain it may procure
To die by this resolvèd hand of thine,
Than stay the torments he and Heaven have sworn.
Then haste, Agydas, and prevent the plagues
Which thy prolongèd fates may draw on thee.
Go, wander, free from fear of tyrant's rage,
Removèd from the torments and the hell,
Wherewith he may excruciate thy soul,
And let Agydas by Agydas die,
And with this stab slumber eternally.
[*Stabs himself.*
Tech. Usumcasane, see, how right the man
Hath hit the meaning of my lord, the king.
Usum. Faith, and Techelles, it was manly done;
And since he was so wise and honourable,
Let us afford him now the bearing hence,
And crave his triple-worthy burial.
Tech. Agreed, Casane; we will honour him. [*Exeunt, bearing out the body.*

SCENE III.

Enter Tamburlaine, Techelles, Usumcasane, Theridamas, *a* Basso, Zenocrate, Anippe, *with others.*

Tamb. Basso, by this thy lord and master knows
I mean to meet him in Bithynia:
See how he comes! tush, Turks are full of brags,
And menace more than they can well perform.
He meet me in the field, and fetch thee hence!
Alas! poor Turk! his fortune is too weak
To encounter with the strength of Tamburlaine.
View well my camp, and speak indifferently;
Do not my captains and my soldiers look
As if they meant to conquer Africa.
Bas. Your men are valiant, but their number few,
And cannot terrify his mighty host.
My lord, the great commander of the world,
Besides fifteen contributory kings,
Hath now in arms ten thousand Janisaries,
Mounted on lusty Mauritanian steeds,
Brought to the war by men of Tripoli;
Two hundred thousand footmen that have serv'd
In two set battles fought in Græcia;
And for the expedition of this war,
If he think good, can from his garrisons
Withdraw as many more to follow him.
Tech. The more he brings, the greater is the spoil,
For when they perish by our warlike hands,
We mean to seat our footman on their steeds,
And rifle all those stately Janisars.
Tamb. But will those kings accompany your lord?
Bas. Such as his highness please; but some must stay
To rule the provinces he late subdued.
Tamb. [*To his Officers.*] Then fight courageously: Their crowns are yours;
This hand shall set them on your conquering heads,
That made me emperor of Asia.

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Usum. Let him bring millions infinite of men,
Unpeopling Western Africa and Greece,
Yet we assure us of the victory.
Ther. Even he that in a trice vanquished two kings,
More mighty than the Turkish emperor,
Shall rouse him out of Europe, and pursue
His scattered army till they yield or die.
Tamb. Well said, Theridamas; speak in that mood;
For *will* and *shall* best fitteth Tamburlaine,
Whose smiling stars give him assurèd hope
Of martial triumph ere he meet his foes.
I that am termed the scourge and wrath of God,
The only fear and terror of the world,
Will first subdue the Turk, and then enlarge
Those Christian captives, which you keep as slaves,
Burthening their bodies with your heavy chains,
And feeding them with thin and slender fare,
That naked row about the Terrene sea,
And when they chance to rest or breathe a space,
Are punished with bastones so grievously,
That they lie panting on the galley's side,
And strive for life at every stroke they give.
These are the cruel pirates of Argier,
That damnèd train, the scum of Africa,
Inhabited with straggling runagates,
That make quick havock of the Christian blood;
But as I live that town shall curse the time
That Tamburlaine set foot in Africa.

Enter Bajazet *with his Bassoes and contributory Kings.*

Baj. Bassoes and Janisaries of my guard,
Attend upon the person of your lord,
The greatest potentate of Africa.
Tamb. Techelles, and the rest, prepare your swords;
I mean to encounter with that Bajazet.
Baj. Kings of Fez, Morocco, and Argier,
He calls me Bajazet, whom you call lord!
Note the presumption of this Scythian slave!
I tell thee, villain; those that lead my horse,
Have to their names titles of dignity,
And dar'st thou bluntly call me Bajazet?
Tamb. And know, thou Turk, that those which lead my horse,
Shall lead thee captive thorough Africa;
And dar'st thou bluntly call me Tamburlaine?
Baj. By Mahomet my kinsman's sepulchre,
And by the holy Alcoran I swear,
He shall be made a chaste and lustless eunuch,
And in my sarell tend my concubines;
And all his captains that thus stoutly stand,
Shall draw the chariot of my emperess,
Whom I have brought to see their overthrow.
Tamb. By this my sword, that conquered Persia,
Thy fall shall make me famous through the world.
I will not tell thee how I'll handle thee,
But every common soldier of my camp
Shall smile to see thy miserable state.
K. of Fez. What means the mighty Turkish emperor,
To talk with one so base as Tamburlaine?
K. of Mor. Ye Moors and valiant men of Barbary,
How can ye suffer these indignities?
K. of Arg. Leave words, and let them feel your lances' points
Which glided through the bowels of the Greeks.
Baj. Well said, my stout contributory kings:
Your threefold army and my hugy host
Shall swallow up these base-born Persians.
Tech. Puissant, renowned, and mighty Tamburlaine,
Why stay we thus prolonging of their lives?
Ther. I long to see those crowns won by our swords,
That we may rule as kings of Africa.
Usum. What coward would not fight for such a prize?
Tamb. Fight all courageously, and be you kings;
I speak it, and my words are oracles.
Baj. Zabina, mother of three braver boys
Than Hercules, that in his infancy
Did pash the jaws of serpents venomous;
Whose hands are made to gripe a warlike lance,
Their shoulders broad for complete armour fit,—
Their limbs more large, and of a bigger size,
Than all the brats ysprung from Typhon's loins;
Who, when they come unto their father's age,
Will batter turrets with their manly fists,
Sit here upon this royal chair of state,
And on thy head wear my imperial crown,

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Until I bring this sturdy Tamburlaine,
And all his captains bound in captive chains.
Zab. Such good success happen to Bajazet!
Tamb. Zenocrate, the loveliest maid alive,
Fairer than rocks of pearl and precious stone,
The only paragon of Tamburlaine,
Whose eyes are brighter than the lamps of heaven,
And speech more pleasant than sweet harmony;
That with thy looks canst clear the darkened sky,
And calm the rage of thundering Jupiter,
Sit down by her, adornèd with my crown,
As if thou wert the empress of the world.
Stir not, Zenocrate, until thou see
Me march victoriously with all my men,
Triumphing over him and these his kings,
Which I will bring as vassals to thy feet;
Till then take thou my crown, vaunt of my worth,
And manage words with her, as we will arms.
Zeno. And may my love the king of Persia,
Return with victory and free from wound!
Baj. Now shalt thou feel the force of Turkish arms,
Which lately made all Europe quake for fear.
I have of Turks, Arabians, Moors, and Jews,
Enough to cover all Bithynia.
Let thousands die; their slaughtered carcases
Shall serve for walls and bulwarks to the rest;
And as the heads of Hydra, so my power,
Subdued, shall stand as mighty as before.
If they should yield their necks unto the sword,
Thy soldiers' arms could not endure to strike
So many blows as I have heads for thee.
Thou know'st not, foolish, hardy Tamburlaine,
What 'tis to meet me in the open field,
That leave no ground for thee to march upon.
Tamb. Our conquering swords shall marshal us the way
We use to march upon the slaughter'd foe,
Trampling their bowels with our horses' hoofs;
Brave horses bred on th' white Tartarian hills;
My camp is like to Julius Cæsar's host,
That never fought but had the victory;
Nor in Pharsalia was there such hot war,
As these, my followers, willingly would have.
Legions of spirits fleeting in the air
Direct our bullets and our weapons' points,
And make your strokes to wound the senseless light,
And when she sees our bloody colours spread,
Then Victory begins to take her flight,
Resting herself upon my milk-white tent?—
But come, my lords, to weapons let us fall;
The field is ours, the Turk, his wife and all.
[*Exit, with his followers.*
Baj. Come kings and bassoes, let us glut our swords,
That thirst to drink the feeble Persian's blood. [*Exit, with his followers.*
Zab. Base concubine, must thou be placed by me,
That am the empress of the mighty Turk?
Zeno. Disdainful Turkess and unreverend boss!
Callest thou me concubine, that am betrothed
Unto the great and mighty Tamburlaine?
Zab. To Tamburlaine, the great Tartarian thief!
Zeno. Thou wilt repent these lavish words of thine,
When thy great basso-master and thyself
Must plead for mercy at his kingly feet,
And sue to me to be your advocate.
Zab. And sue to thee!—I tell thee, shameless girl,
Thou shalt be laundress to my waiting maid!
How lik'st thou her, Ebea?—Will she serve?
Ebea. Madam, perhaps, she thinks she is too fine,
But I shall turn her into other weeds,
And make her dainty fingers fall to work.
Zeno. Hear'st thou, Anippe, how thy drudge doth talk?
And how my slave, her mistress, menaceth?
Both for their sauciness shall be employed
To dress the common soldiers' meat and drink,
For we will scorn they should come near ourselves.
Anip. Yet sometimes let your highness send for them,
To do the work my chambermaid disdains.
[*They sound to the battle within.*
Zeno. Ye gods and powers that govern Persia,
And made my lordly love her worthy king,

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Now strengthen him against the Turkish Bajazet,
And let his foes, like flocks of fearful roes
Pursued by hunters fly his angry looks,
That I may see him issue conqueror!
Zab. Now, Mahomet, solicit God himself,
And make him rain down murdering shot from heaven
To dash the Scythians' brains, and strike them dead,
That dare to manage arms with him
That offered jewels to thy sacred shrine,
When first he warred against the Christians!
[*To the battle again.*
Zeno. By this the Turks lie weltering in their blood,
And Tamburlaine is lord of Africa.
Zab. Thou art deceived.—I heard the trumpets sound,
As when my emperor overthrew the Greeks,
And led them captive into Africa.
Straight will I use thee as thy pride deserves,—
Prepare thyself to live and die my slave.
Zeno. If Mahomet should come from heaven and swear
My royal lord is slain or conquerèd,
Yet should he not persuade me otherwise
But that he lives and will be conqueror.

Enter Bajazet, *who is pursued by* Tamburlaine, *and overcome.*

Tamb. Now, king of bassoes, who is conqueror?
Baj. Thou, by the fortune of this damnèd foil.
Tamb. Where are your stout, contributory kings?

Enter Techelles, Theridamas, *and* Usumcasane.

Tech. We have their crowns—their bodies strow the field.
Tamb. Each man a crown!—Why kingly fought i' faith.
Deliver them into my treasury.
Zeno. Now let me offer to my gracious lord
His royal crown again so highly won.
Tamb. Nay, take the crown from her, Zenocrate,
And crown me emperor of Africa.
Zab. No, Tamburlaine: though now thou gat the best,
Thou shalt not yet be lord of Africa.
Ther. Give her the crown, Turkess; you were best. [*He takes it from her.*
Zab. Injurious villains!—thieves!—runagates!
How dare you thus abuse my majesty?
Ther. Here, madam, you are empress; she is none. [*Gives it to* Zenocrate.
Tamb. Not now, Theridamas; her time is past.
The pillars that have bolstered up those terms,
Are fallen in clusters at my conquering feet.
Zab. Though he be prisoner, he may be ransomed.
Tamb. Not all the world shall ransom Bajazet.
Baj. Ah, fair Zabina! we have lost the field;
And never had the Turkish emperor
So great a foil by any foreign foe.
Now will the Christian miscreants be glad,
Ringing with joy their superstitious bells,
And making bonfires for my overthrow.
But, ere I die, those foul idolaters
Shall make me bonfires with their filthy bones.
For though the glory of this day be lost,
Afric and Greece have garrisons enough
To make me sovereign of the earth again.
Tamb. Those wallèd garrisons will I subdue,
And write myself great lord of Africa.
So from the East unto the furthest West
Shall Tamburlaine extend his puissant arm.
The galleys and those pilling brigandines,
That yearly sail to the Venetian gulf,
And hover in the Straits for Christian wreck,
Shall lie at anchor in the isle Asant,
Until the Persian fleet and men of war,
Sailing along the oriental sea,
Have fetched about the Indian continent,
Even from Persepolis to Mexico,
And thence unto the straits of Jubaltèr;
Where they shall meet and join their force in one,
Keeping in awe the bay of Portingale,
And all the ocean by the British shore;
And by this means I'll win the world at last.
Baj. Yet set a ransom on me, Tamburlaine.
Tamb. What think'st thou Tamburlaine esteems thy gold?
I'll make the kings of India, ere I die,
Offer their mines to sue for peace to me,
And dig for treasure to appease my wrath.
Come, bind them both, and one lead in the Turk;
The Turkess let my love's maid lead away.
[*They bind them.*
Baj. Ah, villains!—dare ye touch my sacred arms?

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O Mahomet!—O sleepy Mahomet!
Zab. O cursèd Mahomet, that makes us thus
The slaves to Scythians rude and barbarous!
Tamb. Come, bring them in; and for this happy conquest,
Triumph, and solemnize a martial feast.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter the Soldan *of* Egypt, Capolin, Lords, *and a* Messenger.

Sold. Awake, ye men of Memphis!—hear the clang
Of Scythian trumpets!—hear the basilisks,
That, roaring, shake Damascus' turrets down!
The rogue of Volga holds Zenocrate,
The Soldan's daughter, for his concubine,
And with a troop of thieves and vagabonds,
Hath spread his colours to our high disgrace,
While you, faint-hearted, base Egyptians,
Lie slumbering on the flowery banks of Nile,
As crocodiles that unaffrighted rest,
While thundering cannons rattle on their skins.
Mess. Nay, mighty Soldan, did your greatness see
The frowning looks of fiery Tamburlaine,
That with his terror and imperious eyes,
Commands the hearts of his associates,
It might amaze your royal majesty.
Sold. Villain, I tell thee, were that Tamburlaine
As monstrous as Gorgon prince of hell,
The Soldan would not start a foot from him.
But speak, what power hath he?
Mess. Mighty lord,
Three hundred thousand men in armour clad,
Upon their prancing steeds disdainfully,
With wanton paces trampling on the ground:
Five hundred thousand footmen threatening shot,
Shaking their swords, their spears, and iron bills,
Environing their standard round, that stood
As bristle-pointed as a thorny wood:
Their warlike engines and munition
Exceed the forces of their martial men.
Sold. Nay, could their numbers countervail the stars,
Or ever-drizzling drops of April showers,
Or withered leaves that Autumn shaketh down,
Yet would the Soldan, by his conquering power
So scatter and consume them in his rage,
That not a man should live to rue their fall.
Capo. So might your highness, had you time to sort
Your fighting men, and raise your royal host;
But Tamburlaine, by expedition,
Advantage takes of your unreadiness.
Sold. Let him take all the advantages he can.
Were all the world conspired to fight for him,
Nay, were he devil, as he is no man,
Yet in revenge of fair Zenocrate,
Whom he detaineth in despite of us,
This arm should send him down to Erebus,
To shroud his shame in darkness of the night.
Mess. Pleaseth your Mightiness to understand,
His resolution far exceedeth all.
The first day when he pitcheth down his tents,
White is their hue, and on his silver crest,
A snowy feather spangled white he bears,
To signify the mildness of his mind,
That, satiate with spoil, refuseth blood.
But when Aurora mounts the second time
As red as scarlet is his furniture;
Then must his kindled wrath be quenched with blood,
Not sparing any that can manage arms;
But if these threats move not submission,
Black are his colours, black pavilion;
His spear, his shield, his horse, his armour, plumes,
And jetty feathers, menace death and hell;
Without respect of sex, degree, or age,
He razeth all his foes with fire and sword.
Sold. Merciless villain!—peasant, ignorant
Of lawful arms or martial discipline!
Pillage and murder are his usual trades.
The slave usurps the glorious name of war.
See, Capolin, the fair Arabian king,
That hath been disappointed by this slave
Of my fair daughter, and his princely love,
May have fresh warning to go war with us,
And be revenged for her disparagement.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Tamburlaine, Techelles, Theridamas, Usumcasane, Zenocrate, Anippe, *two Moors drawing* Bajazet *in a cage, and his Wife following him.*

Tamb. Bring out my footstool.
[Bajazet *is taken out of the cage.*

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Baj. Ye holy priests of heavenly Mahomet,
That, sacrificing, slice and cut your flesh,
Staining his altars with your purple blood;
Make Heaven to frown and every fixèd star
To suck up poison from the moorish fens,
And pour it in this glorious tyrant's throat!
Tamb. The chiefest god, first mover of that sphere,
Enchased with thousands ever-shining lamps,
Will sooner burn the glorious frame of Heaven,
Than it should so conspire my overthrow.
But villain! thou that wishest this to me,
Fall prostrate on the low disdainful earth,
And be the footstool of great Tamburlaine,
That I may rise into my royal throne.
Baj. First shalt thou rip my bowels with thy sword,
And sacrifice my soul to death and hell,
Before I yield to such a slavery.
Tamb. Base villain, vassal, slave to Tamburlaine!
Unworthy to embrace or touch the ground,
That bears the honour of my royal weight;
Stoop, villain, stoop!—Stoop! for so he bids
That may command thee piecemeal to be torn,
Or scattered like the lofty cedar trees
Struck with the voice of thundering Jupiter.
Baj. When as I look down to the damnèd fiends,
Fiends look on me; and thou dread god of hell
With ebon sceptre strike this hateful earth,
And make it swallow both of us at once.
[Tamburlaine *gets up on him to his chair.*
Tamb. Now clear the triple region of the air,
And let the Majesty of Heaven behold
Their scourge and terror tread on emperors.
Smile stars, that reigned at my nativity,
And dim the brightness of your neighbour lamps!
Disdain to borrow light of Cynthia!
For I, the chiefest lamp of all the earth,
First rising in the East with mild aspèct,
But fixèd now in the Meridian line,
Will send up fire to your turning spheres,
And cause the sun to borrow light of you.
My sword struck fire from his coat of steel
Even in Bithynia, when I took this Turk;
As when a fiery exhalation,
Wrapt in the bowels of a freezing cloud
Fighting for passage, makes the welkin crack,
And casts a flash of lightning to the earth:
But ere I march to wealthy Persia,
Or leave Damascus and the Egyptian fields,
As was the fame of Clymene's brain-sick son,
That almost brent the axle-tree of heaven,
So shall our swords, our lances, and our shot
Fill all the air with fiery meteors:
Then when the sky shall wax as red as blood
It shall be said I made it red myself,
To make me think of nought but blood and war.
Zab. Unworthy king, that by thy cruelty
Unlawfully usurp'st the Persian seat,
Dar'st thou that never saw an emperor,
Before thou met my husband in the field,
Being thy captive, thus abuse his state,
Keeping his kingly body in a cage,
That roofs of gold and sun-bright palaces
Should have prepared to entertain his grace?
And treading him beneath thy loathsome feet,
Whose feet the kings of Africa have kissed.
Tech. You must devise some torment worse, my lord,
To make these captives rein their lavish tongues.
Tamb. Zenocrate, look better to your slave.
Zeno. She is my handmaid's slave, and she shall look
That these abuses flow not from her tongue:
Chide her, Anippe.
Anip. Let these be warnings for you then, my slave,
How you abuse the person of the king;
Or else I swear to have you whipt, stark-naked.
Baj. Great Tamburlaine, great in my overthrow,
Ambitious pride shall make thee fall as low,
For treading on the back of Bajazet,
That should be horsèd on four mighty kings.
Tamb. Thy names, and titles, and thy dignities
Are fled from Bajazet and remain with me,
That will maintain it 'gainst a world of kings.
Put him in again.
[*They put him into the cage.*
Baj. Is this a place for mighty Bajazet?
Confusion light on him that helps thee thus!
Tamb. There, while he lives, shall Bajazet be kept;
And, where I go, be thus in triumph drawn;
And thou, his wife, shalt feed him with the scraps
My servitors shall bring thee from my board;
For he that gives him other food than this,
Shall sit by him and starve to death himself;
This is my mind and I will have it so.
Not all the kings and emperors of the earth,

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If they would lay their crowns before my feet,
Shall ransom him, or take him from his cage.
The ages that shall talk of Tamburlaine,
Even from this day to Plato's wondrous year,
Shall talk how I have handled Bajazet;
These Moors, that drew him from Bithynia,
To fair Damascus, where we now remain,
Shall lead him with us wheresoe'er we go.
Techelles, and my loving followers,
Now may we see Damascus' lofty towers,
Like to the shadows of Pyramides,
That with their beauties grace the Memphian fields:
The golden statue of their feathered bird
That spreads her wings upon the city's walls
Shall not defend it from our battering shot:
The townsmen mask in silk and cloth of gold,
And every house is as a treasury:
The men, the treasure, and the town are ours.

Ther. Your tents of white now pitched before the gates,
And gentle flags of amity displayed,
I doubt not but the governor will yield,
Offering Damascus to your majesty.

Tamb. So shall he have his life and all the rest:
But if he stay until the bloody flag
Be once advanced on my vermilion tent,
He dies, and those that kept us out so long.
And when they see us march in black array,
With mournful streamers hanging down their heads,
Were in that city all the world contained,
Not one should scape, but perish by our swords.

Zeno. Yet would you have some pity for my sake,
Because it is my country, and my father's.

Tamb. Not for the world, Zenocrate; I've sworn.
Come; bring in the Turk. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Soldan, Arabia, Capolin, *and Soldiers with streaming colours.*

Sold. Methinks we march as Meleager did,
Environèd with brave Argolian knights,
To chase the savage Calydonian boar,
Or Cephalus with lusty Theban youths
Against the wolf that angry Themis sent
To waste and spoil the sweet Aonian fields,
A monster of five hundred thousand heads,
Compact of rapine, piracy, and spoil.
The scum of men, the hate and scourge of God,
Raves in Ægyptia and annoyeth us.
My lord, it is the bloody Tamburlaine,
A sturdy felon and a base-bred thief,
By murder raisèd to the Persian crown,
That dares control us in our territories.
To tame the pride of this presumptuous beast,
Join your Arabians with the Soldan's power;
Let us unite our royal bands in one,
And hasten to remove Damascus' siege.
It is a blemish to the majesty
And high estate of mighty emperors,
That such a base usurping vagabond
Should brave a king, or wear a princely crown.

Arab. Renownèd Soldan, have ye lately heard
The overthrow of mighty Bajazet
About the confines of Bithynia?
The slavery wherewith he persecutes
The noble Turk and his great emperess?

Sold. I have, and sorrow for his bad success;
But noble lord of great Arabia,
Be so persuaded that the Soldan is
No more dismayed with tidings of his fall,
Than in the haven when the pilot stands,
And views a stranger's ship rent in the winds,
And shiverèd against a craggy rock;
Yet in compassion of his wretched state,
A sacred vow to Heaven and him I make,
Confirming it with Ibis' holy name,
That Tamburlaine shall rue the day, the hour,
Wherein he wrought such ignominious wrong
Unto the hallowed person of a prince,
Or kept the fair Zenocrate so long
As concubine, I fear, to feed his lust.

Arab. Let grief and fury hasten on revenge;
Let Tamburlaine for his offences feel
Such plagues as we and heaven can pour on him.
I long to break my spear upon his crest,
And prove the weight of his victorious arm;
For Fame, I fear, hath been too prodigal
In sounding through the world his partial praise.

Sold. Capolin, hast thou surveyed our powers?

Capol. Great emperors of Egypt and Arabia,
The number of your hosts united is
A hundred and fifty thousand horse;
Two hundred thousand foot, brave men at arms,

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Courageous, and full of hardiness,
As frolick as the hunters in the chase
Of savage beasts amid the desert woods.
Arab. My mind presageth fortunate success;
And Tamburlaine, my spirit doth foresee
The utter ruin of thy men and thee.
Sold. Then rear your standards; let your sounding drums
Direct our soldiers to Damascus' walls.
Now, Tamburlaine, the mighty Soldan comes,
And leads with him the great Arabian king,
To dim thy baseness and obscurity,
Famous for nothing but for theft and spoil;
To raze and scatter thy inglorious crew
Of Scythians and slavish Persians.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Banquet; and to it come Tamburlaine, *all in scarlet*, Theridamas, Techelles, Usumcasane, Bajazet [*in his cage*], Zabina, *and others.*

Tamb. Now hang our bloody colours by Damascus,
Reflexing hues of blood upon their heads,
While they walk quivering on their city walls,
Half dead for fear before they feel my wrath.
Then let us freely banquet and carouse
Full bowls of wine unto the god of war
That means to fill your helmets full of gold,
And make Damascus' spoils as rich to you,
As was to Jason Colchos' golden fleece.
And now, Bajazet, hast thou any stomach?
Baj. Aye, such a stomach, cruel Tamberlaine, as I could willingly feed upon thy blood-raw heart.
Tamb. Nay thine own is easier to come by; pluck out that; and 'twill serve thee and thy wife: Well, Zenocrate, Techelles, and the rest, fall to your victuals.
Baj. Fall to, and never may your meat digest!
Ye furies, that can mask invisible,
Dive to the bottom of Avernus' pool,
And in your hands bring hellish poison up
And squeeze it in the cup of Tamburlaine!
Or, wingèd snakes of Lerna, cast your stings,
And leave your venoms in this tyrant's dish!
Zab. And may this banquet prove as ominous
As Progne's to the adulterous Thracian king,
That fed upon the substance of his child.
Zeno. My lord,—how can you suffer these
Outrageous curses by these slaves of yours?
Tamb. To let them see, divine Zenocrate,
I glory in the curses of my foes,
Having the power from the empyreal heaven
To turn them all upon their proper heads.
Tech. I pray you give them leave, madam; this speech is a goodly refreshing to them.
Ther. But if his highness would let them be fed, it would do them more good.
Tamb. Sirrah, why fall you not to?—are you so daintily brought up, you cannot eat your own flesh?
Baj. First, legions of devils shall tear thee in pieces.
Usum. Villain, know'st thou to whom thou speakest?
Tamb. O, let him alone. Here; eat sir; take it from my sword's point, or I'll thrust it to thy heart.
[Bajazet *takes it and stamps upon it.*
Ther. He stamps it under his feet, my lord.
Tamb. Take it up, villain, and eat it; or I will make thee slice the brawns of thy arms into carbonades and eat them.
Usum. Nay, 'twere better he killed his wife, and then he shall be sure not to be starved, and he be provided for a month's victual beforehand.
Tamb. Here is my dagger: despatch her while she is fat, for if she live but a while longer, she will fall into a consumption with fretting, and then she will not be worth the eating.
Ther. Dost thou think that Mahomet will suffer this?
Tech. 'Tis like he will when he cannot let it.
Tamb. Go to; fall to your meat.—What, not a bit! Belike he hath not been watered to-day; give him some drink.
[*They give him water to drink, and he flings it on the ground.*
Tamb. Fast, and welcome, sir, while hunger make you eat. How now, Zenocrate, do not the Turk and his wife make a goodly show at a banquet?
Zeno. Yes, my lord.
Ther. Methinks 'tis a great deal better than a consort of musick.
Tamb. Yet musick would do well to cheer up Zenocrate. Pray thee, tell, why thou art so sad?—If thou wilt have a song, the Turk shall strain his voice. But why is it?
Zeno. My lord, to see my father's town besieged,
The country wasted where myself was born,
How can it but afflict my very soul?
If any love remain in you, my lord,
Or if my love unto your majesty
May merit favour at your highness' hands,

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Then raise your siege from fair Damascus' walls,
And with my father take a friendly truce.
Tamb. Zenocrate, were Egypt Jove's own land,
Yet would I with my sword make Jove to stoop.
I will confute those blind geographers
That make a triple region in the world,
Excluding regions which I mean to trace,
And with this pen reduce them to a map,
[*Pointing to his sword.*
Calling the provinces cities and towns,
After my name and thine, Zenocrate.
Here at Damascus will I make the point
That shall begin the perpendicular;
And would'st thou have me buy thy father's love
With such a loss?—Tell me, Zenocrate.
Zeno. Honour still wait on happy Tamburlaine;
Yet give me leave to plead for him my lord.
Tamb. Content thyself: his person shall be safe
And all the friends of fair Zenocrate,
If with their lives they may be pleased to yield,
Or may be forced to make me emperor;
For Egypt and Arabia must be mine.—
Feed you slave; thou may'st think thyself happy to be fed from my trencher.
Baj. My empty stomach, full of idle heat,
Draws bloody humours from my feeble parts,
Preserving life by hastening cruel death.
My veins are pale; my sinews hard and dry;
My joints benumbed; unless I eat, I die.
Zab. Eat, Bajazet: and let us live
In spite of them,—looking some happy power
Will pity and enlarge us.
Tamb. Here, Turk; wilt thou have a clean trencher?
Baj. Aye, tyrant, and more meat.
Tamb. Soft, sir; you must be dieted; too much eating will make you surfeit.
Ther. So it would, my lord, especially having so small a walk and so little exercise.
[*A second course is brought in of crowns.*
Tamb. Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane, here are the cates you desire to finger, are they not?
Ther. Aye my lord: but none save kings must feed with these.
Tech. 'Tis enough for us to see them, and for Tamburlaine only to enjoy them.
Tamb. Well; here is now to the Soldan of Egypt, the King of Arabia, and the Governor of Damascus. Now take these three crowns, and pledge me, my contributory kings.—I crown you here Theridamas, King of Argier; Techelles, King of Fez; and Usumcasane, King of Morocco. How say you to this, Turk? These are not your contributory kings.
Baj. Nor shall they long be thine, I warrant them.
Tamb. Kings of Argier, Morocco, and of Fez,
You that have marched with happy Tamburlaine
As far as from the frozen plage of heaven,
Unto the watery morning's ruddy bower,
And thence by land unto the torrid zone,
Deserve these titles I endow you with,
By valour and by magnanimity.
Your births shall be no blemish to your fame,
For virtue is the fount whence honour springs,
And they are worthy she investeth kings.
Ther. And since your highness hath so well vouchsafed;
If we deserve them not with higher meeds
Than erst our states and actions have retained
Take them away again and make us slaves.
Tamb. Well said, Theridamas; when holy fates
Shall stablish me in strong Ægyptia,
We mean to travel to the antarctick pole,
Conquering the people underneath our feet,
And be renowned as never emperors were.
Zenocrate, I will not crown thee yet,
Until with greater honours I be graced.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Enter the Governor *of* Damascus, *with three or four* Citizens, *and four* Virgins, *with branches of laurel in their hands.*

Gov. Still doth this man, or rather god of war,
Batter our walls and beat our turrets down;
And to resist with longer stubbornness,
Or hope of rescue from the Soldan's power,
Were but to bring our wilful overthrow,
And make us desperate of our threatened lives.
We see his tents have now been altered
With terrors to the last and cruellest hue.
His coal-black colours every where advanced,
Threaten our city with a general spoil;
And if we should with common rites of arms
Offer our safeties to his clemency,
I fear the custom, proper to his sword,
Which he observes as parcel of his fame,
Intending so to terrify the world,
By any innovation or remorse

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Will never be dispensed with 'till our deaths;
Therefore, for these our harmless virgins' sakes,
Whose honours and whose lives rely on him,
Let us have hope that their unspotted prayers,
Their blubbered cheeks, and hearty, humble moans,
Will melt his fury into some remorse,
And use us like a loving conqueror.
1 *Virg.* If humble suits or imprecations,
(Uttered with tears of wretchedness and blood
Shed from the heads and hearts of all our sex
Some made your wives, and some your children)
Might have entreated your obdurate breasts
To entertain some care of our securities
While only danger beat upon our walls,
These more than dangerous warrants of our death
Had never been erected as they be,
Nor you depend on such weak helps as we.
Gov. Well, lovely virgins, think our country's care,
Our love of honour, loath to be inthralled
To foreign powers and rough imperious yokes,
Would not with too much cowardice or fear,
(Before all hope of rescue were denied)
Submit yourselves and us to servitude.
Therefore in that your safeties and our own,
Your honours, liberties, and lives were weighed
In equal care and balance with our own,
Endure as we the malice of our stars,
The wrath of Tamburlaine and power of wars;
Or be the means the overweighing heavens
Have kept to qualify these hot extremes,
And bring us pardon in your cheerful looks.
2 *Virg.* Then here before the Majesty of Heaven
And holy patrons of Ægyptia,
With knees and hearts submissive we entreat
Grace to our words and pity to our looks
That this device may prove propitious,
And through the eyes and ears of Tamburlaine
Convey events of mercy to his heart;
Grant that these signs of victory we yield
May bind the temples of his conquering head,
To hide the folded furrows of his brows,
And shadow his displeasèd countenance
With happy looks of ruth and lenity.
Leave us, my lord, and loving countrymen;
What simple virgins may persuade, we will.
Gov. Farewell, sweet virgins, on whose safe return
Depends our city, liberty, and lives. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Tamburlaine, Techelles, Theridamas, Usumcasane, *with others: Tamburlaine all in black and very melancholy. To them approach the* Virgins *of* Damascus.

Tamb. What, are the turtles frayed out of their nests?
Alas, poor fools! must you be first shall feel
The sworn destruction of Damascus?
They knew my custom; could they not as well
Have sent ye out, when first my milk-white flags,
Through which sweet mercy threw her gentle beams,
Reflexèd them on your disdainful eyes,
As now, when fury and incensèd hate
Flings slaughtering terror from my coal-black tents,
And tells for truth submission comes too late?
1 *Virg.* Most happy king and emperor of the earth,
Image of honour and nobility,
For whom the powers divine have made the world,
And on whose throne the holy graces sit;
In whose sweet person is comprised the sum
Of nature's skill and heavenly majesty;
Pity our plights! O pity poor Damascus!
Pity old age, within whose silver hairs
Honour and reverence evermore have reigned!
Pity the marriage bed, where many a lord,
In prime and glory of his loving joy,
Embraceth now with tears of ruth and blood
The jealous body of his fearful wife,
Whose cheeks and hearts so punished with conceit,
To think thy puissant, never-stayèd arm,
Will part their bodies, and prevent their souls
From heavens of comfort yet their age might bear,
Now wax all pale and withered to the death,
As well for grief our ruthless governor
Hath thus refused the mercy of thy hand,
(Whose sceptre angels kiss and furies dread,)
As for their liberties, their loves, or lives!
Oh then for these, and such as we ourselves,
For us, our infants, and for all our bloods,

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That never nourished thought against thy rule,
Pity, oh pity, sacred emperor,
The prostrate service of this wretched town,
And take in sign thereof this gilded wreath;
Whereto each man of rule hath given his hand,
And wished, as worthy subjects, happy means
To be investers of thy royal brows
Even with the true Egyptian diadem!

Tamb. Virgins, in vain you labour to prevent
That which mine honour swears shall be performed.
Behold my sword! what see you at the point?

1 *Virg.* Nothing but fear, and fatal steel, my lord.

Tamb. Your fearful minds are thick and misty then;
For there sits Death; there sits imperious Death
Keeping his circuit by the slicing edge.
But I am pleased you shall not see him there,
He now is seated on my horsemen's spears,
And on their points his fleshless body feeds.
Techelles, straight go charge a few of them
To charge these dames, and shew my servant, Death,
Sitting in scarlet on their armèd spears.

All. O pity us!

Tamb. Away with them, I say, and show them Death.

[*The* Virgins *are taken out.*

I will not spare these proud Egyptians,
Nor change my martial observations
For all the wealth of Gihon's golden waves,
Or for the love of Venus, would she leave
The angry god of arms and lie with me.
They have refused the offer of their lives,
And know my customs are as peremptory
As wrathful planets, death, or destiny.

Enter Techelles.

What, have your horsemen shown the virgins Death?

Tech. They have, my lord, and on Damascus' walls,
Have hoisted up their slaughtered carcases.

Tamb. A sight as baneful to their souls, I think,
As are Thessalian drugs or Mithridate:
But go, my lords, put the rest to the sword.

[*Exeunt* Lords.

Ah, fair Zenocrate!—divine Zenocrate!—
Fair is too foul an epithet for thee,
That in thy passion for thy country's love,
And fear to see thy kingly father's harm,
With hair dishevelled wip'st thy watery cheeks;
And, like to Flora in her morning pride,
Shaking her silver tresses in the air,
Rain'st on the earth resolvèd pearl in showers,
And sprinklest sapphires on thy shining face,
Where beauty, mother to the Muses, sits
And comments volumes with her ivory pen,
Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes,
Eyes, when that Ebena steps to heaven,
In silence, of thy solemn evening's walk,
Making the mantle of the richest night,
The moon, the planets, and the meteors, light;
These angels, in their crystal armours fight
A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts
For Egypt's freedom, and the Soldan's life;
His life that so consumes Zenocrate,
Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul,
Than all my army to Damascus' walls:
And neither Persia's sovereign, nor the Turk
Troubled my senses with conceit of foil
So much by much as doth Zenocrate.
What is beauty, saith my sufferings, then?
If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,
Their minds, and muses on admirèd themes;
If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit;
If these had made one poem's period,
And all combined in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest:
But how unseemly is it for my sex,
My discipline of arms and chivalry,
My nature, and the terror of my name,
To harbour thoughts effeminate and faint!
Save only that in beauty's just applause,
With whose instinct the soul of man is touched;
And every warrior that is rapt with love
Of fame, of valour, and of victory,
Must needs have beauty beat on his conceits.
I thus conceiving and subduing both
That which hath stoopt the chiefest of the gods,*

* Mr. Dyce and others have done their best to make this speech intelligible. The old text is hopelessly corrupt.

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Even from the fiery-spangled veil of Heaven,
To feel the lowly warmth of shepherds' flames,
And mask in cottages of strowèd reeds,
Shall give the world to note for all my birth,
That virtue solely is the sum of glory,
And fashions men with true nobility.—
Who's within there?

Enter Attendants.

Hath Bajazet been fed to-day?
Atten. Aye, my lord.
Tamb. Bring him forth; and let us know if the town be ransacked.
[*Exeunt* Attendants.

Enter Techelles, Theridamas, Usumcasane, *and others.*

Tech. The town is ours, my lord, and fresh supply
Of conquest and of spoil is offered us.
Tamb. That's well, Techelles; what's the news?
Tech. The Soldan and the Arabian king together,
March on us with such eager violence,
As if there were no way but one with us.
Tamb. No more there is not, I warrant thee, Techelles.

Bajazet *and* Zabina *are brought in.*

Ther. We know the victory is ours, my lord;
But let us save the reverend Soldan's life,
For fair Zenocrate that so laments his state.
Tamb. That will we chiefly see unto, Theridamas,
For sweet Zenocrate, whose worthiness
Deserves a conquest over every heart.
And now, my footstool, if I lose the field,
You hope of liberty and restitution?
Here let him stay, my masters, from the tents,
Till we have made us ready for the field.
Pray for us, Bajazet; we are going.
[*Exeunt* Tamburlaine, Techelles, Usumcasane, *and* Persians.
Baj. Go, never to return with victory.
Millions of men encompass thee about,
And gore thy body with as many wounds!
Sharp, forkèd arrows light upon thy horse!
Furies from the black Cocytus lake,
Break up the earth, and with their firebrands,
Enforce thee run upon the baneful pikes!
Volleys of shot pierce through thy charmèd skin,
And every bullet dipt in poisoned drugs!
Or, roaring cannons sever all thy joints,
Making thee mount as high as eagles soar!
Zab. Let all the swords and lances in the field
Stick in his breast as in their proper rooms!
At every pore let blood come dropping forth,
That lingering pains may massacre his heart,
And madness send his damnèd soul to hell!
Baj. Ah, fair Zabina! we may curse his power;
The heavens may frown, the earth for anger quake:
But such a star hath influence in his sword,
As rules the skies and countermands the gods
More than Cimmerian Styx or Destiny;
And then shall we in this detested guise,
With shame, with hunger, and with horror stay,
Griping our bowels with retorquèd thoughts,
And have no hope to end our ecstasies.
Zab. Then is there left no Mahomet, no God,
No fiend, no fortune, nor no hope of end
To our infâmous, monstrous slaveries.
Gape earth, and let the fiends infernal view
A hell as hopeless and as full of fear
As are the blasted banks of Erebus,
Where shaking ghosts with ever-howling groans
Hover about the ugly ferryman,
To get a passage to Elysian!
Why should we live? O, wretches, beggars, slaves!
Why live we, Bajazet, and build up nests
So high within the region of the air
By living long in this oppression,
That all the world will see and laugh to scorn
The former triumphs of our mightiness
In this obscure infernal servitude?
Baj. O life, more loathsome to my vexèd thoughts
Than noisome parbreak of the Stygian snakes,
Which fills the nooks of hell with standing air,
Infecting all the ghosts with cureless griefs!
O dreary engines of my loathèd sight,
That see my crown, my honour, and my name
Thrust under yoke and thraldom of a thief,
Why feed ye still on day's accursèd beams
And sink not quite into my tortured soul?
You see my wife, my queen, and emperess,
Brought up and proppèd by the hand of fame,
Queen of fifteen contributory queens,
Now thrown to rooms of black abjection.

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Smearèd with blots of basest drudgery,
And villainess to shame, disdain, and misery.
Accursèd Bajazet, whose words of truth,
(That would with pity cheer Zabina's heart,
And make our souls resolve in ceaseless tears;)
Sharp hunger bites upon, and gripes the root,
From whence the issues of my thoughts do break!
O poor Zabina! O my queen! my queen!
Fetch me some water for my burning breast,
To cool and comfort me with longer date,
That in the shortened sequel of my life
I may pour forth my soul into thine arms
With words of love, whose moaning intercourse
Hath hitherto been stayed with wrath and hate,
Of our expressless bann'd inflictions.

Zab. Sweet Bajazet, I will prolong thy life,
As long as any blood or spark of breath
Can quench or cool the torments of my grief. [*She goes out.*

Baj. Now, Bajazet, abridge thy baneful days,
And beat thy brains out of thy conquered head,
Since other means are all forbidden me,
That may be ministers of my decay.
O, highest lamp of ever-living Jove,
Accursèd day! infected with my griefs,
Hide now thy stainèd face in endless night,
And shut the windows of the lightsome Heavens!
Let ugly Darkness with her rusty coach,
Engirt with tempests, wrapt in pitchy clouds,
Smother the earth with never-fading mists!
And let her horses from their nostrils breathe
Rebellious winds and dreadful thunder-claps!
That in this terror Tamburlaine may live,
And my pined soul, resolved in liquid air,
May still excruciate his tormented thoughts!
Then let the stony dart of senseless cold
Pierce through the centre of my withered heart,
And make a passage for my loathèd life! [*He brains himself against the cage.*

Re-enter Zabina.

Zab. What do mine eyes behold? my husband dead!
His skull all riven in twain! his brains dashed out,—
The brains of Bajazet, my lord and sovereign:
O, Bajazet, my husband and my lord!
O Bajazet! O Turk! O Emperor!
Give him his liquor? not I. Bring milk and fire, and my blood I bring him again.—Tear me in pieces—give me the sword with a ball of wild-fire upon it.—Down with him! Down with him!—Go to, my child! Away! Away! Away!—Ah, save that infant! save him, save him!—I, even I, speak to her.—The sun was down—streamers white, red, black—here, here, here!—Fling the meat in his face—Tamburlaine.—Tamburlaine!—Let the soldiers be burn'd.—Hell! Death, Tamburlaine, Hell!—Make ready my coach, my chair, my jewels.—I come! I come! I come! [*She runs against the cage and brains herself.*

Enter Zenocrate *with* Anippe.

Zeno. Wretched Zenocrate! that liv'st to see
Damascus' walls dyed with Egyptians' blood,
Thy father's subjects and thy countrymen;
Thy streets strowed with dissevered joints of men
And wounded bodies gasping yet for life:
But most accurst, to see the sun-bright troop
Of heavenly virgins and unspotted maids,
(Whose looks might make the angry god of arms
To break his sword and mildly treat of love)
On horsemen's lances to be hoisted up
And guiltlessly endure a cruel death:
For every fell and stout Tartarian steed,
That stampt on others with their thundering hoofs,
When all their riders charged their quivering spears,
Began to check the ground and rein themselves
Gazing upon the beauty of their looks.—
Oh, Tamburlaine! wert thou the cause of this
That term'st Zenocrate thy dearest love?
Whose lives were dearer to Zenocrate
Than her own life, or aught save thine own love.
But see another bloody spectacle!
Ah, wretched eyes, the enemies of my heart,
How are ye glutted with these grievous objects,
And tell my soul more tales of bleeding ruth!
See, see, Anippe, if they breathe or no.

Anippe. No breath, nor sense, nor motion in them both;

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Ah, madam! this their slavery hath enforced,
And ruthless cruelty of Tamburlaine.
Zeno. Earth, cast up fountains from thine entrails,
And wet thy cheeks for their untimely deaths!
Shake with their weight in sign of fear and grief!
Blush, Heaven, that gave them honour at their birth
And let them die a death so barbarous!
Those that are proud of fickle empery
And place their chiefest good in earthly pomp,
Behold the Turk and his great Emperess!
Ah, Tamburlaine! my love! sweet Tamburlaine!
That fight'st for sceptres and for slippery crowns,
Behold the Turk and his great Emperess!
Thou, that in conduct of thy happy stars
Sleep'st every night with conquests on thy brows
And yet would'st shun the wavering turns of war,
In fear and feeling of the like distress
Behold the Turk and his great Emperess!
Ah, mighty Jove and holy Mahomet,
Pardon my love!—Oh, pardon his contempt
Of earthly fortune and respect of pity,
And let not conquest, ruthlessly pursued,
Be equally against his life incensed
In this great Turk and hapless Emperess!
And pardon me that was not moved with ruth
To see them live so long in misery!
Ah, what may chance to thee, Zenocrate?
Anippe. Madam, content yourself, and be resolved
Your love hath Fortune so at his command,
That she shall stay and turn her wheel no more,
As long as life maintains his mighty arm
That fights for honour to adorn your head.

Enter Philemus, *a Messenger.*

Zeno. What other heavy news now brings Philemus?
Phil. Madam, your father, and the Arabian king
The first affecter of your excellence,
Come now, as Turnus 'gainst Æneas did,
Armèd with lance into the Egyptian fields,
Ready for battle 'gainst my lord, the king.
Zeno. Now shame and duty, love and fear present
A thousand sorrows to my martyred soul.
Whom should I wish the fatal victory
When my poor pleasures are divided thus
And racked by duty from my cursèd heart?
My father and my first-betrothèd love
Must fight against my life and present love;
Wherein the change I use condemns my faith,
And makes my deeds infâmous through the world:
But as the gods, to end the Trojans' toil
Prevented Turnus of Lavinia
And fatally enriched Æneas' love,
So for a final issue to my griefs,
To pacify my country and my love
Must Tamburlaine by their resistless pow'rs
With virtue of a gentle victory
Conclude a league of honour to my hope;
Then, as the Powers divine have preordained,
With happy safety of my father's life
Send like defence of fair Arabia.
[*They sound to the battle: and* Tamburlaine *enjoys the victory; after, the* King of Arabia *enters wounded.*
K. of Arab. What cursèd power guides the murdering hands
Of this infâmous tyrant's soldiers,
That no escape may save their enemies,
Nor fortune keep themselves from victory?
Lie down, Arabia, wounded to the death,
And let Zenocrate's fair eyes behold
That, as for her thou bear'st these wretched arms,
Even so for her thou diest in these arms,
Leaving thy blood for witness of thy love.
Zeno. Too dear a witness for such love, my lord!
Behold Zenocrate! the cursèd object,
Whose fortunes never masterèd her griefs;
Behold her wounded, in conceit, for thee,
As much as thy fair body is for me.
K. of Arab. Then shall I die with full, contented heart,
Having beheld divine Zenocrate,
Whose sight with joy would take away my life
As now it bringeth sweetness to my wound,
If I had not been wounded as I am.
Ah! that the deadly pangs, I suffer now,
Would lend an hour's licence to my tongue,
To make discourse of some sweet accidents
Have chanced thy merits in this worthless bondage;
And that I might be privy to the state
Of thy deserved contentment, and thy love;
But, making now a virtue of thy sight,
To drive all sorrow from my fainting soul,
Since death denies me farther cause of joy,
Deprived of care, my heart with comfort dies,
Since thy desirèd hand shall close mine eyes.
[*He dies.*

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Enter Tamburlaine, *leading the* Soldan, Techelles, Theridamas, *with others.*

Tamb. Come, happy father of Zenocrate,
A title higher than thy Soldan's name.
Though my right hand has thus enthralled thee,
Thy princely daughter here shall set thee free;
She that hath calmed the fury of my sword,
Which had ere this been bathed in streams of blood
As vast and deep as Euphrates or Nile.

Zeno. O sight thrice welcome to my joyful soul,
To see the king, my father, issue safe
From dangerous battle of my conquering love!

Sold. Well met, my only dear Zenocrate,
Though with the loss of Egypt and my crown.

Tamb. 'Twas I, my lord, that got the victory,
And therefore grieve not at your overthrow,
Since I shall render all into your hands,
And add more strength to your dominions
Than ever yet confirmed the Egyptian crown.
The God of war resigns his room to me,
Meaning to make me general of the world:
Jove, viewing me in arms, looks pale and wan,
Fearing my power should pull him from his throne.
Where'er I come the Fatal Sisters sweat,
And grisly Death, by running to and fro,
To do their ceaseless homage to my sword;
And here in Afric, where it seldom rains,
Since I arrived with my triumphant host,
Have swelling clouds, drawn from wide-gasping wounds,
Been oft resolved in bloody purple showers,
A meteor that might terrify the earth,
And make it quake at every drop it drinks.
Millions of souls sit on the banks of Styx
Waiting the back-return of Charon's boat;
Hell and Elysian swarm with ghosts of men,
That I have sent from sundry foughten fields,
To spread my fame through hell and up to heaven.
And see, my lord, a sight of strange import,
Emperors and Kings lie breathless at my feet:
The Turk and his great Empress, as it seems,
Left to themselves while we were at the fight,
Have desperately despatched their slavish lives:
With them Arabia, too, hath left his life:
All sights of power to grace my victory;
And such are objects fit for Tamburlaine;
Wherein, as in a mirror, may be seen
His honour, that consists in shedding blood,
When men presume to manage arms with him.

Sold. Mighty hath God and Mahomet made thy hand,
Renowned Tamburlaine! to whom all kings
Of force must yield their crowns and emperies;
And I am pleased with this my overthrow,
If, as beseems a person of thy state,
Thou hast with honour used Zenocrate.

Tamb. Her state and person want no pomp, you see;
And for all blot of foul inchastity
I record Heaven her heavenly self is clear:
Then let me find no farther time to grace
Her princely temples with the Persian crown.
But here these kings that on my fortunes wait,
And have been crowned for proved worthiness,
Even by this hand that shall establish them,
Shall now, adjoining all their hands with mine,
Invest her here my Queen of Persia.
What saith the noble Soldan and Zenocrate?

Sold. I yield with thanks and protestations
Of endless honour to thee for her love.

Tamb. Then doubt I not but fair Zenocrate
Will soon consent to satisfy us both.

Zeno. Else should I much forget myself my lord.

Ther. Then let us set the crown upon her head,
That long hath lingered for so high a seat.

Tech. My hand is ready to perform the deed;
For now her marriage-time shall work us rest.

Usum. And here's the crown, my lord; help set it on.

Tamb. Then sit thou down, divine Zenocrate;
And here we crown thee Queen of Persia,
And all the kingdoms and dominions
That late the power of Tamburlaine subdued.
As Juno, when the giants were suppressed,
That darted mountains at her brother Jove,
So looks my love, shadowing in her brows
Triumphs and trophies for my victories;
Or, as Latona's daughters, bent to arms,
Adding more courage to my conquering mind.
To gratify the sweet Zenocrate,
Egyptians, Moors, and men of Asia,
From Barbary unto the western India,

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Shall pay a yearly tribute to thy sire:
And from the bounds of Afric to the banks
Of Ganges shall his mighty arm extend.
And now, my lords and loving followers,
That purchased kingdoms by your martial deeds,
Cast off your armour, put on scarlet robes,
Mount up your royal places of estate,
Environèd with troops of noblemen,
And there make laws to rule your provinces.
Hang up your weapons on Alcides' posts,
For Tamburlaine takes truce with all the world.
Thy first-betrothèd love, Arabia,
Shall we with honour, as beseems, entomb
With this great Turk and his fair Emperess.
Then, after all these solemn exequies,
We will our rites of marriage solemnise.

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Tamburlaine the Great.

PART THE SECOND.

THE PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Tamburlaine.
Calyphas, Amyras, Celebinus, *His three Sons.*
Techelles, Theridamas, Usumcasane, *His Generals, Kings of Argier, Fez, and Morocco.*
Orcanes, *King of Natolia.*
King of Jerusalem.
King of Trebizond.
King of Syria.
Gazellus, *Viceroy of Byron.*
Uribassa.
Sigismund, *King of Hungary.*
Frederick, Baldwin, *Lords of Buda and Bohemia.*
Perdicas, *Servant to Calyphas.*
Governor of Babylon.
Maximus.
Callapine, *Son of* Bajazet.
Almeda, *his Keeper.*
King of Amasia.
Physician.
Captain *of Balsera.*
His son.
Another Captain.
Lords, Citizens, Soldiers, *&c.*

Zenocrate, Tamburlaine's *Queen.*
Olympia, *the Captain's Wife.*
Turkish Concubines.

PROLOGUE.

The general welcomes Tamburlaine received,
When he arrivèd last upon the stage,
Hath made our poet pen his Second Part,
Where death cuts off the progress of his pomp,
And murderous fates throw all his triumphs down.
But what became of fair Zenocrate,
And with how many cities' sacrifice
He celebrated her sad funeral,
Himself in presence shall unfold at large.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Orcanes, *King of Natolia*, Gazellus, *Viceroy of Byron*, Uribassa, *and their Train, with drums and trumpets.*

Orc. Egregious viceroys of these eastern parts,
Placed by the issue of great Bajazet,
And sacred lord, the mighty Callapine,
Who lives in Egypt, prisoner to that slave
Which kept his father in an iron cage;—
Now have we marched from fair Natolia
Two hundred leagues, and on Danubius' banks
Our warlike host, in complete armour, rest,
Where Sigismund, the king of Hungary
Should meet our person to conclude a truce.
What! Shall we parle with the Christian?
Or cross the stream, and meet him in the field?

Gaz. King of Natolia, let us treat of peace;
We all are glutted with the Christians' blood,
And have a greater foe to fight against,—
Proud Tamburlaine, that, now in Asia,
Near Guyron's head doth set his conq'ring feet,
And means to fire Turkey as he goes.
'Gainst him, my lord, you must address your power.

Uri. Besides, King Sigismund hath brought from Christendom,
More than his camp of stout Hungarians,—
Sclavonians, Almains, Rutters, Muffes, and Danes,

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That with the halberd, lance, and murdering axe,
Will hazard that we might with surety hold.
Orc. Though from the shortest northern parallel,
Vast Grantland, compassed with the Frozen Sea,
(Inhabited with tall and sturdy men,
Giants as big as hugy Polypheme,)
Millions of soldiers cut the arctick line,
Bringing the strength of Europe to these arms,
Our Turkey blades shall glide through all their throats,
And make this champion mead a bloody fen.
Danubius' stream, that runs to Trebizon,
Shall carry, wrapt within his scarlet waves,
As martial presents to our friends at home,
The slaughtered bodies of these Christians.
The Terrene Main, wherein Danubius falls,
Shall, by this battle, be the Bloody Sea.
The wandering sailors of proud Italy
Shall meet those Christians, fleeting with the tide,
Beating in heaps against their Argosies,
And make fair Europe, mounted on her bull,
Trapped with the wealth and riches of the world,
Alight, and wear a woeful mourning weed.
Gas. Yet, stout Orcanes, Prorex of the world,
Since Tamburlaine hath mustered all his men,
Marching from Cairo northward with his camp,
To Alexandria, and the frontier towns,
Meaning to make a conquest of our land,
'Tis requisite to parle for a peace
With Sigismund, the king of Hungary,
And save our forces for the hot assaults
Proud Tamburlaine intends Natolia.
Orc. Viceroy of Byron, wisely hast thou said.
My realm, the centre of our empery,
Once lost, all Turkey would be overthrown,
And for that cause the Christians shall have peace.
Sclavonians, Almains, Rutters, Muffes, and Danes,
Fear not Orcanes, but great Tamburlaine;
Nor he, but fortune, that hath made him great.
We have revolted Grecians, Albanese,
Sicilians, Jews, Arabians, Turks, and Moors,
Natolians, Syrians, black Egyptians,
Illyrians, Thracians, and Bithynians,
Enough to swallow forceless Sigismund,
Yet scarce enough to encounter Tamburlaine.
He brings a world of people to the field,
From Scythia to the oriental plage
Of India, where raging Lantchidol
Beats on the regions with his boisterous blows,
That never seaman yet discoverèd.
All Asia is in arms with Tamburlaine,
Even from the midst of fiery Cancer's tropick,
To Amazonia under Capricorn;
And thence as far as Archipelago,
All Afric is in arms with Tamburlaine;
Therefore, viceroy, the Christians must have peace.

Enter Sigismund, Frederick, Baldwin, *and their Train, with drums and trumpets.*

Sig. Orcanes, (as our legates promised thee,)
We, with our peers, have crossed Danubius' stream,
To treat of friendly peace or deadly war.
Take which thou wilt, for as the Romans used,
I here present thee with a naked sword;
Wilt thou have war, then shake this blade at me;
If peace, restore it to my hands again,
And I will sheathe it, to confirm the same.
Orc. Stay, Sigismund! forget'st thou I am he
That with the cannon shook Vienna wall,
And made it dance upon the continent,
As when the massy substance of the earth
Quivers about the axle-tree of heaven?
Forget'st thou that I sent a shower of darts,
Mingled with powdered shot and feathered steel,
So thick upon the blink-eyed burghers' heads,
That thou thyself, then County Palatine,
The King of Boheme, and the Austrick Duke,
Sent heralds out, which basely on their knees
In all your names desired a truce of me?
Forget'st thou, that to have me raise my siege,
Waggons of gold were set before my tents,
Stampt with the princely fowl, that in her wings,
Carries the fearful thunderbolts of Jove?
How canst thou think of this, and offer war?
Sig. Vienna was besieged, and I was there,
Then County Palatine, but now a king,
And what we did was in extremity.
But now, Orcanes, view my royal host,

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That hides these plains, and seems as vast and wide,
As doth the desert of Arabia
To those that stand on Bagdad's lofty tower;
Or as the ocean, to the traveller
That rests upon the snowy Apennines;
And tell me whether I should stoop so low,
As treat of peace with the Natolian king.
Gas. Kings of Natolia and of Hungary,
We came from Turkey to confirm a league,
And not to dare each other to the field.
A friendly parle might become you both.
Fred. And we from Europe, to the same intent,
Which if your general refuse or scorn,
Our tents are pitched, our men stand in array,
Ready to charge you ere you stir your feet.
Orc. So prest are we; but yet, if Sigismund
Speak as a friend, and stand not upon terms,
Here is his sword,—let peace be ratified
On these conditions, specified before,
Drawn with advice of our ambassadors.
Sig. Then here I sheathe it, and give thee my hand,
Never to draw it out, or manage arms
Against thyself or thy confederates,
But whilst I live will be at truce with thee.
Orc. But, Sigismund, confirm it with an oath,
And swear in sight of heaven and by thy Christ.
Sig. By him that made the world and saved my soul,
The Son of God and issue of a maid,
Sweet Jesus Christ, I solemnly protest
And vow to keep this peace inviolable.
Orc. By sacred Mahomet, the friend of God,
Whose holy Alcoran remains with us,
Whose glorious body, when he left the world,
Closed in a coffin mounted up the air,
And hung on stately Mecca's temple-roof,
I swear to keep this truce inviolable;
Of whose conditions and our solemn oaths,
Signed with our hands, each shall retain a scroll
As memorable witness of our league.
Now Sigismund, if any Christian king
Encroach upon the confines of thy realm,
Send word, Orcanes of Natolia
Confirmed this league beyond Danubius' stream,
And they will, trembling, sound a quick retreat;
So am I feared among all nations.
Sig. If any heathen potentate or king
Invade Natolia, Sigismund will send
A hundred thousand horse trained to the war,
And backed by stout lanciers of Germany,
The strength and sinews of the Imperial seat.
Orc. I thank thee, Sigismund; but, when I war,
All Asia Minor, Africa, and Greece,
Follow my standard and my thundering drums.
Come, let us go and banquet in our tents;
I will despatch chief of my army hence
To fair Natolia and to Trebizon,
To stay my coming 'gainst proud Tamburlaine.
Friend Sigismund, and peers of Hungary,
Come, banquet and carouse with us a while,
And then depart we to our territories.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Callapine *with* Almeda, *his Keeper, discovered.*

Call. Sweet Almeda, pity the ruthful plight
Of Callapine, the son of Bajazet,
Born to be monarch of the western world,
Yet here detained by cruel Tamburlaine.
Alm. My lord, I pity it, and with all my heart
Wish your release; but he whose wrath is death,
My sovereign lord, renownèd Tamburlaine,
Forbids you farther liberty than this.
Call. Ah, were I now but half so eloquent
To paint in words what I'll perform in deeds,
I know thou would'st depart from hence with me.
Alm. Not for all Afric: therefore move me not.
Call. Yet hear me speak, my gentle Almeda.
Alm. No speech to that end, by your favour, sir.
Call. By Cairo runs——
Alm. No talk of running, I tell you, sir.
Call. A little farther, gentle Almeda.
Alm. Well, sir, what of this?
Call. By Cairo runs to Alexandria bay
Darote's streams, wherein at anchor lies
A Turkish galley of my royal fleet,
Waiting my coming to the river side,
Hoping by some means I shall be released,
Which, when I come aboard, will hoist up sail,
And soon put forth into the Terrene sea,
Where, 'twixt the isles of Cyprus and of Crete,

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We quickly may in Turkish seas arrive.
Then shalt thou see a hundred kings and more,
Upon their knees, all bid me welcome home.
Amongst so many crowns of burnished gold,
Choose which thou wilt, all are at thy command;
A thousand galleys, manned with Christian slaves,
I freely give thee, which shall cut the straits,
And bring armados from the coasts of Spain
Fraughted with gold of rich America;
The Grecian virgins shall attend on thee,
Skilful in music and in amorous lays,
As fair as was Pygmalion's ivory girl
Or lovely Io metamorphosèd.
With naked negroes shall thy coach be drawn,
And as thou rid'st in triumph through the streets
The pavement underneath thy chariot wheels
With Turkey carpets shall be coverèd,
And cloth of Arras hung about the walls,
Fit objects for thy princely eye to pierce.
A hundred bassoes, clothed in crimson silk,
Shall ride before thee on Barbarian steeds;
And when thou goest, a golden canopy
Enchased with precious stones, which shine as bright
As that fair veil that covers all the world,
When Phœbus, leaping from the hemisphere,
Descendeth downward to the Antipodes,—
And more than this—for all I cannot tell.

Alm. How far hence lies the galley, say you?

Call. Sweet Almeda, scarce half a league from hence.

Alm. But need we not be spied going aboard?

Call. Betwixt the hollow hanging of a hill,
And crookèd bending of a craggy rock,
The sails wrapt up, the mast and tacklings down,
She lies so close that none can find her out.

Alm. I like that well: but tell me, my lord, if I should let you go, would you be as good as your word? Shall I be made a king for my labour?

Call. As I am Callapine the emperor,
And by the hand of Mahomet I swear
Thou shalt be crowned a king, and be my mate.

Alm. Then here I swear, as I am Almeda
Your keeper under Tamburlaine the Great,
(For that's the style and title I have yet,)
Although he sent a thousand armèd men
To intercept this haughty enterprize,
Yet would I venture to conduct your grace,
And die before I brought you back again.

Call. Thanks, gentle Almeda; then let us haste,
Lest time be past, and lingering let us both.

Alm. When you will, my lord; I am ready.

Call. Even straight; and farewell, cursèd Tamburlaine.
Now go I to revenge my father's death.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Tamburlaine, *with* Zenocrate *and his three Sons*, Calyphas, Amyras, *and* Celebinus, *with Drums and Trumpets.*

Tamb. Now, bright Zenocrate, the world's fair eye,
Whose beams illuminate the lamps of heaven,
Whose cheerful looks do clear the cloudy air,
And clothe it in a crystal livery;
Now rest thee here on fair Larissa plains,
Where Egypt and the Turkish empire part
Between thy sons, that shall be emperors,
And every one commander of a world.

Zeno. Sweet Tamburlaine, when wilt thou leave these arms,
And save thy sacred person free from scathe,
And dangerous chances of the wrathful war?

Tamb. When heaven shall cease to move on both the poles,
And when the ground, whereon my soldiers march,
Shall rise aloft and touch the hornèd moon,
And not before, my sweet Zenocrate.
Sit up, and rest thee like a lovely queen;
So, now she sits in pomp and majesty,
When these, my sons, more precious in mine eyes,
Than all the wealthy kingdoms I subdued,
Placed by her side, look on their mother's face:
But yet methinks their looks are amorous,
Not martial as the sons of Tamburlaine:
Water and air, being symbolized in one,
Argue their want of courage and of wit;
Their hair as white as milk and soft as down,
(Which should be like the quills of porcupines
As black as jet and hard as iron or steel)
Bewrays they are too dainty for the wars;
Their fingers made to quaver on a lute,
Their arms to hang about a lady's neck,
Would make me think them bastards not my sons,
But that I know they issued from thy womb

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That never looked on man but Tamburlaine.
Zeno. My gracious lord, they have their mother's looks,
But, when they list, their conquering father's heart.
This lovely boy, the youngest of the three,
Not long ago bestrid a Scythian steed
Trotting the ring, and tilting at a glove,
Which, when he tainted with his slender rod,
He reined him straight and made him so curvet,
As I cried out for fear he should have fallen.
Tamb. Well done, my boy, thou shalt have shield and lance,
Armour of proof, horse, helm, and curtle axe,
And I will teach thee how to charge thy foe,
And harmless run among the deadly pikes.
If thou wilt love the wars and follow me,
Thou shalt be made a king and reign with me,
Keeping in iron cages emperors.
If thou exceed thy elder brothers' worth
And shine in complete virtue more than they,
Thou shalt be king before them, and thy seed
Shall issue crowned from their mother's womb.
Cel. Yes, father: you shall see me, if I live,
Have under me as many kings as you,
And march with such a multitude of men,
As all the world shall tremble at their view.
Tamb. These words assure me, boy, thou art my son.
When I am old and cannot manage arms,
Be thou the scourge and terror of the world.
Amy. Why may not I my lord, as well as he,
Be termed the scourge and terror of the world?
Tamb. Be all a scourge and terror to the world,
Or else you are not sons of Tamburlaine.
Cal. But while my brothers follow arms, my lord,
Let me accompany my gracious mother;
They are enough to conquer all the world,
And you have won enough for me to keep.
Tamb. Bastardly boy, sprung from some coward's loins,
And not the issue of great Tamburlaine;
Of all the provinces I have subdued,
Thou shalt not have a foot unless thou bear
A mind courageous and invincible:
For he shall wear the crown of Persia
Whose head hath deepest scars, whose breast most wounds,
Which being wroth sends lightning from his eyes,
And in the furrows of his frowning brows
Harbours revenge, war, death, and cruelty;
For in a field, whose superficies
Is covered with a liquid purple veil
And sprinkled with the brains of slaughtered men,
My royal chair of state shall be advanced;
And he that means to place himself therein,
Must armed wade up to the chin in blood.
Zeno. My lord, such speeches to our princely sons
Dismay their minds before they come to prove
The wounding troubles angry war affords.
Cel. No, madam, these are speeches fit for us,
For if his chair were in a sea of blood
I would prepare a ship and sail to it,
Ere I would lose the title of a king.
Amy. And I would strive to swim through pools of blood,
Or make a bridge of murdered carcases,
Whose arches should be framed with bones of Turks,
Ere I would lose the title of a king.
Tamb. Well, lovely boys, ye shall be emperors both,
Stretching your conquering arms from East to West;
And, sirrah, if you mean to wear a crown,
When we shall meet the Turkish deputy
And all his viceroys, snatch it from his head,
And cleave his pericranium with thy sword.
Cal. If any man will hold him, I will strike
And cleave him to the channel with my sword.
Tamb. Hold him, and cleave him too, or I'll cleave thee,
For we will march against them presently.
Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane
Promised to meet me on Larissa plains
With hosts apiece against this Turkish crew;
For I have sworn by sacred Mahomet
To make it parcel of my empery;
The trumpets sound, Zenocrate; they come.

Enter Theridamas, *and his train, with Drums and Trumpets.*

Tamb. Welcome, Theridamas, king of Argier.
Ther. My lord, the great and mighty Tamburlaine,—
Arch-monarch of the world, I offer here
My crown, myself, and all the power I have,
In all affection at thy kingly feet.

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Tamb. Thanks, good Theridamas.
Ther. Under my colours march ten thousand Greeks;
And of Argier's and Afric's frontier towns
Twice twenty thousand valiant men at arms,
All which have sworn to sack Natolia.
Five hundred brigantines are under sail,
Meet for your service on the sea, my lord,
That launching from Argier to Tripoli,
Will quickly ride before Natolia,
And batter down the castles on the shore.
Tamb. Well said, Argier; receive thy crown again.

Enter Techelles *and* Usumcasane, *together.*

Tamb. Kings of Morocco and of Fez, welcome.
Usum. Magnificent and peerless Tamburlaine!
I and my neighbour king of Fez have brought
To aid thee in this Turkish expedition,
A hundred thousand expert soldiers:
From Azamor to Tunis near the sea
Is Barbary unpeopled for thy sake,
And all the men in armour under me,
Which with my crown I gladly offer thee.
Tamb. Thanks, king of Morocco, take your crown again.
Tech. And, mighty Tamburlaine, our earthly god,
Whose looks make this inferior world to quake,
I here present thee with the crown of Fez,
And with an host of Moors trained to the war,
Whose coal-black faces make their foes retire,
And quake for fear, as if infernal Jove
Meaning to aid thee in these Turkish arms,
Should pierce the black circumference of hell
With ugly Furies bearing fiery flags,
And millions of his strong tormenting spirits;
From strong Tesella unto Biledull
All Barbary is unpeopled for thy sake.
Tamb. Thanks, king of Fez; take here thy crown again.
Your presence, loving friends, and fellow kings,
Makes me to surfeit in conceiving joy.
If all the crystal gates of Jove's high court
Were opened wide, and I might enter in
To see the state and majesty of Heaven,
It could not more delight me than your sight.
Now will we banquet on these plains awhile,
And after march to Turkey with our camp,
In number more than are the drops that fall,
When Boreas rents a thousand swelling clouds;
And proud Orcanes of Natolia
With all his viceroys shall be so afraid,
That though the stones, as at Deucalion's flood,
Were turned to men, he should be overcome.
Such lavish will I make of Turkish blood,
That Jove shall send his wingèd messenger
To bid me sheathe my sword and leave the field;
The sun unable to sustain the sight,
Shall hide his head in Thetis' watery lap,
And leave his steeds to fair Böötes' charge;
For half the world shall perish in this fight.
But now, my friends, let me examine ye;
How have ye spent your absent time from me?
Usum. My lord, our men of Barbary have marched
Four hundred miles with armour on their backs,
And lain in leaguer fifteen months and more;
For since we left you at the Soldan's court,
We have subdued the southern Guallatia,
And all the land unto the coasts of Spain,
We kept the narrow Strait of Jubaltèr,
And made Canaria call us kings and lords;
Yet never did they recreate themselves,
Or cease one day from war and hot alarms,
And therefore let them rest awhile, my lord.
Tamb. They shall, Casane, and 'tis time i'faith.
Tech. And I have marched along the river Nile
To Machda, where the mighty Christian priest,
Called John the Great, sits in a milk-white robe,
Whose triple mitre I did take by force,
And made him swear obedience to my crown,
From thence unto Cazates did I march,
Where Amazonians met me in the field,
With whom, being women, I vouchsafed a league,
And with my power did march to Zanzibar,
The eastern part of Afric, where I viewed
The Ethiopian sea, rivers and lakes,
But neither man nor child in all the land;
Therefore I took my course to Manico,
Where unresisted, I removed my camp;
And by the coast of Byather, at last
I came to Cubar, where the Negroes dwell,
And conquering that, made haste to Nubia,
There, having sacked Borno the kingly seat,
I took the king and led him bound in chains

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Unto Damascus, where I stayed before.
Tamb. Well done, Techelles. What saith Theridamas?
Ther. I left the confines and the bounds of Afric,
And [thence I] made a voyage into Europe,
Where by the river, Tyras, I subdued
Stoka, Podolia, and Codemia;
Thence crossed the sea and came to Oblia,
And Nigra Sylva, where the devils dance,
Which in despite of them, I set on fire.
From thence I crossed the gulf called by the name
Mare Majore of the inhabitants.
Yet shall my soldiers make no period,
Until Natolia kneel before your feet.
Tamb. Then will we triumph, banquet and carouse;
Cooks shall have pensions to provide us cates,
And glut us with the dainties of the world;
Lachryma Christi and Calabrian wines
Shall common soldiers drink in quaffing bowls,
Aye, liquid gold (when we have conquered him)
Mingled with coral and with orient pearl.
Come, let us banquet and carouse the while.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Enter Sigismund, Frederick, Baldwin, *and their Train.*

Sig. Now say, my lords of Buda and Bohemia,
What motion is it that inflames your thoughts,
And stirs your valours to such sudden arms?
Fred. Your majesty remembers, I am sure,
What cruel slaughter of our Christian bloods
These heathenish Turks and Pagans lately made,
Betwixt the city Zula and Danubius;
How through the midst of Varna and Bulgaria,
And almost to the very walls of Rome,
They have, not long since, massacred our camp.
It resteth now then, that your majesty
Take all advantages of time and power,
And work revenge upon these infidels.
Your highness knows for Tamburlaine's repair,
That strikes a terror to all Turkish hearts,
Natolia hath dismissed the greatest part
Of all his army, pitched against our power,
Betwixt Cutheia and Orminius' mount,
And sent them marching up to Belgasar,
Acantha, Antioch, and Cæsarea,
To aid the kings of Syria and Jerusalem.
Now then, my lord, advantage take thereof,
And issue suddenly upon the rest;
That in the fortune of their overthrow,
We may discourage all the pagan troop,
That dare attempt to war with Christians.
Sig. But calls not then your grace to memory
The league we lately made with king Orcanes,
Confirmed by oath and articles of peace,
And calling Christ for record of our truths?
This should be treachery and violence
Against the grace of our profession.
Bald. No whit, my lord, for with such infidels,
In whom no faith nor true religion rests,
We are not bound to those accomplishments,
The holy laws of Christendom enjoin;
But as the faith, which they profanely plight,
Is not by necessary policy
To be esteemed assurance for ourselves,
So that we vow to them, should not infringe
Our liberty of arms or victory.
Sig. Though I confess the oaths they undertake
Breed little strength to our security,
Yet those infirmities that thus defame
Their faiths, their honours, and religion,
Should not give us presumption to the like.
Our faiths are sound, and must be consummate,
Religious, righteous, and inviolate.
Fred. Assure your grace 'tis superstition
To stand so strictly on dispensive faith;
And should we lose the opportunity
That God hath given to avenge our Christians' death,
And scourge their foul blasphemous Paganism,
As fell to Saul, to Balaam, and the rest,
That would not kill and curse at God's command,
So surely will the vengeance of the Highest,
And jealous anger of his fearful arm,
Be poured with rigour on our sinful heads,
If we neglect this offered victory.
Sig. Then arm, my lords, and issue suddenly,
Giving commandment to our general host,
With expedition to assail the Pagan,
And take the victory our God hath given.
[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

Enter Orcanes, Gazellus, *and* Uribassa, *with their Trains.*

Orc. Gazellus, Uribassa, and the rest,
Now will we march from proud Orminius' mount,
To fair Natolia, where our neighbour kings
Expect our power and our royal presence,
To encounter with the cruel Tamburlaine,
That nigh Larissa sways a mighty host,
And, with the thunder of his martial tools,
Makes earthquakes in the hearts of men and heaven.
Gaz. And now come we to make his sinews shake,
With greater power than erst his pride hath felt.
An hundred kings, by scores, will bid him arms,
An hundred thousand subjects to each score,
Which, if a shower of wounding thunderbolts
Should break out of the bowels of the clouds,
And fall as thick as hail upon our heads,
In partial aid of that proud Scythian,
Yet should our courages and steelèd crests,
And numbers, more than infinite, of men,
Be able to withstand and conquer him.
Uri. Methinks I see how glad the Christian king
Is made, for joy of your admitted truce,
That could not but before be terrified
With unacquainted power of our host.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Arm, dread sovereign, and my noble lords!
The treacherous army of the Christians,
Taking advantage of your slender power,
Comes marching on us, and determines straight
To bid us battle for our dearest lives.
Orc. Traitors! villains! damnèd Christians!
Have I not here the articles of peace,
And solemn covenants we've both confirmed,
He by his Christ, and I by Mahomet?
Gaz. Hell and confusion light upon their heads,
That with such treason seek our overthrow,
And care so little for their prophet, Christ!
Orc. Can there be such deceit in Christians,
Or treason in the fleshly heart of man,
Whose shape is figure of the highest God!
Then, if there be a Christ, as Christians say,
But in their deeds deny him for their Christ,
If he be son to everliving Jove,
And hath the power of his outstretchèd arm;
If he be jealous of his name and honour,
As is our holy prophet, Mahomet;—
Take here these papers as our sacrifice
And witness of thy servant's perjury.
[*He tears to pieces the articles of peace*
Open, thou shining veil of Cynthia,
And make a passage from the empyreal heaven,
That he that sits on high and never sleeps,
Nor in one place is circumscriptible,
But everywhere fills every continent
With strange infusion of his sacred vigour,
May in his endless power and purity,
Behold and 'venge this traitor's perjury!
Thou Christ, that art esteemed omnipotent,
If thou wilt prove thyself a perfect God,
Worthy the worship of all faithful hearts,
Be now revenged upon this traitor's soul,
And make the power I have left behind,
(Too little to defend our guiltless lives),
Sufficient to discomfit and confound
The trustless force of those false Christians.
To arms, my lords! On Christ still let us cry!
If there be Christ, we shall have victory.

SCENE III.

Alarums of battle.—Enter Sigismund, *wounded.*

Sig. Discomfited is all the Christian host,
And God hath thundered vengeance from on high,
For my accursed and hateful perjury
O, just and dreadful punisher of sin,
Let the dishonour of the pains I feel,
In this my mortal well-deservèd wound,
End all my penance in my sudden death!
And let this death, wherein to sin I die,
Conceive a second life in endless mercy!
[*He dies.*

Enter Orcanes, Gazellus, Uribassa, *and others.*

Orc. Now lie the Christians bathing in their bloods,
And Christ or Mahomet hath been my friend.
Gaz. See here the perjured traitor, Hungary,
Bloody and breathless for his villainy.
Orc. Now shall his barbarous body be a prey
To beasts and fowls, and all the winds shall breathe
Through shady leaves of every senseless tree,
Murmurs and hisses for his heinous sin.
Now scalds his soul in the Tartarian streams,
And feeds upon the baneful tree of hell,
That Zoacum, that fruit of bitterness,

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That in the midst of fire is ingraffed,
Yet flourishes as Flora in her pride,
With apples like the heads of damnèd fiends.
The devils there, in chains of quenchless flame,
Shall lead his soul through Orcus' burning gulph,
From pain to pain, whose change shall never end.
What say'st thou yet, Gazellus, to his foil
Which we referred to justice of his Christ,
And to his power, which here appears as full
As rays of Cynthia to the clearest sight?
Gaz. 'Tis but the fortune of the wars, my lord,
Whose power is often proved a miracle.
Orc. Yet in my thoughts shall Christ be honourèd,
Not doing Mahomet an injury,
Whose power had share in this our victory;
And since this miscreant hath disgraced his faith,
And died a traitor both to heaven and earth,
We will, both watch and ward shall keep his trunk
Amidst these plains for fowls to prey upon.
Go, Uribassa, give it straight in charge.
Uri. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Orc. And now, Gazellus, let us haste and meet
Our army, and our brothers, of Jerusalem,
Of Syria, Trebizond, and Amasia,
And happily with full Natolian bowls
Of Greekish wine, now let us celebrate
Our happy conquest, and his angry fate.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Zenocrate *is discovered in her Bed of State;* Tamburlaine *sitting by her; three* Physicians *about her bed, tempering potions;* Theridamas, Techelles, Usumcasane, *and the three Sons.*

Tamb. Black is the beauty of the brightest day;
The golden ball of Heaven's eternal fire,
That danced with glory on the silver waves,
Now wants the fuel that inflamed his beams;
And all with faintness, and for foul disgrace,
He binds his temples with a frowning cloud,
Ready to darken earth with endless night.
Zenocrate, that gave him light and life,
Whose eyes shot fire from their ivory bowers,
And tempered every soul with lively heat,
Now by the malice of the angry skies,
Whose jealousy admits no second mate,
Draws in the comfort of her latest breath,
All dazzled with the hellish mists of death.
Now walk the angels on the walls of heaven,
As sentinels to warn the immortal souls
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
Apollo, Cynthia, and the ceaseless lamps
That gently looked upon this loathsome earth,
Shine downward now no more, but deck the heavens,
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
The crystal springs, whose taste illuminates
Refinèd eyes with an eternal sight,
Like trièd silver, run through Paradise,
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
The cherubins and holy seraphins,
That sing and play before the King of Kings,
Use all their voices and their instruments
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
And in this sweet and curious harmony,
The God that tunes this music to our souls,
Holds out his hand in highest majesty
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
Then let some holy trance convey my thoughts
Up to the palace of the empyreal heaven,
That this my life may be as short to me
As are the days of sweet Zenocrate.
Physicians, will no physic do her good?
Phys. My lord, your majesty shall soon perceive:
And if she pass this fit, the worst is past.
Tamb. Tell me, how fares my fair Zenocrate?
Zeno. I fare, my lord, as other empresses,
That, when this frail and transitory flesh
Hath sucked the measure of that vital air
That feeds the body with his dated health,
Wane with enforced and necessary change.
Tamb. May never such a change transform my love,
In whose sweet being I repose my life,
Whose heavenly presence, beautified with health,
Gives light to Phœbus and the fixèd stars!
Whose absence makes the sun and moon as dark
As when, opposed in one diameter,
Their spheres are mounted on the serpent's head,
Or else descended to his winding train.
Live still, my love, and so conserve my life,
Or, dying, be the author of my death!
Zeno. Live still, my lord! Oh, let my sovereign live!
And sooner let the fiery element
Dissolve and make your kingdom in the sky,
Than this base earth should shroud your majesty:

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For should I but suspect your death by mine,
The comfort of my future happiness,
And hope to meet your highness in the heavens,
Turned to despair, would break my wretched breast,
And fury would confound my present rest.
But let me die, my love; yet let me die;
With love and patience let your true love die!
Your grief and fury hurts my second life.—
Yet let me kiss my lord before I die,
And let me die with kissing of my lord.
But since my life is lengthened yet awhile,
Let me take leave of these my loving sons,
And of my lords, whose true nobility
Have merited my latest memory.
Sweet sons, farewell! In death resemble me,
And in your lives your father's excellence.
Some music, and my fit will cease, my lord.
[*They call for music.*
Tamb. Proud fury, and intolerable fit,
That dares torment the body of my love,
And scourge the scourge of the immortal God:
Now are those spheres, where Cupid used to sit,
Wounding the world with wonder and with love,
Sadly supplied with pale and ghastly death,
Whose darts do pierce the centre of my soul.
Her sacred beauty hath enchanted heaven;
And had she lived before the siege of Troy,
Helen (whose beauty summoned Greece to arms,
And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos),
Had not been named in Homer's Iliades;
Her name had been in every line he wrote.
Or had those wanton poets, for whose birth
Old Rome was proud, but gazed awhile on her,
Nor Lesbia nor Corinna had been named;
Zenocrate had been the argument
Of every epigram or elegy.
[*The music sounds.—Zenocrate dies.*
What! is she dead? Techelles, draw thy sword
And wound the earth, that it may cleave in twain,
And we descend into the infernal vaults,
To hale the Fatal Sisters by the hair,
And throw them in the triple moat of hell,
For taking hence my fair Zenocrate.
Casane and Theridamas, to arms!
Raise cavalieros higher than the clouds,
And with the cannon break the frame of heaven;
Batter the shining palace of the sun,
And shiver all the starry firmament,
For amorous Jove hath snatched my love from hence,
Meaning to make her stately queen of heaven.
What God soever holds thee in his arms,
Giving thee nectar and ambrosia,
Behold me here, divine Zenocrate,
Raving, impatient, desperate, and mad,
Breaking my steelèd lance, with which I burst
The rusty beams of Janus' temple-doors,
Letting out Death and tyrannizing War,
To march with me under this bloody flag!
And if thou pitiest Tamburlaine the Great,
Come down from heaven, and live with me again.
Ther. Ah, good my lord, be patient; she is dead,
And all this raging cannot make her live.
If words might serve, our voice hath rent the air;
If tears, our eyes have watered all the earth;
If grief, our murdered hearts have strained forth blood;
Nothing prevails, for she is dead, my lord.
Tamb. For she is dead! Thy words do pierce my soul!
Ah, sweet Theridamas! say so no more;
Though she be dead, yet let me think she lives,
And feed my mind that dies for want of her.
Where'er her soul be, thou [*To the body*] shalt stay with me,
Embalmed with cassia, ambergris, and myrrh,
Not lapt in lead, but in a sheet of gold,
And till I die thou shalt not be interred.
Then in as rich a tomb as Mausolus'
We both will rest and have our epitaph
Writ in as many several languages
As I have conquered kingdoms with my sword.
This cursèd town will I consume with fire,
Because this place bereaved me of my love:
The houses, burnt, will look as if they mourned;
And here will I set up her statua,
And march about it with my mourning camp
Drooping and pining for Zenocrate.
[*The scene closes.*

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ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Enter the Kings of Trebizond *and* Syria, *one bearing a sword, and the other a sceptre; next* Natolia *and* Jerusalem, *with the imperial Crown; after* Callapine, *and after him other Lords and* Almeda. Orcanes *and* Jerusalem *crown him, and the others give him the sceptre.*

Orc. Callapinus Cyricelibes, otherwise Cybelius, son and successive heir to the late mighty emperor, Bajazet, by the aid of God and his friend Mahomet, emperor of Natolia, Jerusalem, Trebizond, Syria, Amasia, Thracia, Illyria, Carmania, and all the hundred and thirty kingdoms late contributory to his mighty father. Long live Callapinus, Emperor of Turkey.

Call. Thrice worthy kings of Natolia, and the rest,
I will requite your royal gratitudes
With all the benefits my empire yields;
And were the sinews of the imperial seat
So knit and strengthened as when Bajazet
My royal lord and father filled the throne,
Whose cursèd fate hath so dismembered it,
Then should you see this chief of Scythia,
This proud, usurping king of Persia,
Do us such honour and supremacy,
Bearing the vengeance of our father's wrongs,
As all the world should blot our dignities
Out of the book of base-born infamies.
And now I doubt not but your royal cares
Have so provided for this cursèd foe,
That, since the heir of mighty Bajazet,
(An emperor so honoured for his virtues,)
Revives the spirits of all true Turkish hearts,
In grievous memory of his father's shame,
We shall not need to nourish any doubt,
But that proud fortune, who hath followed long
The martial sword of mighty Tamburlaine,
Will now retain her old inconstancy,
And raise our honours to as high a pitch,
In this our strong and fortunate encounter;
For so hath heaven provided my escape,
From all the cruelty my soul sustained,
By this my friendly keeper's happy means,
That Jove, surcharged with pity of our wrongs,
Will pour it down in showers on our heads,
Scourging the pride of cursèd Tamburlaine.

Orc. I have a hundred thousand men in arms;
Some, that in conquest of the perjured Christian,
Being a handful to a mighty host,
Think them in number yet sufficient
To drink the river Nile or Euphrates,
And for their power enow to win the world.

Jer. And I as many from Jerusalem,
Judæa, Gaza, and Sclavonia's bounds,
That on mount Sinai with their ensigns spread,
Look like the parti-coloured clouds of heaven
That show fair weather to the neighbour morn.

Treb. And I as many bring from Trebizond,
Chio, Famastro, and Amasia
All bordering on the Mare Major sea,
Riso, Sancina, and the bordering towns
That touch the end of famous Euphrates,
Whose courages are kindled with the flames,
The cursed Scythian sets on all their towns,
And vow to burn the villain's cruel heart.

Syr. From Syria with seventy thousand strong
Ta'en from Aleppo, Saldino, Tripoli,
And so on to my city of Damascus,
I march to meet and aid my neighbour kings;
All which will join against this Tamburlaine,
And bring him captive to your highness' feet.

Orc. Our battle then in martial manner pitched
According to our ancient use, shall bear
The figure of the semicircled moon,
Whose horns shall sprinkle through the tainted air
The poisoned brains of this proud Scythian.

Call. Well then, my noble lords, for this my friend
That freed me from the bondage of my foe,
I think it requisite and honourable,
To keep my promise and to make him king,
That is a gentleman, I know, at least.

Alm. That is no matter, sir, for being a king; for Tamburlaine came up of nothing.

Jer. Your Majesty may choose some pointed time,
Performing all your promise to the full;
'Tis nought for your majesty to give a kingdom.

Call. Then will I shortly keep my promise, Almeda.

Alm. Why, I thank your majesty.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

Enter Tamburlaine *with* Usumcasane, *and his three Sons; four* Attendants *bearing the hearse of* Zenocrate, *and the drums sounding a doleful march; the town burning.*

Tamb. So burn the turrets of this cursèd town,
Flame to the highest region of the air,
And kindle heaps of exhalations,
That being fiery meteors may presage
Death and destruction to the inhabitants!
Over my Zenith hang a blazing star,
That may endure till heaven be dissolved,
Fed with the fresh supply of earthly dregs,
Threatening a dearth and famine to this land!
Flying dragons, lightning, fearful thunder-claps,
Singe these fair plains, and make them seem as black
As is the island where the Furies mask,
Compassed with Lethe, Styx, and Phlegethon,
Because my dear'st Zenocrate is dead.
Cal. This pillar, placed in memory of her,
Where in Arabian, Hebrew, Greek, is writ:—
This town, being burnt by Tamburlaine the Great,
Forbids the world to build it up again.
Amy. And here this mournful streamer shall be placed,
Wrought with the Persian and the Egyptian arms,
To signify she was a princess born,
And wife unto the monarch of the East.
Cel. And here this table as a register
Of all her virtues and perfections.
Tamb. And here the picture of Zenocrate,
To show her beauty which the world admired;
Sweet picture of divine Zenocrate,
That, hanging here, will draw the gods from heaven,
And cause the stars, fixed in the southern arc,
(Whose lovely faces never any viewed
That have not passed the centre's latitude)
As pilgrims, travel to our hemisphere,
Only to gaze upon Zenocrate.
Thou shalt not beautify Larissa plains,
But keep within the circle of mine arms.
At every town and castle I besiege,
Thou shalt be set upon my royal tent;
And when I meet an army in the field,
Those looks will shed such influence in my camps
As if Bellona, goddess of the war,
Threw naked swords and sulphur-balls of fire
Upon the heads of all our enemies.
And now, my lords, advance your spears again:
Sorrow no more, my sweet Casane, now;
Boys, leave to mourn! this town shall ever mourn,
Being burnt to cinders for your mother's death.
Cal. If I had wept a sea of tears for her,
It would not ease the sorrows I sustain.
Amy. As is that town, so is my heart consumed
With grief and sorrow for my mother's death.
Cel. My mother's death hath mortified my mind,
And sorrow stops the passage of my speech.
Tamb. But now, my boys, leave off and list to me,
That mean to teach you rudiments of war;
I'll have you learn to sleep upon the ground,
March in your armour thorough watery fens,
Sustain the scorching heat and freezing cold,
Hunger and thirst, right adjuncts of the war,
And after this to scale a castle wall,
Besiege a fort, to undermine a town,
And make whole cities caper in the air.
Then next the way to fortify your men;
In champion grounds, what figure serves you best,
For which the quinque-angle form is meet,
Because the corners there may fall more flat
Whereas the fort may fittest be assailed,
And sharpest where the assault is desperate.
The ditches must be deep; the counterscarps
Narrow and steep; the walls made high and broad;
The bulwarks and the rampires large and strong,
With cavalieros and thick counterforts.
And room within to lodge six thousand men.
It must have privy ditches, countermines,
And secret issuings to defend the ditch;
It must have high argins and covered ways,
To keep the bulwark fronts from battery,
And parapets to hide the musketeers;
Casemates to place the great artillery;
And store of ordnance, that from every flank
May scour the outward curtains of the fort,
Dismount the cannon of the adverse part,
Murder the foe, and save the walls from breach.
When this is learned for service on the land,

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By plain and easy demonstration
I'll teach you how to make the water mount,
That you may dry-foot march through lakes and pools,
Deep rivers, havens, creeks, and little seas,
And make a fortress in the raging waves,
Fenced with the concave of a monstrous rock,
Invincible by nature of the place.
When this is done, then are ye soldiers,
And worthy sons of Tamburlaine the Great.
Cal. My lord, but this is dangerous to be done;
We may be slain or wounded ere we learn.
Tamb. Villain! Art thou the son of Tamburlaine,
And fear'st to die, or with a curtle-axe
To hew thy flesh, and make a gaping wound?
Hast thou beheld a peal of ordnance strike
A ring of pikes, mingled with shot and horse,
Whose shattered limbs, being tossed as high as heaven,
Hang in the air as thick as sunny motes,
And canst thou, coward, stand in fear of death?
Hast thou not seen my horsemen charge the foe,
Shot through the arms, cut overthwart the hands,
Dyeing their lances with their streaming blood,
And yet at night carouse within my tent,
Filling their empty veins with airy wine,
That, being concocted, turns to crimson blood,
And wilt thou shun the field for fear of wounds?
View me, thy father, that hath conquered kings,
And, with his host, marched round about the earth,
Quite void of scars, and clear from any wound,
That by the wars lost not a drop of blood,
And see him lance his flesh to teach you all.
[*He cuts his arm.*
A wound is nothing, be it ne'er so deep;
Blood is the god of war's rich livery.
Now look I like a soldier, and this wound
As great a grace and majesty to me,
As if a chain of gold, enamelled,
Enchased with diamonds, sapphires, rubies,
And fairest pearl of wealthy India,
Were mounted here under a canopy,
And I sate down clothed with a massy robe,
That late adorned the Afric potentate,
Whom I brought bound unto Damascus' walls.
Come, boys, and with your fingers search my wound,
And in my blood wash all your hands at once,
While I sit smiling to behold the sight.
Now, my boys, what think ye of a wound?
Cal. I know not what I should think of it; methinks it is a pitiful sight.
Cel. This? nothing: give me a wound, father.
Amy. And me another, my lord.
Tamb. Come, sirrah, give me your arm.
Cel. Here, father, cut it bravely, as you did your own.
Tamb. It shall suffice thou darest abide a wound;
My boy, thou shalt not lose a drop of blood
Before we meet the army of the Turk;
But then run desperate through the thickest dregs,
Dreadless of blows, of bloody wounds, and death;
And let the burning of Larissa walls,
My speech of war, and this my wound you see,
Teach you, my boys, to bear courageous minds,
Fit for the followers of great Tamburlaine!
Usumcasane now come let us march
Towards Techelles and Theridamas,
That we have sent before to fire the towns,
The towers and cities of these hateful Turks,
And hunt that coward, faint-heart runaway,
With that accursed traitor Almeda,
Till fire and sword have found them at a bay.
Usum. I long to pierce his bowels with my sword,
That hath betrayed my gracious sovereign,—
That cursed and damned traitor Almeda.
Tamb. Then let us see if coward Callapine
Dare levy arms against our puissance,
That we may tread upon his captive neck,
And treble all his father's slaveries.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Techelles, Theridamas, *and their Train.*

Tamb. Thus have we marched northward from Tamburlaine,
Unto the frontier port of Syria;
And this is Balsora, their chiefest hold,
Wherein is all the treasure of the land.
Tech. Then let us bring our light artillery,
Minions, falc'nets, and sakers, to the trench,
Filling the ditches with the walls' wide breach,

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And enter in to seize upon the gold.
How say you, soldiers, shall we not?
Sold. Yes, my lord, yes; come, let's about it.
Ther. But stay awhile; summon a parle, drum.
It may be they will yield it quietly,
Knowing two kings, the friends to Tamburlaine,
Stand at the walls with such a mighty power.
[*A parle sounded.*—Captain *appears on the walls, with* Olympia *his wife and son.*
Capt. What require you, my masters?
Ther. Captain, that thou yield up thy hold to us.
Capt. To you! Why, do you think me weary of it?
Tech. Nay, captain, thou art weary of thy life,
If thou withstand the friends of Tamburlaine!
Ther. The pioners of Argier in Africa,
Even in the cannon's face, shall raise a hill
Of earth and faggots higher than the fort,
And over thy argins and covered ways
Shall play upon the bulwarks of thy hold
Volleys of ordnance, till the breach be made
That with his ruin fills up all the trench.
And when we enter in, not heaven itself
Shall ransom thee, thy wife, and family.
Tech. Captain, these Moors shall cut the leaden pipes,
That bring fresh water to thy men and thee,
And lie in trench before thy castle walls,
That no supply of victual shall come in,
Nor any issue forth but they shall die;
And, therefore, captain, yield it quietly.
Capt. Were you, that are the friends of Tamburlaine,
Brothers to holy Mahomet himself,
I would not yield it; therefore do your worst:
Raise mounts, batter, intrench, and undermine,
Cut off the water, all convoys you can,
Yet I am resolute and so farewell.
[Captain, Olympia, *and their son, retire from the walls.*
Ther. Pioners, away! and where I stuck the stake,
Intrench with those dimensions I prescribed.
Cast up the earth towards the castle wall,
Which, till it may defend you, labour low,
And few or none shall perish by their shot.
Pio. We will, my lord.
[*Exeunt* Pioners.
Tech. A hundred horse shall scout about the plains
To spy what force comes to relieve the hold.
Both we, Theridamas, will intrench our men,
And with the Jacob's staff measure the height
And distance of the castle from the trench,
That we may know if our artillery
Will carry full point blank unto their walls.
Ther. Then see the bringing of our ordinance
Along the trench into the battery,
Where we will have gabions of six foot broad
To save our cannoniers from musket shot.
Betwixt which shall our ordnance thunder forth,
And with the breach's fall, smoke, fire, and dust,
The crack, the echo, and the soldier's cry,
Make deaf the ear and dim the crystal sky.
Tech. Trumpets and drums, alarum presently;
And, soldiers, play the men; the hold is yours. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Alarum within. Enter the Captain, *with* Olympia, *and his* Son.

Olymp. Come, good, my lord, and let us haste from hence
Along the cave that leads beyond the foe;
No hope is left to save this conquered hold.
Capt. A deadly bullet, gliding through my side,
Lies heavy on my heart; I cannot live.
I feel my liver pierced, and all my veins,
That there begin and nourish every part,
Mangled and torn, and all my entrails bathed
In blood that straineth from their orifex.
Farewell, sweet wife! sweet son, farewell! I die! [*He dies.*
Olymp. Death, whither art thou gone, that both we live?
Come back again, sweet Death, and strike us both!
One minute end our days! and one sepulchre
Contain our bodies! Death, why com'st thou not?
Well, this must be the messenger for thee:
[*Drawing a dagger.*
Now, ugly Death, stretch out thy sable wings,
And carry both our souls where his remains.
Tell me, sweet boy, art thou content to die?
These barbarous Scythians, full of cruelty,
And Moors, in whom was never pity found,

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Will hew us piecemeal, put us to the wheel,
Or else invent some torture worse than that;
Therefore die by thy loving mother's hand,
Who gently now will lance thy ivory throat,
And quickly rid thee both of pain and life.
Son. Mother despatch me, or I'll kill myself;
For think you I can live and see him dead?
Give me your knife, good mother, or strike home:
The Scythians shall not tyrannize on me.
Sweet mother, strike, that I may see my father. [*She stabs him, and he dies.*
Olymp. Ah, sacred Mahomet, if this be sin,
Entreat a pardon of the God of heaven,
And purge my soul before it come to thee.
[*She burns the bodies of her husband and son, and then attempts to kill herself.*

Enter Theridamas, Techelles, *and all their Train.*

Ther. How now, madam, what are you doing?
Olymp. Killing myself, as I have done my son,
Whose body, with his father's, I have burnt,
Lest cruel Scythians should dismember him.
Tech. 'Twas bravely done, and, like a soldier's wife.
Thou shalt with us to Tamburlaine the Great,
Who, when he hears how resolute thou art,
Will match thee with a viceroy or a king.
Olymp. My lord deceased was dearer unto me
That any viceroy, king, or emperor;
And for his sake here will I end my days.
Ther. But, lady, go with us to Tamburlaine,
And thou shalt see a man, greater than Mahomet,
In whose high looks is much more majesty,
Than from the concave superficies
Of Jove's vast palace, the empyreal orb,
Unto the shining bower where Cynthia sits,
Like lovely Thetis, in a crystal robe;
That treadeth Fortune underneath his feet,
And makes the mighty god of arms his slave;
On whom Death and the Fatal Sisters wait
With naked swords and scarlet liveries:
Before whom, mounted on a lion's back,
Rhamnusia bears a helmet full of blood,
And strews the way with brains of slaughtered men;
By whose proud side the ugly Furies run,
Hearkening when he shall bid them plague the world;
Over whose zenith, clothed in windy air,
And eagle's wings joined to her feathered breast,
Fame hovereth, sounding in her golden trump,
That to the adverse poles of that straight line,
Which measureth the glorious frame of heaven,
The name of mighty Tamburlaine is spread,
And him, fair lady, shall thy eyes behold.
Come!
Olymp. Take pity of a lady's ruthful tears,
That humbly craves upon her knees to stay
And cast her body in the burning flame,
That feeds upon her son's and husband's flesh.
Tech. Madam, sooner shall fire consume us both,
Than scorch a face so beautiful as this,
In frame of which Nature hath showed more skill
Than when she gave eternal chaos form,
Drawing from it the shining lamps of heaven.
Ther. Madam, I am so far in love with you,
That you must go with us—no remedy.
Olymp. Then carry me, I care not, where you will,
And let the end of this my fatal journey
Be likewise end to my accursèd life.
Tech. No, madam, but beginning of your joy:
Come willingly therefore.
Ther. Soldiers, now let us meet the general,
Who by this time is at Natolia,
Ready to charge the army of the Turk.
The gold and silver, and the pearl, ye got,
Rifling this fort, divide in equal shares:
This lady shall have twice as much again
Out of the coffers of our treasury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Callapine, Orcanes, Almeda, *and the Kings of* Jerusalem, Trebizond, *and* Syria, *with their Trains.—To them enter a* Messenger.

Mes. Renownèd emperor, mighty Callapine,
God's great lieutenant over all the world!
Here at Aleppo, with a host of men,
Lies Tamburlaine, this king of Persia,
(In numbers more than are the quivering leaves
Of Ida's forest, where your highness' hounds,
With open cry, pursue the wounded stag,)
Who means to girt Natolia's walls with siege,
Fire the town, and overrun the land.

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Call. My royal army is as great as his,
That, from the bounds of Phrygia to the sea
Which washeth Cyprus with his brinish waves,
Covers the hills, the valleys, and the plains.
Viceroys and peers of Turkey, play the men!
Whet all your swords, to mangle Tamburlaine,
His sons, his captains, and his followers;
By Mahomet! not one of them shall live;
The field wherein this battle shall be fought
For ever term the Persians' sepulchre,
In memory of this our victory!
Orc. Now, he that calls himself the scourge of Jove,
The emperor of the world, and earthly god,
Shall end the warlike progress he intends,
And travel headlong to the lake of hell,
Where legions of devils, (knowing he must die
Here, in Natolia, by your highness' hands,)
All brandishing their brands of quenchless fire,
Stretching their monstrous jaws grin with their teeth,
And guard the gates to entertain his soul.
Call. Tell me, viceroys, the number of your men,
And what our army royal is esteemed.
Jer. From Palestina and Jerusalem,
Of Hebrews three score thousand fighting men
Are come since last we showed your majesty.
Orc. So from Arabia Desert, and the bounds
Of that sweet land, whose brave metropolis
Re-edified the fair Semiramis,
Came forty thousand warlike foot and horse,
Since last we numbered to your majesty.
Treb. From Trebizond, in Asia the Less,
Naturalized Turks and stout Bithynians
Came to my bands, full fifty thousand more
(That, fighting, know not what retreat doth mean,
Nor e'er return but with the victory,)
Since last we numbered to your majesty.
Syr. Of Syrians from Halla is repaired,
And neighbour cities of your highness' land,
Ten thousand horse, and thirty thousand foot,
Since last we numbered to your majesty;
So that the royal army is esteemed
Six hundred thousand valiant fighting men.
Call. Then welcome, Tamburlaine, unto thy death.
Come, puissant viceroys, let us to the field,
(The Persians' sepulchre) and sacrifice
Mountains of breathless men to Mahomet
Who now, with Jove, opens the firmament
To see the slaughter of our enemies.

Enter Tamburlaine *and his three Sons,* Usumcasane, *&c.*

Tamb. How now, Casane? See a knot of kings,
Sitting as if they were a telling riddles.
Usum. My lord, your presence makes them pale and wan:
Poor souls! they look as if their death were near.
Tamb. And so he is, Casane; I am here;
But yet I'll save their lives, and make them slaves.
Ye petty kings of Turkey, I am come,
As Hector did into the Grecian camp,
To overdare the pride of Græcia,
And set his warlike person to the view
Of fierce Achilles, rival of his fame:
I do you honour in the simile;
For if I should, as Hector did Achilles,
(The worthiest knight that ever brandished sword,)
Challenge in combat any of you all,
I see how fearfully ye would refuse,
And fly my glove as from a scorpion.
Orc. Now thou art fearful of thy army's strength,
Thou would'st with overmatch of person fight;
But shepherd's issue, base-born Tamburlaine,
Think of thy end! this sword shall lance thy throat.
Tamb. Villain! the shepherd's issue (at whose birth
Heaven did afford a gracious aspect,
And joined those stars that shall be opposite,
Even till the dissolution of the world,
And never meant to make a conqueror
So famous as is mighty Tamburlaine)
Shall so torment thee and that Callapine,
That, like a roguish runaway, suborned
That villain there, that slave, that Turkish dog,
To false his service to his sovereign,
As ye shall curse the birth of Tamburlaine.
Call. Rail not, vile Scythian! I shall now revenge
My father's vile abuses, and mine own.
Jer. By Mahomet! he shall be tied in chains,
Rowing with Christians in a brigandine
About the Grecian isles to rob and spoil,
And turn him to his ancient trade again:
Methinks the slave should make a lusty thief.

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Call. Nay, when the battle ends, all we will meet,
And sit in council to invent some pain
That most may vex his body and his soul.

Tamb. Sirrah, Callapine! I'll hang a clog about your neck for running away; again you shall not trouble me thus to come and fetch you;
But as for you, viceroys, you shall have bits,
And, harnessed like my horses, draw my coach;
And when ye stay, be lashed with whips of wire.
I'll have you learn to feed on provender
And in a stable lie upon the planks.

Orc. But, Tamburlaine, first thou shalt kneel to us,
And humbly crave a pardon for thy life.

Treb. The common soldiers of our mighty host
Shall bring thee bound unto our general's tent.

Syr. And all have jointly sworn thy cruel death,
Or bind thee in eternal torments' wrath.

Tamb. Well, sirs, diet yourselves; you know I shall have occasion shortly to journey you.

Cel. See, father, how Almeda the jailor looks upon us.

Tamb. Villain! traitor! damnèd fugitive!
I'll make thee wish the earth did swallow thee,
See'st thou not death within my wrathful looks?
Go, villain, cast thee headlong from a rock,
Or rip thy bowels, and rent out thy heart
To appease my wrath! or else I'll torture thee,
Searing thy hateful flesh with burning irons
And drops of scalding lead, while all thy joints
Be racked and beat asunder with the wheel;
For, if thou liv'st, not any element
Shall shroud thee from the wrath of Tamburlaine.

Call. Well, in despite of thee he shall be king.
Come, Almeda; receive this crown of me,
I here invest thee king of Ariadan
Bordering on Mare Roso, near to Mecca.

Orc. What! Take it, man.

Alm. Good my lord, let me take it. [*To Tamb.*

Call. Dost thou ask him leave? Here; take it.

Tamb. Go to, sirrah, take your crown, and make up the half dozen. So, sirrah, now you are a king, you must give arms.

Orc. So he shall, and wear thy head in his scutcheon.

Tamb. No; let him hang a bunch of keys on his standard to put him in remembrance he was a jailor, that when I take him, I may knock out his brains with them, and lock you in the stable, when you shall come sweating from my chariot.

Treb. Away; let us to the field, that the villain may be slain.

Tamb. Sirrah, prepare whips and bring my chariot to my tent, for as soon as the battle is done, I'll ride in triumph through the camp.

Enter Theridamas, Techelles, *and their Train.*

How now, ye petty kings? Lo, here are bugs
Will make the hair stand upright on your heads,
And cast your crowns in slavery at their feet.
Welcome, Theridamas and Techelles, both!
See ye this rout, and know ye this same king?

Ther. Aye, my lord; he was Callapine's keeper.

Tamb. Well, now ye see he is a king: look to him, Theridamas, when we are fighting, lest he hide his crown as the foolish king of Persia did.

Syr. No, Tamburlaine; he shall not be put to that exigent, I warrant thee.

Tamb. You know not, sir—
But now, my followers and my loving friends,
Fight as you ever did, like conquerors,
The glory of this happy day is yours.
My stern aspèct shall make fair victory,
Hovering betwixt our armies, light on me
Loaden with laurel wreaths to crown us all.

Tech. I smile to think how, when this field is fought
And rich Natolia ours, our men shall sweat
With carrying pearl and treasure on their backs.

Tamb. You shall be princes all, immediately;
Come, fight ye Turks, or yield us victory.

Orc. No; we will meet thee, slavish Tamburlaine. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Alarums.—Amyrus *and* Celebinus *issue from the tent where* Calyphas *sits asleep.*

Amy. Now in their glories shine the golden crowns

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Of these proud Turks, much like so many suns
That half dismay the majesty of heaven.
Now, brother, follow we our father's sword,
That flies with fury swifter than our thoughts,
And cuts down armies with his conquering wings.
Cel. Call forth our lazy brother from the tent,
For if my father miss him in the field,
Wrath, kindled in the furnace of his breast,
Will send a deadly lightning to his heart.
Amy. Brother! Ho! what given so much to sleep
You cannot leave it, when our enemies' drums
And rattling cannons thunder in our ears
Our proper ruins and our father's foil?
Cal. Away, ye fools! my father needs not me,
Nor you in faith, but that you will be thought
More childish-valorous than manly-wise.
If half our camp should sit and sleep with me,
My father were enough to scare the foe.
You do dishonour to his majesty,
To think our helps will do him any good.
Amy. What! Dar'st thou then be absent from the field,
Knowing my father hates thy cowardice,
And oft hath warned thee to be still in field,
When he himself amidst the thickest troops
Beats down our foes, to flesh our taintless swords.
Cal. I know, sir, what it is to kill a man;
It works remorse of conscience in me;
I take no pleasure to be murderous,
Nor care for blood when wine will quench my thirst.
Cel. O cowardly boy! Fie! for shame come forth;
Thou dost dishonour manhood and thy house.
Cal. Go, go, tall stripling, fight you for us both,
And take my other toward brother here,
For person like to prove a second Mars.
'Twill please my mind as well to hear you both
Have won a heap of honour in the field
And left your slender carcases behind,
As if I lay with you for company.
Amy. You will not go then?
Cal. You say true.
Amy. Were all the lofty mounts of Zona Mundi
That fill the midst of farthest Tartary
Turned into pearl and proffered for my stay,
I would not bide the fury of my father,
When, made a victor in these haughty arms,
He comes and finds his sons have had no shares
In all the honours he proposed for us.
Cal. Take you the honour, I will take my ease;
My wisdom shall excuse my cowardice.
I go into the field before I need!
[*Alarums.*—Amyras *and* Celebinus *exeunt.*
The bullets fly at random where they list;
And should I go and kill a thousand men,
I were as soon rewarded with a shot,
And sooner far than he that never fights;
And should I go and do no harm nor good,
I might have harm which all the good I have,
Joined with my father's crown, would never cure.
I will to cards. Perdicas.
Perd. Here, my lord.
Cal. Come thou and I will go away to cards to drive away the time.
Perd. Content, my lord: but what shall we play for?
Cal. Who shall kiss the fairest of the Turk's concubines first, when my father hath conquered them.
Perd. Agreed, i'faith. [*They play.*
Cal. They say I am a coward, Perdicas, and I fear as little their taratantaras, their swords or their cannons as I do a naked lady in a net of gold, and, for fear I should be afraid, would put it off and come to bed with me.
Perd. Such a fear, my lord, would never make ye retire.
Cal. I would my father would let me be put in the front of such a battle once to try my valour. [*Alarms.*] What a coil they keep! I believe there will be some hurt done anon amongst them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Techelles, Usumcasane, Amyras *and* Celebinus, *leading the Turkish kings.*

Tamb. See now, ye slaves, my children stoop your pride,
And lead your bodies sheeplike to the sword.
Bring them my boys, and tell me if the wars
Be not a life that may illustrate gods,

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And tickle not your spirits with desire
Still to be trained in arms and chivalry?
Amy. Shall we let go these kings again, my lord,
To gather greater numbers 'gainst our power,
That they may say it is not chance doth this,
But matchless strength and magnanimity?
Tamb. No, no, Amyras; tempt not fortune so:
Cherish thy valour still with fresh supplies,
And glut it not with stale and daunted foes.
But where's this coward villain, not my son,
But traitor to my name and majesty?
[*He goes in and brings him out.*
Image of sloth, and picture of a slave,
The obloquy and scorn of my renown!
How may my heart, thus firèd with mine eyes,
Wounded with shame and killed with discontent,
Shroud any thought may hold my striving hands
From martial justice on thy wretched soul?
Ther. Yet pardon him, I pray your majesty.
Tech. and *Usum.* Let all of us entreat your highness' pardon.
Tamb. Stand up, ye base, unworthy soldiers?
Know ye not yet the argument of arms?
Amy. Good my lord, let him be forgiven for once,
And we will force him to the field hereafter.
Tamb. Stand up, my boys, and I will teach ye arms,
And what the jealousy of wars must do.
O Samarcanda (where I breathèd first
And joyed the fire of this martial flesh),
Blush, blush, fair city, at thine honour's foil,
And shame of nature, which Jaertis' stream,
Embracing thee with deepest of his love,
Can never wash from thy distainèd brows!
Here, Jove, receive his fainting soul again;
A form not meet to give that subject essence
Whose matter is the flesh of Tamburlaine;
Wherein an incorporeal spirit moves,
Made of the mould whereof thyself consists,
Which makes me valiant, proud, ambitious,
Ready to levy power against thy throne,
That I might move the turning spheres of heaven!
For earth and all this airy region
Cannot contain the state of Tamburlaine.
By Mahomet! thy mighty friend, I swear,
In sending to my issue such a soul,
Created of the massy dregs of earth,
The scum and tartar of the elements,
Wherein was neither courage, strength, or wit,
But folly, sloth, and damnèd idleness,
Thou hast procured a greater enemy
Than he that darted mountains at thy head,
Shaking the burthen mighty Atlas bears;
Whereat thou trembling hid'st thee in the air,
Clothed with a pitchy cloud for being seen:
And now, ye cankered curs of Asia,
That will not see the strength of Tamburlaine,
Although it shine as brightly as the sun;
Now you shall see the strength of Tamburlaine,
And, by the state of his supremacy,
[*Stabs* Calyphas.
Approve the difference 'twixt himself and you.
Orc. Thou show'st the difference 'twixt ourselves and thee,
In this thy barbarous damnèd tyranny.
Jer. Thy victories are grown so violent,
That shortly heaven, filled with the meteors
Of blood and fire thy tyrannies have made,
Will pour down blood and fire on thy head,
Whose scalding drops will pierce thy seething brains,
And, with our bloods, revenge our bloods on thee.
Tamb. Villains! these terrors and these tyrannies
(If tyrannies, war's justice ye repute),
I execute, enjoined me from above,
To scourge the pride of such as Heaven abhors;
Nor am I made arch-monarch of the world,
Crowned and invested by the hand of Jove
For deeds of bounty and nobility;
But since I exercise a greater name,
The scourge of God, and terror of the world,
I must apply myself to fit those terms,
In war, in blood, in death, in cruelty,
And plague such peasants as resist in me,
The power of Heaven's eternal majesty.
Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane,
Ransack the tents and the pavilions
Of these proud Turks, and take their concubines,
Making them bury this effeminate brat,
For not a common soldier shall defile
His manly fingers with so faint a boy.

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Then bring those Turkish harlots to my tent,
And I'll dispose them as it likes me best;
Meanwhile, take him in.
Sold. We will, my lord.
Jer. O damnèd monstèr! Nay, a fiend of hell,
Whose cruelties are not so harsh as thine,
Nor yet imposed with such a bitter hate!
Orc. Revenge it, Rhadamanth and Æacus,
And let your hates, extended in his pains,
Excel the hate wherewith he pains our souls.
Treb. May never day give virtue to his eyes,
Whose sight, composed of fury and of fire,
Doth send such stern affections to his heart.
Syr. May never spirit, vein, or artier, feed
The cursèd substance of that cruel heart!
But, wanting moisture and remorseful blood,
Dry up with anger, and consume with heat.
Tamb. Well, bark, ye dogs; I'll bridle all your tongues,
And bind them close with bits of burnished steel,
Down to the channels of your hateful throats;
And, with the pains my rigour shall inflict,
I'll make ye roar, that earth may echo forth
The far-resounding torments ye sustain:
As when an herd of lusty Cymbrian bulls
Run mourning round about the females miss,
And, stung with fury of their following,
Fill all the air with troublous bellowing;
I will, with engines never exercised,
Conquer, sack, and utterly consume
Your cities and your golden palaces,
And, with the flames that beat against the clouds,
Incense the Heavens, and make the stars to melt,
As if they were the tears of Mahomet,
For hot consumption of his country's pride;
And, till by vision or by speech I hear
Immortal Jove say "Cease, my Tamburlaine,"
I will persist, a terror to the world,
Making the meteors (that, like armèd men,
Are seen to march upon the towers of Heaven)
Run tilting round about the firmament,
And break their burning lances in the air,
For honour of my wondrous victories.
Come, bring them in to our pavilion.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Olympia *discovered alone.*

Olym. Distressed Olympia, whose weeping eyes
Since thy arrival here behold no sun,
But closed within the compass of the tent
Have stained thy cheeks, and made thee look like death,
Devise some means to rid thee of thy life,
Rather than yield to his detested suit,
Whose drift is only to dishonour thee;
And since this earth, dewed with thy brinish tears,
Affords no herbs, whose taste may poison thee,
Nor yet this air, beat often with thy sighs,
Contagious smells and vapours to infect thee,
Nor thy close cave a sword to murder thee;
Let this invention be the instrument.

Enter Theridamas.

Ther. Well met, Olympia; I sought thee in my tent,
But when I saw the place obscure and dark,
Which with thy beauty thou wast wont to light,
Enraged, I ran about the fields for thee,
Supposing amorous Jove had sent his son,
The wingèd Hermes, to convey thee hence;
But now I find thee, and that fear is past.
Tell me, Olympia, wilt thou grant my suit?
Olym. My lord and husband's death, with my sweet son's,
(With whom I buried all affections
Save grief and sorrow, which torment my heart,)
Forbid my mind to entertain a thought
That tends to love, but meditate on death,
A fitter subject for a pensive soul.
Ther. Olympia, pity him, in whom thy looks
Have greater operation and more force
Than Cynthia's in the watery wilderness,
For with thy view my joys are at the full,
And ebb again as thou departest from me.
Olym. Ah, pity me, my lord! and draw your sword,
Making a passage for my troubled soul,
Which beats against this prison to get out,
And meet my husband and my loving son.
Ther. Nothing but still thy husband and thy son!
Leave this, my love, and listen more to me.
Thou shalt be stately queen of fair Argier;
And clothed in costly cloth of massy gold,
Upon the marble turrets of my court
Sit like to Venus in her chair of state,
Commanding all thy princely eye desires;
And I will cast off arms to sit with thee,
Spending my life in sweet discourse of love.
Olym. No such discourse is pleasant in mine ears,
But that where every period ends with death,

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And every line begins with death again.
I cannot love, to be an emperess.
Ther. Nay, lady, then, if nothing will prevail,
I'll use some other means to make you yield:
Such is the sudden fury of my love,
I must and will be pleased, and you shall yield:
Come to the tent again.
Olym. Stay now, my lord; and will you save my honour,
I'll give your grace a present of such price,
As all the world can not afford the like.
Ther. What is it?
Olym. An ointment which a cunning alchymist,
Distillèd from the purest balsamum
And simplest extracts of all minerals,
In which the essential form of marble stone,
Tempered by science metaphysical,
And spells of magic from the mouths of spirits,
With which if you but 'noint your tender skin,
Nor pistols, sword, nor lance, can pierce your flesh.
Ther. Why, madam, think you to mock me thus palpably?
Olym. To prove it, I will 'noint my naked throat,
Which, when you stab, look on your weapon's point,
And you shall see't rebated with the blow.
Ther. Why gave you not your husband some of it,
If you loved him, and it so precious?
Olym. My purpose was, my lord, to spend it so,
But was prevented by his sudden end;
And for a present, easy proof thereof,
That I dissemble not, try it on me.
Ther. I will, Olympia, and I'll keep it for
The richest present of this eastern world.
[*She anoints her throat.*
Olym. Now stab, my lord, and mark your weapon's point,
That will be blunted if the blow be great.
Ther. Here then, Olympia. [*Stabs her.*
What, have I slain her! Villain, stab thyself;
Cut off this arm that murderèd thy love,
In whom the learnèd Rabbis of this age
Might find as many wondrous miracles
As in the Theoria of the world.
Now hell is fairer than Elysian;
A greater lamp than that bright eye of heaven,
From whence the stars do borrow all their light,
Wanders about the black circumference;
And now the damnèd souls are free from pain,
For every Fury gazeth on her looks;
Infernal Dis is courting of my love,
Inventing masks and stately shows for her,
Opening the doors of his rich treasury
To entertain this queen of chastity;
Whose body shall be tombed with all the pomp
The treasure of my kingdom may afford.
[*Exit, with the body.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Tamburlaine *drawn in his Chariot by the Kings of* Trezibond, *and* Syria, *with bits in their mouths, reins in his left hand, and in his right hand a whip with which he scourgeth them, accompanied with* Techelles, Theridamas, Usumcasane, Amyras, Celebinus: Natolia *and* Jerusalem *led by five or six common Soldiers.*

Tamb. Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia!
What! can ye draw but twenty miles a day,
And have so proud a chariot at your heels,
And such a coachman as great Tamburlaine,
But from Asphaltis, where I conquered you,
To Byron here, where thus I honour you?
The horse that guide the golden eye of Heaven,
And blow the morning from their nosterils,
Making their fiery gait above the clouds,
Are not so honoured in their governor,
As you, ye slaves, in mighty Tamburlaine.
The headstrong jades of Thrace Alcides tamed,
That King Egeus fed with human flesh,
And made so wanton, that they knew their strengths,
Were not subdued with valour more divine
Than you by this unconquered arm of mine.
To make you fierce, and fit my appetite,
You shall be fed with flesh as raw as blood,
And drink in pails the strongest muscadel;
If you can live with it, then live, and draw
My chariot swifter than the racking clouds;
If not, then die like beasts, and fit for naught
But perches for the black and fatal ravens.
Thus am I right the scourge of highest Jove;
And see the figure of my dignity
By which I hold my name and majesty!
Amy. Let me have coach, my lord, that I may ride,

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And thus be drawn by these two idle kings.
Tamb. Thy youth forbids such ease, my kingly boy;
They shall to-morrow draw my chariot,
While these their fellow kings may be refreshed.
Orc. O thou that sway'st the region under earth,
And art a king as absolute as Jove,
Come as thou didst in fruitful Sicily,
Surveying all the glories of the land,
And as thou took'st the fair Proserpina,
Joying the fruit of Ceres' garden-plot,
For love, for honour, and to make her queen,
So for just hate, for shame, and to subdue
This proud contemner of thy dreadful power,
Come once in fury and survey his pride,
Haling him headlong to the lowest hell.
Ther. Your majesty must get some bits for these,
To bridle their contemptuous, cursing tongues,
That, like unruly, never-broken jades,
Break through the hedges of their hateful mouths,
And pass their fixèd bounds exceedingly.
Tech. Nay, we will break the hedges of their mouths,
And pull their kicking colts out of their pastures.
Usum. Your majesty already hath devised
A mean, as fit as may be, to restrain
These coltish coach-horse tongues from blasphemy.
Cel. How like you that, sir king? why speak ye not?
Jer. Ah, cruel brat, sprung from a tyrant's loins!
How like his cursèd father he begins
To practise taunts and bitter tyrannies!
Tamb. Aye, Turk, I tell thee, this same boy is he
That must (advanced in higher pomp than this)
Rifle the kingdoms I shall leave unsacked,
If Jove, esteeming me too good for earth,
Raise me to match the fair Aldeboran,
Above the threefold astracism of heaven,
Before I conquer all the triple world.
Now, fetch me out the Turkish concubines;
I will prefer them for the funeral
They have bestowed on my abortive son.
[*The* Concubines *are brought in.*
Where are my common soldiers now, that fought
So lion-like upon Asphaltis' plains?
Sold. Here, my lord.
Tamb. Hold ye, tall soldiers, take ye queens apiece—
I mean such queens as were king's concubines—
Take them; divide them, and their jewels too,
And let them equally serve all your turns.
Sold. We thank you.
Tamb. Brawl not, I warn you, for your lechery:
For every man that so offends shall die.
Orc. Injurious tyrant, wilt thou so defame
The hateful fortunes of thy victory,
To exercise upon such guiltless dames
The violence of thy common soldiers' lust?
Tamb. Live continent then, ye slaves, and meet not me
With troops of harlots at your slothful heels.
Ladies. O pity us, my lord, and save our honours.
Tamb. Are ye not gone, ye villains, with your spoils?
[*They run away with the ladies.*
Jer. O merciless, infernal cruelty!
Tamb. Save your honours! 'Twere but time indeed,
Lost long before ye knew what honour meant.
Ther. It seems they meant to conquer us, my lord,
And make us jesting pageants for their trulls.
Tamb. And now themselves shall make our pageants,
And common soldiers jest with all their trulls.
Let them take pleasure soundly in their spoils,
Till we prepare our march to Babylon,
Whither we next make expedition.
Tech. Let us not be idle then, my lord,
But presently be prest to conquer it.
Tamb. We will, Techelles. Forward then, ye jades.
Now crouch, ye kings of greatest Asia,
And tremble, when ye hear this scourge will come
That whips down cities and controuleth crowns,
Adding their wealth and treasure to my store.
The Euxine sea, north to Natolia;
The Terrene, west; the Caspian, north north-east;
And on the south, Sinus Arabicus;
Shall all be laden with the martial spoils,
We will convey with us to Persia.
Then shall my native city, Samarcanda,

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And crystal waves of fresh Jaertis' stream,
The pride and beauty of her princely seat,
Be famous through the farthest continents,
For there my palace-royal shall be placed,
Whose shining turrets shall dismay the heavens,
And cast the fame of Ilion's tower to hell.
Thorough the streets with troops of conquered kings,
I'll ride in golden armour like the sun;
And in my helm a triple plume shall spring,
Spangled with diamonds, dancing in the air,
To note me emperor of the three-fold world,
Like to an almond tree y-mounted high
Upon the lofty and celestial mount
Of ever green Selinus quaintly decked
With blooms more white than Erycina's brows,
Whose tender blossoms tremble every one,
At every little breath through heaven is blown.
Then in my coach, like Saturn's royal son
Mounted, his shining chariot gilt with fire,
And drawn with princely eagles through the path,
Paved with bright crystal, and enchased with stars,
When all the gods stand gazing at his pomp,
So will I ride through Samarcanda streets,
Until my soul, dissevered from this flesh,
Shall mount the milk-white way, and meet him there.
To Babylon, my lords; to Babylon.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Enter the Governor of Babylon, Maximus, *and others, upon the walls.*

Gov. What saith Maximus?
Max. My lord, the breach the enemy hath made
Gives such assurance of our overthrow,
That little hope is left to save our lives,
Or hold our city from the conqueror's hands.
Then hang out flags, my lord, of humble truce,
And satisfy the people's general prayers,
That Tamburlaine's intolerable wrath
May be suppressed by our submission.
Gov. Villain, respect'st thou more thy slavish life
Than honour of thy country or thy name?
Are not my life and state as dear to me,
The city and my native country's weal
As any thing of price in thy conceit?
Have we not hope, for all our battered walls,
To live secure and keep his forces out,
When this our famous lake of Limnasphaltis
Makes walls afresh with every thing that falls
Into the liquid substance of his stream
More strong than are the gates of death or hell?
What faintness should dismay our courages
When we are thus defenced against our foes,
And have no terror but his threatening look.

Enter another Citizen, *who kneels to the* Governor.

Cit. My lord, if ever you did deed of ruth,
And now will work a refuge for our lives,
Offer submission, hang up flags of truce,
That Tamburlaine may pity our distress,
And use us like a loving conqueror.
Though this be held his last day's dreadful siege,
Wherein he spareth neither man nor child,
Yet are there Christians of Georgia here,
Whose state was ever pitied and relieved,
Would get his pardon if your grace would send.
Gov. How is my soul environèd!
And this eternized city, Babylon,
Filled with a pack of faint-heart fugitives
That thus entreat their shame and servitude!
Cit. My lord, if ever ye will win our hearts,
Yield up the town and save our wives and children;
For I will cast myself from off these walls
Or die some death of quickest violence
Before I bide the wrath of Tamburlaine.
Gov. Villains, cowards, traitors to our state!
Fall to the earth, and pierce the pit of hell,
That legions of tormenting spirits may vex
Your slavish bosoms with continual pains!
I care not, nor the town will ever yield,
As long as any life is in my breast.

Enter Theridamas, Techelles, *and* Soldiers, *without the walls.*

Ther. Thou desperate governor of Babylon,
To save thy life, and us a little labour,
Yield speedily the city to our hands,
Or else be sure thou shalt be forced with pains,
More exquisite than ever traitor felt.
Gov. Tyrant! I turn the traitor in thy throat,

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And will defend it in despite of thee.
Call up the soldiers to defend these walls.
Tech. Yield, foolish governor; we offer more
Than ever yet we did to such proud slaves
As durst resist us till our third day's siege.
Thou seest us prest to give the last assault,
And that shall bide no more regard of parle.
Gov. Assault and spare not; we will never yield.
[*Alarms: and they scale the walls.*

Enter Tamburlaine, (*drawn in his chariot as before by the Kings of* Trebizond *and* Syria,) Usumcasane, Amyras, *and* Celebinus, *with the "two spare kings" of* Natolia *and* Jerusalem.

Tamb. The stately buildings of fair Babylon,
Whose lofty pillars, higher than the clouds,
Were wont to guide the seaman in the deep,
Being carried thither by the cannon's force,
Now fill the mouth of Limnasphaltis' lake
And make a bridge unto the battered walls.
Where Belus, Ninus, and great Alexander
Have rode in triumph, triumphs Tamburlaine,
Whose chariot wheels have burst the Assyrians' bones
Drawn with these kings on heaps of carcases.
Now in the place, where fair Semiramis,
Courted by kings and peers of Asia,
Hath trod the measures, do my soldiers march;
And in the streets, where brave Assyrian dames
Have rid in pomp like rich Saturnia,
With furious words and frowning visages
My horsemen brandish their unruly blades.

Re-enter Theridamas *and* Techelles, *bringing in the* Governor *of Babylon.*

Who have ye there, my lords?
Ther. The sturdy governor of Babylon,
That made us all the labour for the town,
And used such slender reckoning of your majesty.
Tamb. Go, bind the villain; he shall hang in chains
Upon the ruins of this conquered town.
Sirrah, the view of our vermilion tents,
(Which threatened more than if the region
Next underneath the element of fire
Were full of comets and of blazing stars,
Whose flaming trains should reach down to the earth),
Could not affright you; no, nor I myself,
The wrathful messenger of mighty Jove,
That with his sword hath quailed all earthly kings,
Could not persuade you to submission,
But still the ports were shut; villain! I say,
Should I but touch the rusty gates of hell,
The triple-headed Cerberus would howl
And wake black Jove to crouch and kneel to me;
But I have sent volleys of shot to you,
Yet could not enter till the breach was made.
Gov. Nor, if my body could have stopt the breach,
Should'st thou have entered, cruel Tamburlaine.
'Tis not thy bloody tents can make me yield,
Nor yet thyself, the anger of the Highest,
For though thy cannon shook the city walls,
My heart did never quake, or courage faint.
Tamb. Well, now I'll make it quake; go draw him up,
Hang him in chains upon the city walls,
And let my soldiers shoot the slave to death.
Gov. Vile monster! born of some infernal hag,
And sent from hell to tyrannize on earth,
Do all thy worst; nor death, nor Tamburlaine,
Torture, nor pain, can daunt my dreadless mind.
Tamb. Up with him, then; his body shall be scared.
Gov. But, Tamburlaine; in Limnasphaltis' lake
There lies more gold than Babylon is worth,
Which, when the city was besieged, I hid.
Save but my life and I will give it thee.
Tamb. Then for all your valour you would save your life?
Whereabout lies it?
Gov. Under a hollow bank, right opposite
Against the Western gate of Babylon.
Tamb. Go thither, some of you, and take his gold;—
The rest—forward with execution!
Away with him hence, let him speak no more.
I think I make your courage something quail.
When this is done, we'll march from Babylon,
And make our greatest haste to Persia.
[*They hang up the* Governor *in chains.*
These jades are broken-winded and half tired,
Unharness them, and let me have fresh horse.

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[*Attendants unharness the Kings of* Trebizond *and* Syria.
So, now their best is done to honour me,
Take them and hang them both up presently.
Treb. Vile tyrant! barbarous bloody Tamburlaine!
Tamb. Take them away, Theridamas; see them despatched.
Ther. I will, my lord.
[*Exit, with the Kings of* Trebizond *and* Syria.
Tamb. Come, Asian viceroys; to your tasks awhile,
And take such fortune as your fellows felt.
Orc. First let thy Scythian horse tear both our limbs,
Rather than we should draw thy chariot,
And like base slaves abject our princely minds
To vile and ignominious servitude.
Jer. Rather lend me thy weapon, Tamburlaine,
That I may sheathe it in this breast of mine.
A thousand deaths could not torment our hearts
More than the thought of this doth vex our souls.
Amy. They will talk still, my lord, if you don't bridle them.
Tamb. Bridle them, and let me to my coach. [*They bridle them.*
Amy. See now, my lord, how brave the captain hangs.
Tamb. 'Tis brave indeed, my boy; well done.
Shoot first, my lord, and then the rest shall follow.
Ther. Then have at him to begin withal.
[Theridamas *shoots.*
Gov. Yet save my life, and let this wound appease
The mortal fury of great Tamburlaine.
Tamb. No, though Asphaltis' lake were liquid gold,
And offered me as ransom for thy life,
Yet should'st thou die. Shoot at him all at once. [*They shoot.*
So, now he hangs like Bagdad's governor,
Having as many bullets in his flesh
As there be breaches in her battered wall.
Go now, and bind the burghers hand and foot,
And cast them headlong in the city's lake.
Tartars and Persians shall inhabit there,
And to command the city, I will build
A citadel that all Africa,
Which hath been subject to the Persian king,
Shall pay me tribute for in Babylon.
Tech. What shall be done with their wives and children, my lord?
Tamb. Techelles, drown them all, man, woman, and child.
Leave not a Babylonian in the town.
Tech. I will about it straight. Come, soldiers. [*Exit, with* Soldiers.
Tamb. Now, Casane, where's the Turkish Alcoran,
And all the heaps of superstitious books
Found in the temples of that Mahomet,
Whom I have thought a god? They shall be burnt.
Usum. Here they are, my lord.
Tamb. Well said; let there be a fire presently.
In vain, I see, men worship Mahomet:
My sword hath sent millions of Turks to hell,
Slain all his priests, his kinsmen, and his friends,
And yet I live untouched by Mahomet.
There is a God, full of revenging wrath,
From whom the thunder and the lightning breaks,
Whose scourge I am, and him will I obey:
So, Casane, fling them in the fire.
Now, Mahomet, if thou have any power,
Come down thyself and work a miracle.
Thou art not worthy to be worshipped,
That sufferest flame of fire to burn the writ
Wherein the sum of thy religion rests.
Why send'st thou not a furious whirlwind down
To blow thy Alcoran up to thy throne,
Where men report thou sit'st by God himself?
Or vengeance on the head of Tamburlaine
That shakes his sword against thy majesty,
And spurns the abstracts of thy foolish laws?
Well, soldiers, Mahomet remains in hell;
He cannot hear the voice of Tamburlaine;
Seek out another Godhead to adore,
The God that sits in heaven, if any God;
For he is God alone, and none but he.

Re-enter Techelles.

Tech. I have fulfilled your highness' will, my lord.
Thousands of men, drowned in Asphaltis' lake,
Have made the waters swell above the banks,
And fishes, fed by human carcases,
Amazed, swim up and down upon the waves,
As when they swallow assafœtida,
Which makes them fleet aloft and gape for air.
Tamb. Well then, my friendly lords, what more remains,

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But that we leave sufficient garrison,
And presently depart to Persia
To triumph after all our victories?
Ther. Aye, good my lord; let us in haste to Persia,
And let this captain be removed the walls
To some high hill about the city here.
Tamb. Let it be so; about it, soldiers;
But stay; I feel myself distempered suddenly.
Tech. What is it dares distemper Tamburlaine?
Tamb. Something, Techelles; but I know not what—
But forth, ye vassals, whatsoe'er it be,
Sickness or death can never conquer me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Callapine, *the King of* Amasia, *and* Soldiers, *with drums and trumpets.*

Call. King of Amasia, now our mighty host
Marcheth in Asia Major where the streams
Of Euphrates and Tigris swiftly run,
And here we may behold great Babylon
Circled about with Limnasphaltis' lake
Where Tamburlaine with all his army lies,
Which being faint and weary with the siege,
We may lie ready to encounter him
Before his host be full from Babylon,
And so revenge our latest grievous loss,
If God or Mahomet send any aid.
Ama. Doubt not, my lord, but we shall conquer him.
The monster that hath drunk a sea of blood,
And yet gapes still for more to quench his thirst,
Our Turkish swords shall headlong send to hell,
And that vile carcase drawn by warlike kings
The fowls shall eat; for never sepulchre
Shall grace this base-born tyrant Tamburlaine.
Call. When I record my parents' slavish life,
Their cruel death, mine own captivity,
My viceroy's bondage under Tamburlaine,
Methinks I could sustain a thousand deaths
To be revenged of all his villainy.
Ah, sacred Mahomet! thou that hast seen
Millions of Turks perish by Tamburlaine,
Kingdoms made waste, brave cities sacked and burnt,
And but one host is left to honour thee,
Aid thy obedient servant, Callapine,
And make him after all these overthrows
To triumph over cursèd Tamburlaine.
Ama. Fear not, my lord; I see great Mahomet
Clothèd in purple clouds, and on his head
A chaplet brighter than Apollo's crown,
Marching about the air with armèd men
To join with you against this Tamburlaine.
Renownèd general, mighty Callapine,
Though God himself and holy Mahomet
Should come in person to resist your power,
Yet might your mighty host encounter all,
And pull proud Tamburlaine upon his knees
To sue for mercy at your highness' feet.
Call. Captain, the force of Tamburlaine is great,
His fortune greater, and the victories
Wherewith he hath so sore dismayed the world
Are greatest to discourage all our drifts;
Yet when the pride of Cynthia is at full,
She wanes again, and so shall his, I hope;
For we have here the chief selected men
Of twenty several kingdoms at the least;
Nor ploughman, priest, nor merchant, stays at home;
All Turkey is in arms with Callapine;
And never will we sunder camps and arms
Before himself or his be conquerèd.
This is the time that must eternize me
For conquering the tyrant of the world.
Come, soldiers, let us lie in wait for him,
And if we find him absent from his camp,
Or that it be rejoined again at full,
Assail it and be sure of victory. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Theridamas, Techelles, *and* Usumcasane.

Ther. Weep, heavens, and vanish into liquid tears!
Fall stars that govern his nativity,
And summon all the shining lamps of heaven
To cast their bootless fires to the earth,
And shed their feeble influence in the air.
Muffle your beauties with eternal clouds,
For hell and darkness pitch their pitchy tents,
And death with armies of Cimmerian spirits
Gives battle 'gainst the heart of Tamburlaine.
Now in defiance of that wonted love
Your sacred virtues poured upon his throne
And made his state an honour to the heavens,
These cowards invisible assail his soul,
And threaten conquest on our sovereign;
But if he die your glories are disgraced;
Earth droops and says that hell in heaven is placed.
Tech. O then, ye powers that sway eternal seats
And guide this massy substance of the earth,

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If you retain desert of holiness
As your supreme estates instruct our thoughts,
Be not inconstant, careless of your fame,—
Bear not the burthen of your enemies' joys
Triumphing in his fall whom you advanced,
But as his birth, life, health, and majesty
Were strangely blest and governèd by heaven,
So honour heaven (till heaven dissolvèd be)
His birth, his life, his health, and majesty!

Usum. Blush, heaven, to lose the honour of thy name!
To see thy footstool set upon thy head!
And let no baseness in thy haughty breast
Sustain a shame of such inexcellence,
To see the devils mount in angels' thrones,
And angels dive into the pools of hell.
And though they think their painful date is out,
And that their power is puissant as Jove's,
Which makes them manage arms against thy state,
Yet make them feel the strength of Tamburlaine,
(Thy instrument and note of majesty,)
Is greater far than they can thus subdue:
For if he die thy glory is disgraced;
Earth droops and says that hell in heaven is placed.

Enter Tamburlaine, (*drawn in his Chariot as before,*) Amyras, Celebinus, *and* Physician.

Tamb. What daring god torments my body thus,
And seeks to conquer mighty Tamburlaine?
Shall sickness prove me now to be a man,
That have been termed the terror of the world?
Techelles and the rest, come, take your swords,
And threaten him whose hand afflicts my soul.
Come, let us march against the powers of heaven,
And set black streamers in the firmament,
To signify the slaughter of the gods.
Ah, friends, what shall I do? I cannot stand.
Come carry me to war against the gods
That thus envy the health of Tamburlaine.

Ther. Ah, good my lord, leave these impatient words,
Which add much danger to your malady.

Tamb. Why, shall I sit and languish in this pain?
No, strike the drums, and in revenge of this,
Come, let us charge our spears, and pierce his breast,
Whose shoulders bear the axis of the world,
That, if I perish, heaven and earth may fade.
Theridamas, haste to the court of Jove,
Will him to send Apollo hither straight,
To cure me, or I'll fetch him down myself.

Tech. Sit still, my gracious lord; this grief will cease,
And cannot last, it is so violent.

Tamb. Not last, Techelles?—No! for I shall die.
See, where my slave, the ugly monster, death,
Shaking and quivering, pale and wan for fear,
Stands aiming at me with his murdering dart,
Who flies away at every glance I give,
And, when I look away, comes stealing on.
Villain, away, and hie thee to the field!
I and mine army come to load thy back
With souls of thousand mangled carcases.
Look, where he goes; but see, he comes again,
Because I stay: Techelles, let us march
And weary death with bearing souls to hell.

Phy. Pleaseth your majesty to drink this potion,
Which will abate the fury of your fit,
And cause some milder spirits govern you.

Tamb. Tell me what think you of my sickness now?

Phy. I viewed your urine, and the hypostasis
Thick and obscure, doth make your danger great;
Your veins are full of accidental heat,
Whereby the moisture of your blood is dried.
The humidum and calor, which some hold
Are not a parcel of the elements,
But of a substance more divine and pure,
Are almost clean extinguishèd and spent;
Which, being the cause of life, imports your death.
Besides, my lord, this day is critical,
Dangerous to those whose crisis is as yours;
Your artiers, which along the veins convey
The lively spirits which the heart engenders,
Are parched and void of spirits, that the soul,
Wanting those organons by which it moves,
Can not endure, by argument of art.
Yet, if your majesty may escape this day,
No doubt but you shall soon recover all.

Tamb. Then will I comfort all my vital parts,
And live, in spite of death, above a day.

[*Alarums within.*

Enter Messenger.

Mes. My lord, young Callapine, that lately fled from your majesty, hath now

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gathered a fresh army, and hearing your absence in the field, offers to set upon us presently.

Tamb. See, my physicians now, how Jove hath sent
A present medicine to recure my pain.
My looks shall make them fly, and might I follow,
There should not one of all the villain's power
Live to give offer of another fight.

Usum. I joy, my lord, your highness is so strong,
That can endure so well your royal presence,
Which only will dismay the enemy.

Tamb. I know it will, Casane. Draw, you slaves;
In spite of death, I will go show my face.

[*Alarums.*—Tamburlaine *goes out, and comes in with the rest.*

Tamb. Thus are the villain cowards fled for fear,
Like summer vapours vanished by the sun;
And could I but awhile pursue the field,
That Callapine should be my slave again.
But I perceive my martial strength is spent.
In vain I strive and rail against those powers,
That mean to invest me in a higher throne,
As much too high for this disdainful earth.
Give me a map; then let me see how much
Is left for me to conquer all the world,
That these, my boys, may finish all my wants. [*One brings a map.*
Here I began to march towards Persia,
Along Armenia and the Caspian Sea,
And thence unto Bithynia, where I took
The Turk and his great empress prisoners.
Thence marched I into Egypt and Arabia,
And here, not far from Alexandria,
Whereas the Terrene and the Red Sea meet,
Being distant less than full a hundred leagues,
I meant to cut a channel to them both,
That men might quickly sail to India.
From thence to Nubia near Borno lake,
And so along the Æthiopian sea,
Cutting the Tropic line of Capricorn,
I conquered all as far as Zanzibar.
Then, by the northern part of Africa,
I came at last to Græcia, and from thence
To Asia, where I stay against my will;
Which is from Scythia, where I first began,
Backwards and forwards near five thousand leagues.
Look here, my boys; see what a world of ground
Lies westward from the midst of Cancer's line,
Unto the rising of this earthly globe;
Whereas the sun, declining from our sight,
Begins the day with our Antipodes!
And shall I die, and this unconquerèd?
Lo, here, my sons, are all the golden mines,
Inestimable drugs and precious stones,
More worth than Asia and the world beside;
And from the Antarctic Pole eastward behold
As much more land, which never was descried,
Wherein are rocks of pearl that shine as bright
As all the lamps that beautify the sky!
And shall I die, and this unconquerèd?
Here, lovely boys; what death forbids my life,
That let your lives command in spite of death.

Amy. Alas, my lord, how should our bleeding hearts
Wounded and broken with your highness' grief,
Retain a thought of joy or spark of life?
Your soul gives essence to our wretched subjects,
Whose matter is incorporate in your flesh.

Cel. Your pains do pierce our souls; no hope survives,
For by your life we entertain our lives.

Tamb. But, sons, this subject, not of force enough
To hold the fiery spirit it contains,
Must part, imparting his impressions
By equal portions into both your breasts;
My flesh, divided in your precious shapes,
Shall still retain my spirit, though I die,
And live in all your seeds immortally.
Then now remove me, that I may resign
My place and proper title to my son.
First, take my scourge and my imperial crown,
And mount my royal chariot of estate,
That I may see thee crowned before I die.
Help me, my lords, to make my last remove. [*They lift him down.*

Ther. A woful change, my lords; that daunts our thoughts,
More than the ruin of our proper souls!

Tamb. Sit up, my son, [and] let me see how well
Thou wilt become thy father's majesty.

Amy. With what a flinty bosom should I joy
The breath of life and burthen of my soul,
If not resolved into resolvèd pains,
My body's mortifièd lineaments
Should exercise the motions of my heart,
Pierced with the joy of any dignity!

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O father! if the unrelenting ears
Of death and hell be shut against my prayers,
And that the spiteful influence of Heaven,
Deny my soul fruition of her joy;
How should I step, or stir my hateful feet
Against the inward powers of my heart,
Leading a life that only strives to die,
And plead in vain unpleasing sovereignty.

Tamb. Let not thy love exceed thine honour, son,
Nor bar thy mind that magnanimity
That nobly must admit necessity.
Sit up, my boy, and with these silken reins
Bridle the steelèd stomachs of these jades.

Ther. My lord, you must obey his majesty,
Since fate commands and proud necessity.

Amy. Heavens witness me with what a broken heart
And damnèd spirit I ascend this seat,
And send my soul before my father die,
His anguish and his burning agony!

[*They crown* Amyras.

Tamb. Now fetch the hearse of fair Zenocrate;
Let it be placed by this my fatal chair,
And serve as parcel of my funeral.

Usum. Then feels your majesty no sovereign ease,
Nor may our hearts, all drowned in tears of blood,
Joy any hope of your recovery?

Tamb. Casane, no; the monarch of the earth,
And eyeless monster that torments my soul,
Can not behold the tears ye shed for me,
And therefore still augments his cruelty.

Tech. Then let some God oppose his holy power
Against the wrath and tyranny of death,
That his tear-thirsty and unquenchèd hate
May be upon himself reverberate!

[*They bring in the hearse of* Zenocrate.

Tamb. Now eyes enjoy your latest benefit,
And when my soul hath virtue of your sight,
Pierce through the coffin and the sheet of gold,
And glut your longings with a heaven of joy.
So reign, my son; scourge and controul those slaves,
Guiding thy chariot with thy father's hand.
As precious is the charge thou undertakest
As that which Clymene's brainsick son did guide,
When wandering Phœbe's ivory cheeks were scorched,
And all the earth, like Ætna, breathing fire;
Be warnèd by him, then; learn with awful eye
To sway a throne as dangerous as his;
For if thy body thrive not full of thoughts
As pure and fiery as Phyteus' beams,
The nature of these proud rebelling jades
Will take occasion by the slenderest hair,
And draw thee piecemeal like Hippolitus,
Through rocks more steep and sharp than Caspian cliffs.
The nature of thy chariot will not bear
A guide of baser temper than myself,
More than Heaven's coach the pride of Phaeton.
Farewell, my boys; my dearest friends farewell!
My body feels, my soul doth weep to see
Your sweet desires deprived my company,
For Tamburlaine, the scourge of God, must die.

[*He dies.*

Amy. Meet heaven and earth, and here let all things end,
For earth hath spent the pride of all her fruit,
And Heaven consumed his choicest living fire.
Let Earth and Heaven his timeless death deplore,
For both their worths will equal him no more.

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The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Faustus.
Mephistophilis.
The Pope.
Raymond, *King of Hungary.*
Bruno.
Emperor of Germany.
Duke of Saxony.
Duke and Duchess of Vanholt.
Frederick, Mertino, Benvolio, } *three Gentlemen.*
Valdes.
Cornelius.
Good Angel.
Bad Angel.
Old Man.
Three Scholars.
Seven Deadly Sins.
Wagner.
Robin, *the Clown.*
Dick, *an Hostler.*
Carter.
Horse-Courser.
Hostess.
Vintner.
Bishop of Rheims.
Lucifer.
Belzebub.
Cardinals, Bishops, Monks, Friars, Soldiers, Servants, &c. &c.

Enter Chorus.

Not marching in the fields of Thrasymene,
Where Mars did mate the warlike Carthagens;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings, where state is overturned;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our muse to vaunt her heavenly verse;
Only this, gentles, we must now perform,
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad:
And now to patient judgments we appeal,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born of parents base of stock
In Germany, within a town called Rhodes:
At riper years to Wittenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So much he profits in divinity,
That shortly he was graced with Doctor's name,
Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute
In the heavenly matters of theology:
Till swoln with cunning, and a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And, melting, heavens conspired his overthrow:
For falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits on the cursèd necromancy.
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss,
And this the man that in his study sits.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Faustus *in his study.*

Faust. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess;
Having commenced, be a divine in show,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet analytics, 'tis thou hast ravished me.
Bene disserere est finis logices.
Is, to dispute well, logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more; thou hast attained that end.
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:
Bid Economy farewell: and Galen come.
Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,
And be eternized for some wondrous cure:
Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas;
The end of physic is our bodies' health.
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attained that end?
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,

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Whereby whole cities have escaped the plague,
And thousand desperate maladies been cured?
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
Couldst thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteemed.
Physic farewell. Where is Justinian?
Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.
A petty case of paltry legacies.
Exhereditare filium non potest pater, nisi, &c.
Such is the subject of the Institute,
And universal body of the law.
This study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but external trash,
Too servile and illiberal for me.
When all is done, divinity is best.
Jerome's bible, Faustus; view it well.
[*Reads.*
Stipendium peccati mors est: ha! *stipendium*, &c.
The reward of sin is death: that's hard.
Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas. If we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and there is no truth in us. Why then belike we must sin, and so consequently die.
Aye, we must die an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this? *Che sera, sera:*
What will be, shall be; divinity adieu.
These metaphysics of magicians,
And necromantic books are heavenly.
Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters:
Aye, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, and omnipotence,
Is promised to the studious artizan!
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command. Emperors and kings
Are but obeyèd in their several provinces;
But his dominion that exceeds in this
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man:
A sound magician is a demigod.
Here tire my brains to get a deity.

Enter Wagner.

Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,
The German Valdes, and Cornelius:
Request them earnestly to visit me.
Wag. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
Faust. Their conference will be a greater help to me
Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

Enter a Good *and* Bad Angel.

Good Ang. O Faustus! lay that damnèd book aside,
And gaze not on it lest it tempt thy soul,
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head.
Read, read the scriptures;—that is blasphemy.
Bad Ang. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art,
Wherein all nature's treasure is contained.
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements.
[*Exeunt* Angels.
Faust. How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please?
Resolve me of all ambiguities?
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates.
I'll have them read me strange philosophy;
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings:
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wittenberg:
I'll have them fill the public schools with silk,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad:
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land;
And reign sole king of all the Provinces:
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp bridge,
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

Enter Valdes *and* Cornelius.

Come, German Valdes, and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference.
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise magic and concealèd arts.
Philosophy is odious and obscure;
Both Law and Physic are for petty wits;
'Tis Magic, Magic, that hath ravished me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;
And I, that have with subtle syllogisms
Gravelled the pastors of the German church,
And made the flowering pride of Wittenberg
Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits
On sweet Musæus when he came to hell;

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Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.
Val. [*To Faust.*] These books, thy wit, and our experience,
Shall make all nations to canonize us.
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,
So shall the spirits of every element
Be always serviceable to us three:
Like lions shall they guard us when we please;
Like Almain rutters with their horsemen's staves,
Or Lapland giants trotting by our sides:
Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows,
Than have the white breasts of the queen of love.
From Venice shall they drag huge argosies;
And from America the golden fleece,
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury;
If learned Faustus will be resolute.
Faust. As resolute am I in this
As thou to live, therefore object it not.
Corn. The miracles that Magic will perform,
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in Astrology,
Enriched with Tongues, well seen in Minerals,
Hath all the principles Magic doth require.
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renowned,
And more frequented for this mystery,
Than heretofore the Delphian oracle.
The Spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks;
Yea, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth.
Then, tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want.
Faust. Nothing, Cornelius; O this cheers my soul!
Come show me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some bushy grove,
And have these joys in full possession.
Val. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
And bear wise Bacon's and Albertus' works,
The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite,
We will inform thee ere our conference cease.
Corn. First let him know the words of art;
And then all other ceremonies learned,
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.
Val. First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.
Faust. Then come and dine with me, and after meat
We'll canvass every quiddity thereof;
For ere I sleep I'll try what I can do;
This night I'll conjure though I die therefore. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter two Scholars.

1 *Scho.* I wonder what's become of Faustus, that was wont to make our schools ring with *sic probo.*

Enter Wagner.

2 *Scho.* That shall we presently know; here comes his boy.

1 *Scho.* How now, sirrah, where's thy master?

Wag. God in heaven knows.

2 *Scho.* Why dost not thou know then?

Wag. Yes, I know, but that follows not.

1 *Scho.* Go to, sirrah, leave your jesting, and tell us where he is.

Wag. That follows not by force of argument, which you, being licentiates, should stand upon; therefore acknowledge your error, and be attentive.

2 *Scho.* Then you will not tell us?

Wag. You are deceived, for I will tell you; yet if you were not dunces you would never ask me such a question; for is he not *corpus naturale,* and is not that *nobile?* then, wherefore should you ask me such a question? but that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to love I would say), it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place of execution; although I do not doubt but to see you both hanged the next sessions. Thus having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian, and begin to speak thus: Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine if it would speak would inform your worships; and so the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren. [*Exit.*

1 *Scho.* O Faustus!
Then I fear that which I have long suspected,
That thou art fallen into the damnèd art,
For which they two are infamous through the world.

2 *Scho.* Were he a stranger not allied to me,
The danger of his soul would make me mourn;

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But come, let us go and inform the Rector,
It may be his grave counsel may reclaim him.

1 *Scho.* I fear me nothing will reclaim him now.

2 *Scho.* Yet let us see what we can do.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Thunder.—Enter Faustus.

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from the antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with his pitchy breath;
Faustus begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest;
Seeing thou hast prayed and sacrificed to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward, anagrammatised;
The breviated names of holy saints;
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,
And characters of signs, and erring stars,
By which the spirits are enforced to rise:
Then fear not, Faustus, to be resolute,
And try the utmost magic can perform.

(*Thunder.*)

Sint mihi Dii Acherontis propitii, valeat numen triplex Jehovæ, ignei, aerii, aquatani spiritus! Orientis Princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha et Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut appareat et surgat Mephistophilis Dragon, quod tumeraris; per Jehovam, Gehennam et consecratam aquam, quam nunc spargo; signumque crucis quod nunc facio; et per vota nostra ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis!

Enter Mephistophilis.

I charge thee to return and change thy shape;
Thou art too ugly to attend on me.
Go, and return an old Franciscan friar,
That holy shape becomes a devil best.

[*Exit* Mephistophilis.

I see there's virtue in my heavenly words;
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistophilis;
Full of obedience and humility;
Such is the force of Magic, and my spells.

Re-enter Mephistophilis *as a Friar.*

Meph. Now, Faustus, what would'st thou have me do?

Faust. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To do whatever Faustus shall command;
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
Or the ocean to o'erwhelm the world.

Meph. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave;
No more than he commands must we perform.

Faust. Did not he charge thee to appear to me?

Meph. No, I came hither of mine own accord.

Faust. Did not my conjuring raise thee? speak!

Meph. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens;*
For when we hear one rack the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,
We fly in hope to get his glorious soul:
Nor will we come unless he use such means
Whereby he is in danger to be damned.
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abjure all godliness,
And pray devoutly to the Prince of Hell.

Faust. So Faustus hath
Already done, and holds this principle,
There is no chief but only Belzebub;
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word damnation terrifies not me,
For I confound Hell in Elysium;
My ghost be with the old philosophers.
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
Tell me, what is that Lucifer thy lord?

Meph. Arch regent and commander of all spirits.

Faust. Was not that Lucifer an Angel once?

Meph. Yes Faustus, and most dearly loved of God.

Faust. How comes it then that he is Prince of Devils?

Meph. Oh! by aspiring pride and insolence,
For which God threw him from the face of heaven.

Faust. And what are you that live with Lucifer.

Meph. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,
Conspired against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damned with Lucifer.

Faust. Where are you damned?

Meph. In Hell.

Faust. How comes it then that thou art out of Hell?

Meph. Why, this is Hell, nor am I out of it.
Think'st thou that I that saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of Heaven,

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Am not tormented with ten thousand Hells
In being deprived of everlasting bliss?
O Faustus! leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting heart.

Faust. What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate,
For being deprivèd of the joys of Heaven!
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
Go, bear these tidings to great Lucifer;
Seeing Faustus had incurred eternal death
By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,
Say he surrenders up to him his soul,
So he will spare him four and twenty years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness;
Having thee ever to attend on me;
To give me whatsoever I shall ask;
To tell me whatsoever I demand;
To slay mine enemies, and to aid my friends;
And always be obedient to my will.
Go, and return to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve me of thy master's mind.

Meph. I will, Faustus. [*Exit.*

Faust. Had I as many souls as there be stars
I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.
By him I'll be great Emperor of the world,
And make a bridge thorough the moving air
To pass the ocean with a band of men;
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
And make that country continent to Spain,
And both contributary to my crown.
The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany,
Now that I have obtained what I desired.
I'll live in speculation of this art,
Till Mephistophilis return again. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Wagner *and the* Clown.

Wag. Come hither, sirrah boy!

Clown. Boy! Oh! disgrace to my person! Zounds! boy in your face! you have seen many boys with beards, I am sure.

Wag. Sirrah, hast thou no comings in?

Clown. And goings out too, you may see, sir.

Wag. Alas, poor slave! see how poverty jests in his nakedness! I know the villain's out of service, and so hungry that I know he would give his soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood raw.

Clown. Not so neither; I had need to have it well roasted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear, I can tell you.

Wag. Sirrah, wilt thou be my man, and wait on me? and I will make thee go like *Qui mihi discipulus.*

Clown. What, in verse?

Wag. No, slave, in beaten silk and stavesaker.

Clown. Stavesaker? that's good to kill vermin; then belike if I serve you I shall be lousy.

Wag. Why, so thou shalt be whether thou dost it or no: for, sirrah, if thou dost not presently bind thyself to me for seven years, I'll turn all the lice about thee into familiars, and make them tear thee in pieces.

Clown. Nay, sir, you may save yourself a labour, for they are as familiar with me as if they paid for their meat and drink, I can tell you.

Wag. Well, sirrah, leave your jesting, and take these guilders.

Clown. Yes, marry, sir, and I thank you too.

Wag. So now thou art to be at an hour's warning whensoever and wheresoever the devil shall fetch thee.

Clown. Here, take your guilders again, I'll none of 'em.

Wag. Not I, thou art pressed; prepare thyself, for I will presently raise up two devils to carry thee away. Banio! Belcher!

Clown. Belcher! an' Belcher come here, I'll belch him; I'm not afraid of a devil.

Enter two Devils.

Wag. How now, sir, will you serve me now?

Clown. Ay, good Wagner, take away the devils then.

Wag. Spirits away! now, sirrah, follow me. [*Exeunt* Devils.

Clown. I will, sir; but hark you, master, will you teach me this conjuring occupation?

Wag. Ay, sirrah, I'll teach thee to turn thyself to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or any thing.

Clown. A dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat! O brave Wagner!

Wag. Villain, call me Master Wagner, and see that you walk attentively, and let your right eye be always diametrically fixed upon my left heel that thou mayst *quasi vestigiis nostris insistere.*

Clown. Well, sir, I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Faustus *in his Study.*

Faust. Now, Faustus,
Must thou needs be damned; canst thou not be saved.
What boots it then to think on God or Heaven?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair;
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub.
Now, go not back, Faustus; be resolute.
Why waverest thou? O something soundeth in mine ear,
Abjure this magic, turn to God again:
Why, he loves thee not;
The God thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fixed the love of Belzebub:
To him I'll build an altar and a church,
And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

Enter the two Angels.

Bad Ang. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art.

Good Ang. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

Faust. Contrition, prayer, repentance—what of these?

Good Ang. Oh, they are means to bring thee unto heaven!

Bad Ang. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,
That make men foolish that do use them most.

Good Ang. Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.

Bad Ang. No, Faustus, think of honours and of wealth. [*Exeunt* Angels.

Faust. Wealth!
Why the signiory of Embden shall be mine;
When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,
What power can hurt me? Faustus, thou art safe:
Cast no more doubts; Mephistophilis come,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer.
Is't not midnight? Come, Mephistophilis,
Veni, veni, Mephistophile.

Enter Mephistophilis.

Now tell me, what sayeth Lucifer, thy lord?

Meph. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,
So he will buy my service with his soul.

Faust. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

Meph. But now thou must bequeath it solemnly,
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood:
For that security craves Lucifer.
If thou deny it, I must back to Hell.

Faust. Stay, Mephistophilis, and tell me what good will my soul do thy lord?

Meph. Enlarge his kingdom.

Faust. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

Meph. Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

Faust. Why, have you any pain that torture others?

Meph. As great as have the human souls of man.
But tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?
And I will be thy slave and wait on thee,
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

Faust. Aye, Mephistophilis, I'll give it him.

Meph. Then Faustus, stab thine arm courageously,
And bind thy soul, that at some certain day
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

Faust. Lo, [*stabbing his arm,*] Mephistophilis, for love of thee,
Faustus hath cut his arm, and with his blood
Assures himself to be great Lucifer's,
Chief lord and regent of perpetual night.
View here this blood that trickles from mine arm, [*Catches the blood in a cup.*
And let it be propitious for thy wish.

Meph. But, Faustus,
Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

Faust. Ah, so I do! but, Mephistophilis,
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

Meph. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight. [*Exit.*

Faust. What might the staying of my blood portend?
Is it unwilling I should write this bill?
Why streams it not that I may write afresh?
Faustus gives to thee his soul: O there it stayed!
Why should'st thou not? Is not this soul thine own?
Then write again, *Faustus gives to thee his soul.*

Enter Mephistophilis *with the chafer of fire.*

Meph. See, Faustus, here is fire; set it on.

Faust. So now the blood begins to clear again;
Now will I make an end immediately.

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Meph. What will not I do to obtain his soul? [*Aside.*

Faust. Consummatum est, this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeathed his soul to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription on mine arm?
Homo fuge; whither should I fly?
If unto heaven he'll throw me down to hell.
My senses are deceived, here's nothing writ:
O, yes, I see it plain, even here is writ
Homo fuge; yet shall not Faustus fly.

Meph. I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind. [*Aside, and exit.*

Enter Devils, *giving crowns and rich apparel to* Faustus. *They dance and then depart.*

Enter Mephistophilis.

Faust. What means this show? speak, Mephistophilis.

Meph. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind,
And let thee see what Magic can perform.

Faust. But may I raise such Spirits when I please?

Meph. Aye, Faustus, and do greater things than these.

Faust. Then, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,
A deed of gift, of body, and of soul:
But yet conditionally that thou perform
All covenants and articles between us both.

Meph. Faustus, I swear by Hell and Lucifer,
To effect all promises between us both.

Faust. Then hear me read, Mephistophilis,
On these conditions following:

First. That Faustus may be a Spirit in form and substance.

Secondly. That Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and be by him commanded.

Thirdly. That Mephistophilis shall do for him, and bring him whatsoever he requireth.

Fourthly. That he shall be in his house or chamber invisible.

Lastly. He shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, in what shape and form soever he please.

I, John Faustus, of Wittenberg, Doctor, by these presents, do give both body and soul to Lucifer, Prince of the East, and his minister, Mephistophilis; and furthermore grant unto them, that four-and-twenty years being expired, and these articles above written being inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, flesh and blood, into their habitation wheresoever.

By me,
JOHN FAUSTUS.

Meph. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

Faust. Aye, take it, and the devil give thee good of it.

Meph. So now, Faustus, ask me what thou wilt.

Faust. First I will question thee about Hell.
Tell me where is the place that men call Hell?

Meph. Under the heavens.

Faust. Aye, so are all things else; but whereabouts?

Meph. Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortured and remain for ever.
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
In one self place; but where we are is Hell;
And where Hell is there must we ever be:
And, to be short, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be Hell that are not Heaven.

Faust. I think Hell is a fable.

Meph. Ah! think so still, till experience change thy mind.

Faust. Why, dost thou think that Faustus shall be damned?

Meph. Aye, of necessity, for here's the scroll
In which thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

Faust. Aye, and body too; and what of that?
Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine
That after this life there is any pain?
No, these are trifles and mere old wives' tales.

Meph. But I am an instance to prove the contrary;
For I tell thee I am damned, and now in Hell.

Faust. Nay, an this be Hell, I'll willingly be damned:
What! sleeping, eating, walking, and disputing!
But, leaving this, let me have a wife,
The fairest maid in Germany;

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For I am wanton and lascivious,
And cannot live without a wife.
Meph. Well, Faustus, thou shalt have a wife. [*He fetches in a* Woman Devil.
Faust. What sight is this?
Meph. Now, Faustus, wilt thou have a wife?
Faust. Here's a hot whore indeed; no, I'll no wife.
Meph. Marriage is but a ceremonial toy,
And if thou lovest me think no more of it:
I'll cull thee out the fairest courtesans,
And bring them every morning to thy bed:
She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have;
Were she as chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as Saba, or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Here take this book, and peruse it well;
The iterating of these lines brings gold;
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings thunder, whirlwinds, storm, and lightning;
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,
And men in harness shall appear to thee,
Ready to execute what thou command'st.
Faust. Thanks, Mephistophilis, for this sweet book,
This will I keep as chary as my life.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Faustus, *in his Study, and* Mephistophilis.

Faust. When I behold the heavens, then I repent,
And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,
Because thou hast deprived me of these joys.
Meph. 'Twas thine own seeking, Faustus, thank thyself.
But think'st thou heaven such a glorious thing?
I tell thee, Faustus, it is not half so fair
As thou, or any man that breathes on earth.
Faust. How prov'st thou that?
Meph. 'Twas made for man,—then he's more excellent.
Faust. If heaven was made for man, 'twas made for me;
I will renounce this Magic, and repent.

Enter the two Angels.

Good Ang. Faustus, repent, yet God will pity thee.
Bad Ang. Thou art a Spirit, God cannot pity thee.
Faust. Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a Spirit?
Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;
Yea, God will pity me if I repent.
Bad Ang. Aye! but Faustus never will repent! [*Exeunt* Angels.
Faust. My heart is hardened; I cannot repent:
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven:
Swords, poisons, halters, and envenomed steel
Are laid before me to despatch myself;
And long ere this I should have done the deed,
Had not sweet pleasure conquered deep despair;
Have not I made blind Homer sing to me,
Of Alexander's love and Œnon's death?
And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes,
With ravishing sounds of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistophilis?
Why should I die then, or basely despair?
I am resolved Faustus shall not repent.
Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,
And reason of divine Astrology:
Speak, are there many spheres above the moon;
Are all celestial bodies but one globe,
As is the substance of this centric earth?
Meph. As are the elements such are the heavens;
Even from the moon unto th' empyreal orb,
Mutually folded in each other's spheres,
And jointly move upon one axletree,
Whose terminus is termed the world's wide pole:
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, and Jupiter
Feigned, but are erring stars.
Faust. But have they all one motion, both *situ et tempore.*
Meph. All move from east to west in four-and-twenty hours upon the poles of the world; but differ in their motions upon the poles of the zodiac.
Faust. These slender questions Wagner can decide;
Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?
Who knows not the double motion of the planets
That the first is finished in a natural day;
The second thus; Saturn in thirty years, Jupiter in twelve; Mars in four; the Sun, Venus, and Mercury in a year; the Moon in twenty-eight days: these are freshmen's

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questions; but tell me, hath every sphere a dominion or *intelligentia?*

Meph. Aye.

Faust. How many heavens or spheres are there?

Meph. Nine: the seven planets, the firmament, and the empyreal heaven.

Faust. But is there no *cœlum igneum et crystallium?*

Meph. No, Faustus, they be but fables.

Faust. Resolve me then in this one question.

Why are not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time? but in some years, we have more, some less.

Meph. Per inequalem motum respectu totius.

Faust. Well, I am answered; now tell me who made the world?

Meph. I will not.

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

Meph. Move me not, Faustus.

Faust. Villain, have not I bound thee to tell me anything?

Meph. Aye, that is not against our kingdom; this is. Thou art damned; think thou of hell.

Faust. Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

Meph. Remember this. [*Exit.*

Faust. Ah! go, accursèd spirit, to ugly Hell;

'Tis thou hast damned distressèd Faustus' soul!

Enter the two Angels.

Bad Ang. Too late.

Good Ang. Never too late if Faustus will repent.

Bad Ang. If thou repent, devils will tear thee to pieces.

Good Ang. Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin. [*Exeunt* Angels.

Faust. Oh, Christ, my Saviour, my Saviour,

Help [help!] to save distressèd Faustus' soul!

Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, *and* Mephistophilis.

Luci. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just;

There's none but I have interest in the same.

Faust. Oh! what art thou that look'st so terribly?

Luci. I am Lucifer.

And this is my companion-prince in Hell.

Faust. O, Faustus, they are come to fetch thy soul!

Bels. We are come to tell thee thou dost injure us.

Luci. Thou call'st on Christ contrary to thy promise.

Bels. Thou should'st not think on God.

Luci. Think on the Devil.

Bels. And his dam too.

Faust. Nor will Faustus henceforth; pardon him for this,

And Faustus vows never to look to Heaven.

Luci. So show thyself an obedient servant,

And we will highly gratify thee for it.

Bels. Faustus, we are come from Hell in person to show thee some pastime: sit down, and thou shalt behold the Seven Deadly Sins appear to thee in their own proper shapes and likeness.

Faust. That sight will be as pleasant unto me

As Paradise was to Adam the first day

Of his creation.

Luci. Talk not of Paradise, but mark the show:

Go, Mephistophilis, and fetch them in.

[Mephistophilis *brings in the* Seven Deadly Sins.

Bels. Now, Faustus, question them of their names and dispositions.

Faust. That shall I soon: what art thou, the first?

Pride. I am Pride: I disdain to have any parents. I am like to Ovid's flea; I can creep into every corner of a wench; sometimes like a perriwig I sit upon her brow; next like a necklace I hang about her neck; then like a fan of feathers I kiss her: and then turning myself to a wrought smock do what I list. But fie, what a smell is here! I'll not speak a word more for a king's ransom, unless the ground be perfumed, and covered with cloth of arras.

Faust. Thou art a proud knave indeed; what art thou, the second?

Covet. I am Covetousness: begotten of an old churl in a leathern bag: and, might I now obtain my wish, this house, you, and all should turn to gold that I might lock you safe into my chest: O my sweet gold!

Faust. And what art thou, the third?

Envy. I am Envy; begotten of a chimney-sweeper and an oyster-wife: I cannot read, and therefore wish all books burned: I am lean with seeing others eat. O that there would come a famine over all the world, that all might die, and I live alone; then

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thou should'st see how fat I'd be! But must thou sit, and I stand? come down with a vengeance.

Faust. Out, envious wretch! But what art thou, the fourth?

Wrath. I am Wrath: I had neither father nor mother: I leapt out of a lion's mouth, when I was scarce an hour old; and I have ever since run up and down the world with this case of rapiers, wounding myself when I could get none to fight withal: I was born in hell, and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

Faust. And what art thou, the fifth?

Glut. I am Gluttony; my parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me but a small pension; and that buys me thirty meals a day and ten bevers; a small trifle to suffice nature; I come of a royal pedigree; my father was a Gammon of Bacon, and my mother was a Hogshead of Claret-wine; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickled-herring and Martin Martlemas-beef; but my godmother, oh! she was an ancient gentlewoman, her name was Margery March-beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

Faust. Not I.

Glut. The devil choke thee.

Faust. Choke thyself, glutton. What art thou, the sixth?

Sloth. Heigho! I am Sloth: I was begotten on a sunny bank. Heigho! I'll not speak a word more for a king's ransom.

Faust. And what art thou, Mistress Minx, the seventh and last?

Lech. Who, I, sir? I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton, better than an ell of fried stockfish; and the first letter of my name begins with L.

Luci. Away to Hell, away! On, piper.

[*Exeunt the* Seven Sins.

Faust. Oh! how this sight doth delight my soul.

Luci. But, Faustus, in hell are all manner of delights.

Faust. Oh! might I see hell, and return safe;
How happy were I then!

Luci. Faustus, thou shalt:
At midnight I will send for thee: meanwhile
Peruse this book and view it thoroughly,
And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

Faust. Thanks, mighty Lucifer!
This will I keep as chary as my life.

Luci. Now, Faustus, farewell.

Faust. Farewell, great Lucifer.
Come, Mephistophilis.

[*Exeunt several ways.*

SCENE III.

Enter Robin *with a book.*

Robin. What, Dick! look to the horses there till I come again; I have gotten one of Doctor Faustus' conjuring books, and now we'll have such knavery as 't passes.

Enter Dick.

Dick. What, Robin! you must come away and walk the horses.

Rob. I walk the horses! I scorn't, i'faith; I have other matters in hand; let the horses walk themselves an they will. *A per se a; t. h. e. the; o per se o; demy orgon gorgon:* keep further from me, O thou illiterate and unlearned hostler!

Dick. Snails! what hast thou got there? a book! why thou canst not tell ne'er a word on't.

Rob. That shalt thou see presently: keep out of the circle, I say, lest I send you into the ostry with a vengeance.

Dick. That's like, i'faith! you had best leave your foolery, for an my master come, he'll conjure you, i' faith.

Rob. My master conjure me! I'll tell thee what; an my master come here, I'll clap a fair pair of horns on his head, as e'er thou sawest in thy life.

Dick. Thou need'st not do that, for my mistress hath done it.

Rob. Ah! there be of us here that have waded as deep into matters as other men, if they were disposed to talk.

Dick. A plague take you, I thought you did not sneak up and down after her for nothing. But, I prithee, tell me in good sadness, Robin, is that a conjuring book?

Rob. Do but speak what thou'lt have me to do, and I'll do't; if thou'lt dance naked, put off thy clothes, and I'll conjure thee about presently; or if thou'lt go but to the tavern with me, I'll give thee white wine, red wine, claret wine, sack, muskadine, malmsey, and whippincrust; hold, belly, hold; and we'll not pay one penny for it.

Dick. O brave! Prithee let's to it presently, for I am as dry as a dog.

Rob. Come, then, let us away.

[*Exeunt.*

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ACT THE THIRD.

Enter Chorus.

Learned Faustus, to find the secrets of Astronomy,
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount him up to scale Olympus' top;
Where sitting in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yokèd dragons' necks,
He views the clouds, the planets and the stars,
The tropic zones, and quarters of the sky,
From the bright circle of the hornèd moon,
Even to the height of *Primum Mobile*,
And whirling round with this circumference,
Within the concave compass of the pole,
From East to West his dragons swiftly glide,
And in eight days did bring him home again:
Not long he stayed within his quiet house,
To rest his bones after his weary toil;
But new exploits do hale him out again:
And mounted then upon a dragon's back,
That with his wings did part the subtle air,
He now is gone to prove Cosmography,
That measures coasts and kingdoms of the earth;
And as I guess will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his court,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
The which this day is highly solemnized.
[*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Enter Faustus *and* Mephistophilis.

Faust. Having now, my good Mephistophilis,
Past with delight the stately town of Trier,
Environed round with airy mountain tops,
With walls of flint, and deep entrenchèd lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering Prince;
From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,
We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines.
Then unto Naples; rich Campania,
Whose buildings fair, and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth, and paved with finest brick
Quarter the town in four equivalents:
There saw we learnèd Maro's golden tomb,
The way he cut, an English mile in length,
Thorough a rock of stone in one night's space.
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the East;
In one of which a sumptuous temple stands,
That threats the stars with her aspiring top;
Whose frame is paved with sundry coloured stones,
And rooft aloft with curious work in gold:
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time.
But tell me now what resting place is this?
Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

Meph. I have, my Faustus, and for proof thereof,
This is the goodly palace of the Pope:
And, 'cause we are no common guests,
I choose his privy chamber for our use.

Faust. I hope his holiness will bid us welcome.

Meph. All's one, for we'll be bold with his venison.
But now, my Faustus, that thou may'st perceive,
What Rome contains for to delight thine eyes;
Know that this city stands upon seven hills,
That underprop the groundwork of the same:
Just through the midst runs flowing Tiber's stream,
With winding banks that cut it in two parts;
Over the which two stately bridges lean,
That make safe passage to each part of Rome.
Upon the bridge, called Ponte Angelo,
Erected is a castle passing strong,
Where thou shalt see such store of ordnance,
As that the double cannons forged of brass,
Do match the number of the days contained
Within the compass of one còmplete year;
Beside the gates and high pyramedes,
That Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.

Faust. Now by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake
Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear;
That I do long to see the monuments,
And situation of bright splendent Rome;
Come, therefore, let's away.

Meph. Nay, stay, my Faustus; I know you'd see the Pope,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
The which in state and high solemnity
This day is held through Rome and Italy,
In honour of the Pope's triumphant victory.

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, thou pleasest me;
Whilst I am here on earth let me be cloyed
With all things that delight the heart of man:

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My four-and-twenty years of liberty,
I'll spend in pleasure and in dalliance,
That Faustus' name, whilst this bright frame doth stand,
May be admired thorough the furthest land.
Meph. 'Tis well said, Faustus; come then, stand by me,
And thou shalt see them come immediately.
Faust. Nay, stay, my gentle Mephistophilis,
And grant me one request, and then I go.
Thou know'st within the compass of eight days,
We viewed the face of heaven, of earth, and hell:
So high our dragons soared into the air,
That, looking down, the earth appeared to me
No bigger than my hand in quantity:
There did we view the kingdoms of the world,
And what might please mine eye, I there beheld.
Then in this show let me an actor be,
That this proud Pope may Faustus' cunning see.
Meph. Let it be so, my Faustus; but first stay,
And view their triumphs as they pass this way;
And then devise what best contents thy mind,
By cunning in thine art to cross the Pope,
Or dash the pride of his solemnity;
To make his monks and abbots stand like apes,
And point like antics at his triple crown:
To beat the beads about the friars' pates;
Or clap huge horns upon the cardinals' heads;
Or any villainy thou canst devise,
And I'll perform it, Faustus: hark! they come:
This day shall make thee be admired in Rome.

Enter the Cardinals *and* Bishops, *some bearing crosiers, some pillars;* Monks *and* Friars *singing their procession: then the* Pope *and* Raymond, *King of Hungary, with* Bruno *led in chains.*

Pope. Cast down our footstool.
Ray. Saxon Bruno stoop,
Whilst on thy back his holiness ascends
Saint Peter's chair and state pontifical.
Bru. Proud Lucifer, that state belongs to me;
But thus I fall to Peter, not to thee.
Pope. To me and Peter shalt thou grovelling lie,
And crouch before the papal dignity:
Sound trumpets then, for thus Saint Peter's heir,
From Bruno's back ascends Saint Peter's chair. [*A flourish while he ascends.*
Thus, as the gods creep on with feet of wool,
Long ere with iron hands they punish men,
So shall our sleeping vengeance now arise,
And smite with death thy hated enterprise.
Lord Cardinals of France, and Padua,
Go forthwith to our holy consistory,
And read amongst the statutes decretal,
What by the holy council held at Trent
The sacred synod hath decreed for him,
That doth assume the papal government
Without election, and a true consent:
Away, and bring us word with speed.
1 *Card.* We go, my lord. [*Exeunt* Cardinals.
Pope. Lord Raymond.
Faust. Go, haste thee, gentle Mephistophilis,
Follow the Cardinals to the consistory;
And as they turn their superstitious books,
Strike them with sloth and drowsy idleness;
And make them sleep so sound, that in their shapes
Thyself and I may parley with this Pope,
This proud confronter of the emperor,
And, in despite of all his holiness,
Restore this Bruno to his liberty,
And bear him to the states of Germany.
Meph. Faustus, I go.
Faust. Despatch it soon,
The Pope shall curse, that Faustus came to Rome. [*Exeunt* Faust. *and* Meph.
Bru. Pope Adrian, let me have right of law.
I was elected by the Emperor.
Pope. We will depose the Emperor for that deed,
And curse the people that submit to him:
Both he and thou shall stand excommunicate,
And interdict from church's privilege,
And all society of holy men:
He grows too proud in his authority,
Lifting his lofty head above the clouds,
And like a steeple overpeers the church:
But we'll pull down his haughty insolence;
And, as Pope Alexander, our progenitor,
Trod on the neck of German Frederick,
Adding this golden sentence to our praise,
"That Peter's heirs should tread on Emperors,
And walk upon the dreadful adder's back,
Treading the lion and the dragon down,

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And fearless spurn the killing basilisk;"
So will we quell that haughty schismatic,
And by authority apostolical,
Depose him from his regal government.
Bru. Pope Julius swore to princely Sigismond,
For him, and the succeeding Popes of Rome,
To hold the Emperor their lawful lords.
Pope. Pope Julius did abuse the church's rites,
And therefore none of his decrees can stand.
Is not all power on earth bestowed on us?
And therefore, though we would, we cannot err.
Behold this silver belt, whereto is fixed
Seven golden seals, fast sealed with seven seals,
In token of our seven-fold power from heaven,
To bind or loose, lock fast, condemn or judge,
Resign or seal, or what so pleaseth us:
Then he and thou, and all the world, shall stoop,
Or be assured of our dreadful curse,
To light as heavy as the pains of hell.

Enter Faustus *and* Mephistophilis, *like the* Cardinals.

Meph. Now tell me, Faustus, are we not fitted well?
Faust. Yes, Mephisto, and two such Cardinals
Ne'er serv'd a holy Pope as we shall do.
But whilst they sleep within the consistory,
Let us salute his reverend fatherhood.
Ray. Behold, my lord, the Cardinals are returned.
Pope. Welcome, grave fathers; answer presently
What hath our holy council there decreed,
Concerning Bruno and the Emperor,
In quittance of their late conspiracy,
Against our state and papal dignity?
Faust. Most sacred patron of the church of Rome,
By full consent of all the [holy] synod,
Of priests and prelates, it is thus decreed:
That Bruno, and the German Emperor,
Be held as Lollards and bold schismatics,
And proud disturbers of the church's peace:
And if that Bruno, by his own assent,
Without enforcement of the German peers,
Did seek to wear the triple diadem,
And by your death to climb St. Peter's chair,
The statutes decretal have thus decreed:
He shall be straight condemned of heresy,
And on a pile of faggots burnt to death.
Pope. It is enough: here, take him to your charge,
And bear him straight to Ponte Angelo,
And in the strongest tower inclose him fast:
To-morrow, sitting in our consistory,
With all our college of grave cardinals,
We will determine of his life and death.
Here, take his triple crown along with you,
And leave it in the church's treasury.
Make haste, again, my good lord Cardinals,
And take our blessing apostolical.
Meph. So, so; was never devil thus blessed before.
Faust. Away, sweet Mephistophilis, begone;
The Cardinals will be plagued for this anon.
[*Exeunt* Faustus *and* Mephistophilis.
Pope. Go presently and bring a banquet forth,
That we may solemnize St. Peter's feast,
And with Lord Raymond, King of Hungary,
Drink to our late and happy victory.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A sennet while the banquet is brought in; and then enter Faustus *and* Mephistophilis, *in their own shapes.*

Meph. Now, Faustus, come, prepare thyself for mirth;
The sleepy Cardinals are hard at hand,
To censure Bruno, that is posted hence,
And on a proud paced steed, as swift as thought,
Flies o'er the Alps to fruitful Germany,
There to salute the woful Emperor.
Faust. The Pope will curse them for their sloth to-day,
That sleep both Bruno and his crown away.
But, now that Faustus may delight his mind,
And by their folly make some merriment,
Sweet Mephistophilis, so charm me here,
That I may walk invisible to all,
And do whate'er I please unseen of any.
Meph. Faustus, thou shalt; then kneel down presently,
Whilst on thy head I lay my hand,
And charm thee with this magic wand;
First, wear this girdle, then appear
Invisible to all are here;
The planets seven, the gloomy air,
Hell, and the furies' forkèd hair;
Pluto's blue fire, and Hecat's tree,
With magic spells so compass thee,
That no eye may thy body see.
So, Faustus, now for all their holiness,
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discerned.

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Faust. Thanks, Mephistophilis; now, friars, take heed,
Lest Faustus make your shaven crowns to bleed.
Meph. Faustus, no more: see where the Cardinals come.

Enter the Pope *and* Lords; *then the* Cardinals *with a book.*

Pope. Welcome, Lord Cardinals; come, sit down;
Lord Raymond, take your seat; friars, attend
And see that all things be in readiness,
As best beseems this solemn festival.
1 *Card.* First, may it please your sacred holiness,
To view the sentence of the reverend synod,
Concerning Bruno and the Emperor.
Pope. What needs this question? Did I not tell you,
To-morrow we would sit i' the consistory,
And there determine of his punishment?
You brought us word even now, it was decreed,
That Bruno, and the cursèd Emperor,
Were by the holy council both condemned.
For loathèd Lollards, and base schismatics:
Then wherefore would you have me view that book?
1 *Card.* Your grace mistakes, you gave us no such charge.
Ray. Deny it not: we all are witnesses
That Bruno here was late delivered you,
With his rich triple crown to be reserved,
And put into the church's treasury.
Both Card. By holy Paul we saw them not!
Pope. By Peter you shall die,
Unless you bring them forth immediately!
Hale them to prison, lade their limbs with gyves:
False prelates, for this hateful treachery,
Cursed be your souls to hellish misery!
Faust. So they are safe; now, Faustus, to the feast;
The Pope had never such a frolic guest.
Pope. Lord Archbishop of Rheims, sit down with us.
Arch. I thank your holiness.
Faust. Fall to; the devil choke you, an you spare.
Pope. Who's that spoke? Friars, look about.
Lord Raymond, pray fall to: I am beholding
To the Bishop of Millaine for this so rare a present.
Faust. I thank you, sir.
[*Snatches the dish.*
Pope. How now! Who snatched the meat from me?
Villains! why speak you not?
My good lord archbishop, here's a most dainty dish,
Was sent me from a Cardinal in France.
Faust. I'll have that too.
[*Snatches the dish.*
Pope. What Lollards do attend our holiness,
That we receive such great indignity?
Fetch me some wine.
Faust. Aye, pray do, for Faustus is a-dry.
Pope. Lord Raymond, I drink unto your grace.
Faust. I pledge your grace.
[*Snatches the cup.*
Pope. My wine gone too! Ye lubbers, look about
And find the man that doth this villainy,
Or by our sanctitude you all shall die.
I pray, my lords, have patience at this
Troublesome banquet.
Arch. Please it, your holiness; I think it be some ghost crept out of Purgatory, and now is come unto your Holiness for his pardon.
Pope. It may be so.
Go then, command our priests to sing a dirge,
To lay the fury of this troublesome ghost.
[*Exit* Attendant. *The* Pope *crosses himself.*
Faust. How now!
Must every bit be spicèd with a cross?
Nay, then, take that.
[*Gives the* Pope *a buffet.*
Pope. O I am slain! help me, my lords!
O come and help to bear my body hence!
Damned be his soul for ever for this deed!
[*Exeunt* Pope *and his train.*
Meph. Now, Faustus, what will you do now? For I can tell you you'll be cursed with bell, book, and candle.
Faust. Bell, book, and candle; candle, book, and bell,
Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell!

Enter the Friars *with bell, book, and candle, for the dirge.*

1 *Friar.* Come, brethren, let's about our business with good devotion.
Cursed be he that stole his Highness' meat from the table.
Maledicat Dominus.
Cursed be he that struck his Holiness a blow on the face.
Maledicat Dominus.

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Cursed be he that struck Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate.

Maledicat Dominus.

Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge.

Maledicat Dominus.

Cursed be he that took away his Holiness' wine.

Maledicat Dominus.

[*They beat the Friars, fling fireworks among them, and exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Robin *and* Dick, *with a cup.*

Dick. Sirrah Robin! we were best look that your devil can answer the stealing of this same cup, for the vintner's boy follows us at the hard heels.

Rob. 'Tis no matter, let him come; and he follow us, I'll so conjure him as he was never conjured in his life, I warrant him: let me see the cup.

Dick. Here 'tis: yonder he comes. Now, Robin, now or never show thy cunning.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. Oh, are you here? I am glad I have found you; you are a couple of fine companions: pray where's the cup you stole from the tavern?

Rob. How, how! we steal a cup! take heed what you say; we look not like cup-stealers, I can tell you.

Vint. Never deny 't, for I know you have it, and I'll search you.

Rob. Search me? Aye, and spare not—Hold the cup, Dick—Come, come, search me, search me. [Vintner *searches him.*

Vint. Come on, sirrah, let me search you now.

Dick. Aye, aye, do, do—Hold the cup, Robin—I fear not your searching; we scorn to steal your cups, I can tell you.

[Vintner *searches him.*

Vint. Never outface me for the matter; for sure the cup is between you two.

Rob. Nay, there you lie, 'tis beyond us both.

Vint. A plague take you, I thought 'twas your knavery to take it away: come, give it me again.

Rob. Ah, much! when can you tell? Dick, make me a circle, and stand close at my back, and stir not for thy life. Vintner, you shall have your cup anon; say nothing, Dick: [*Reads from his book.*] *O per se, O; Demigorgon;* Belcher and Mephistophilis!

Enter Mephistophilis.

Meph. You princely legions of infernal rule,
How am I vexèd by these villains' charms!
From Constantinople have they brought me now,
Only for pleasure of these damnèd slaves.

Rob. By'r lady, sir, you have had a shrewd journey of it! will it please you to take a shoulder of mutton to supper, and a tester in your purse, and go back again?

Dick. Aye, I pray you heartily, sir; for we called you but in jest, I promise you.

Meph. To purge the rashness of this cursèd deed,
First, be thou turnèd to this ugly shape;
For apish deeds transformèd to an ape.

Rob. O brave! an ape! I pray, sir, let me have the carrying of him about to show some tricks.

Meph. And so thou shalt: be thou transformed to a dog, and carry him upon thy back; away! begone!

Rob. A dog! That's excellent! let the maids look well to their porridge-pots, for I'll into the kitchen presently: come, Dick, come. [*Exeunt the two* Clowns.

Meph. Now with the flames of ever-burning fire,
I'll wing myself, and forthwith fly amain
Unto my Faustus to the Great Turk's court.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Martino *and* Frederick *at several doors.*

Mart. What ho! officers, gentlemen!
Hie to the presence to attend the Emperor;
Good Frederick, see the rooms be voided straight,
His majesty is coming to the hall;
Go back, and see the state in readiness.

Fred. But where is Bruno, our elected Pope,
That on a fury's back came post from Rome?
Will not his grace consort the Emperor?

Mart. O yes: and with him comes the German conjuror,
The learned Faustus, fame of Wittenberg;
The wonder of the world for magic art:
And he intends to show great Carolus
The race of all his stout progenitors;
And bring in presence of his majesty,
The royal shapes, and perfect semblances,
Of Alexander and his beauteous paramour.

Fred. Where is Benvolio?

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Mart. Fast asleep, I warrant you;
He took his rouse with stoups of Rhenish wine
So kindly yesternight to Bruno's health,
That all this day the sluggard keeps his bed.
Fred. See, see, his window's ope! we'll call to him.
Mart. What ho! Benvolio!

Enter Benvolio *above, at a window, in his nightcap; buttoning.*

Benv. What a devil ails you two?
Mart. Speak softly, sir, lest the devil hear you:
For Faustus at the court is late arrived,
And at his heels a thousand Furies wait,
To accomplish whatsoever the Doctor please.
Benv. What of this?
Mart. Come, leave thy chamber first, and thou shalt see
This conjuror perform such rare exploits,
Before the Pope and royal Emperor,
As never yet was seen in Germany.
Benv. Has not the Pope enough of conjuring yet?
He was upon the devil's back late enough;
An if he be so far in love with him
I would he would post with him to Rome again.
Fred. Speak, wilt thou come and see this sport?
Benv. Not I.
Mart. Wilt thou stand in thy window, and see it then?
Benv. Aye, an I fall not asleep i' the mean time.
Mart. The Emperor is at hand, who comes to see
What wonders by black spells may compassed be.
Benv. Well, go you attend the Emperor: I am content for this once to thrust my head out at a window: for they say, if a man be drunk over night, the devil cannot hurt him in the morning: if that be true, I have a charm in my head shall control him as well as the conjuror, I warrant you.

[*Exeunt* Frederick *and* Martino.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Sennet. Enter Charles, *the German Emperor*, Bruno, Saxony, Faustus, Mephistophilis, Frederick, Martino, *and* Attendants.

Emp. Wonder of men, renowned magician,
Thrice learned Faustus, welcome to our court.
This deed of thine, in setting Bruno free
From his and our professèd enemy,
Shall add more excellence unto thine art
Than if by powerful necromantic spells
Thou could'st command the world's obedience;
For ever be beloved of Carolus;
And if this Bruno thou hast late redeemed
In peace possess the triple diadem,
And sit in Peter's chair despite of chance,
Thou shalt be famous through all Italy,
And honoured of the German Emperor.
Faust. These gracious words, most royal Carolus,
Shall make poor Faustus, to his utmost power,
Both love and serve the German Emperor,
And lay his life at holy Bruno's feet:
For proof whereof, if so your grace be pleased,
The Doctor stands prepared by power of art
To cast his magic charms, that shall pierce through
The ebon gates of ever-burning hell,
And hale the stubborn Furies from their caves,
To compass whatsoe'er your grace commands.
Benv. 'Blood, he speaks terribly! but for all that, I do not greatly believe him; he looks as like a conjuror as the Pope to a costermonger.
Emp. Then, Faustus, as thou late didst promise us,
We would behold that famous conqueror,
Great Alexander, and his paramour,
In their true shapes, and state majestical,
That we may wonder at their excellence.
Faust. Your majesty shall see them presently.
Mephistophilis, away;
And with a solemn noise of trumpets' sound
Present before this royal Emperor
Great Alexander and his beauteous paramour.
Meph. Faustus, I will.
Benv. Well, Mr. Doctor, an your devils come not away quickly, you shall have me asleep presently: zounds! I could eat myself for anger, to think I have been such an ass all this while, to stand gaping after the devil's governor, and can see nothing.
Faust. I'll make you feel something anon, if my art fail me not. [*Aside.*
My lord, I must forewarn your majesty,
That when my spirits present the royal shapes

Of Alexander and his paramour,
Your grace demand no questions of the king;
But in dumb silence let them come and go.

Emp. Be it as Faustus please, we are content.

Benv. Aye, aye, and I am content too: an thou bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor, I'll be Actæon, and turn myself to a stag.

Faust. And I'll play Diana, and send you the horns presently.

Sennet. Enter at one door the Emperor Alexander, *at the other* Darius; *they meet;* Darius *is thrown down;* Alexander *kills him, takes off his crown, and offering to go out, his Paramour meets him; he embraceth her, and sets* Darius' *crown upon her head; and coming back, both salute the* Emperor, *who leaving his state, offers to embrace them; which* Faustus *seeing, suddenly stays him: then trumpets cease, and music sounds.*

My gracious lord, you do forget yourself,
These are but shadows, not substantial.

Emp. O pardon me, my thoughts are so ravished
With sight of this renownèd Emperor,
That in mine arms I would have compassed him;
But, Faustus, since I may not speak to them,
To satisfy my longing thoughts at full,
Let me this tell thee: I have heard it said,
That this fair lady, whilst she lived on earth,
Had on her neck a little wart or mole;
Now may I prove that saying to be true?

Faust. Your majesty may boldly go and see.

Emp. Faustus, I see it plain;
And in this sight thou better pleasest me,
Than if I'd gained another monarchy.

Faust. Away! begone! [*Exit show.*]
See, see, my gracious lord! what strange beast is yon that thrusts his head out at window.

Emp. O wondrous sight! see, Duke of Saxony,
Two spreading horns most strangely fastened
Upon the head of young Benvolio.

Sax. What, is he asleep or dead?

Faust. He sleeps, my lord, but dreams not of his horns.

Emp. This sport is excellent: we'll call and wake him.
What ho! Benvolio!

Benv. A plague upon you, let me sleep awhile.

Emp. I blame thee not to sleep much, having such a head of thine own.

Sax. Look up, Benvolio, 'tis the Emperor calls.

Benv. The Emperor! where? O, zounds, my head!

Emp. Nay, an thy horns hold, 'tis no matter for thy head, for that's armed sufficiently.

Faust. Why, how now, sir knight? what, hanged by the horns? This is most horrible: fie, pull in your head for shame; let not all the world wonder at you.

Benv. Zounds, Doctor, this is your villainy!

Faust. O say not so, sir, the Doctor has no skill!
No art, no cunning, to present these lords,
Or bring before this royal Emperor
The mighty monarch, warlike Alexander:
If Faustus do it, you are straight resolved
In bold Actæon's shape to turn a stag.
And therefore, my lord, so please your majesty,
I'll raise a kennel of hounds shall hunt him so,
As all his footmanship shall scarce prevail
To keep his carcase from their bloody fangs.
Ho! Belimote, Argiron, Asterote!

Benv. Hold, hold! zounds! he'll raise up a kennel of devils, I think, anon: good my lord entreat for me; 'sblood, I am never able to endure these torments.

Emp. Then, good Mr. Doctor,
Let me entreat you to remove his horns,
He has done penance now sufficiently.

Faust. My gracious lord; not so much for injury done to me, as to delight your majesty with some mirth, hath Faustus justly requited this injurious knight; which being all I desire, I am content to remove his horns. Mephistophilis, transform him; and hereafter, sir, look you speak well of scholars.

Benv. Speak well of ye? 'Sblood, an scholars be such cuckold-makers to clap horns on honest men's heads o' this order, I'll ne'er trust smooth faces and small ruffs more. But an I be not revenged for this, would I might be turned to a gaping oyster, and drink nothing but salt water. [*Aside.*

Emp. Come, Faustus, while the Emperor lives,
In recompense of this thy high desert,
Thou shalt command the state of Germany,
And live beloved of mighty Carolus.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

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SCENE II.

Enter Benvolio, Martino, Frederick, *and* Soldiers.

Mart. Nay, sweet Benvolio, let us sway thy thoughts
From this attempt against the conjuror.
Benv. Away, you love me not to urge me thus;
Shall I let slip so great an injury,
When every servile groom jests at my wrongs,
And in their rustic gambols proudly say,
"Benvolio's head was graced with horns to-day?"
O may these eyelids never close again,
Till with my sword I have that conjuror slain:
If you will aid me in this enterprise,
Then draw your weapons and be resolute;
If not, depart; here will Benvolio die,
But Faustus' death shall quit my infamy.
Fred. Nay, we will stay with thee, betide what may,
And kill that Doctor if he come this way.
Benv. Then, gentle Frederick, hie thee to the grove,
And place our servants and our followers,
Close in an ambush there behind the trees;
By this I know the conjuror is near:
I saw him kneel, and kiss the Emperor's hand,
And take his leave, laden with rich rewards:
Then, soldiers, boldly fight; if Faustus die,
Take you the wealth, leave us the victory.
Fred. Come, soldiers, follow me unto the grove,
Who kills him shall have gold and endless love. [*Exit* Fred. *with* Soldiers.
Benv. My head is lighter than it was by the horns,
But yet my heart's more ponderous than my head,
And pants until I see that conjuror dead.
Mart. Where shall we place ourselves, Benvolio?
Benv. Here will we stay to hide the first assault;
O were that damnèd hell-hound but in place,
Thou soon should'st see me quit my foul disgrace!

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Close, close, the conjuror is at hand,
And all alone comes walking in his gown;
Be ready then, and strike the peasant down.
Benv. Mine be that honour then: now, sword strike home,
For horns he gave, I'll have his head anon.

Enter Faustus, *with a false head.*

Mart. See, see, he comes.
Benv. No words: this blow ends all;
Hell take his soul, his body thus must fall.
Faust. Oh!
Fred. Groan you, Master Doctor?
Benv. Break may his heart with groans: dear Frederick, see,
Thus will I end his griefs immediately.
Mart. Strike with a willing hand, his head is off.
[Benvolio *strikes off* Faustus's *false head.*
Benv. The Devil's dead, the Furies now may laugh.
Fred. Was this that stern aspèct, that awful frown,
Made the grim monarch of infernal spirits
Tremble and quake at his commanding charms?
Mart. Was this that damnèd head, whose art conspired
Benvolio's shame before the Emperor?
Benv. Aye, that's the head, and here the body lies,
Justly rewarded for his villainies.
Fred. Come, let's devise how we may add more shame
To the black scandal of his hated name.
Benv. First, on his head, in quittance of my wrongs,
I'll nail huge forkèd horns, and let them hang
Within the window where he yoked me first,
That all the world may see my just revenge.
Mart. What use shall we put his beard to?
Benv. We'll sell it to a chimney-sweeper; it will wear out ten birchen brooms, I warrant you.
Fred. What shall his eyes do?
Benv. We'll put out his eyes; and they shall serve for buttons to his lips, to keep his tongue from catching cold.
Mart. An excellent policy: and now, sirs, having divided him, what shall the body do? [Faustus *gets up.*
Benv. Zounds, the Devil's alive again!
Fred. Give him his head for God's sake.
Faust. Nay, keep it: Faustus will have heads and hands,
And all your hearts to recompense this deed.
Knew you not, traitors, I was limited

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For four-and-twenty years to breathe on earth?
And had you cut my body with your swords,
Or hewed this flesh and bones as small as sand,
Yet in a minute had my spirit returned,
And I had breathed a man, made free from harm.
But wherefore do I dally my revenge?
Asteroth, Belimoth, Mephistophilis!

Enter Mephistophilis, *and other Devils.*

Go, horse these traitors on your fiery backs,
And mount aloft with them as high as heaven;
Thence pitch them headlong to the lowest hell:
Yet, stay, the world shall see their misery,
And hell shall after plague their treachery.
Go, Belimoth, and take this caitiff hence,
And hurl him in some lake of mud and dirt:
Take thou this other, drag him through the woods
Amongst the pricking thorns and sharpest briers;
Whilst with my gentle Mephistophilis,
This traitor flies unto some steepy rock,
That rolling down may break the villain's bones,
As he intended to dismember me.
Fly hence! despatch my charge immediately!

Fred. Pity us, gentle Faustus, save our lives!

Faust. Away!

Fred. He must needs go, that the devil drives.

[*Exeunt* Spirits *with the* Knights.

SCENE III.

Enter the ambushed Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* Come, sirs, prepare yourselves in readiness;
Make haste to help these noble gentlemen,
I heard them parley with the conjuror.

2 *Sold.* See, where he comes; despatch and kill the slave.

Faust. What's here? an ambush to betray my life!
Then, Faustus, try thy skill: base peasants, stand!
For lo, these trees remove at my command,
And stand as bulwarks 'twixt yourselves and me,
To shield me from your hated treachery:
Yet to encounter this your weak attempt,
Behold an army comes incontinent.

[Faustus *strikes the ground, and enter a* Devil *playing on a drum, after him another bearing an ensign; and divers with weapons;* Mephistophilis *with fireworks; they set upon the soldiers and drive them out.*

SCENE IV.

Enter at several doors, Benvolio, Frederick, *and* Martino, *their heads and faces bloody, and besmeared with mud and dirt: all having horns on their heads.*

Mart. What ho! Benvolio!

Benv. Here; what, Frederick, ho!

Fred. O help me, gentle friend; where is Martino?

Mart. Dear Frederick, here,
Half smothered in a lake of mud and dirt,
Through which the Furies dragged me by the heels.

Fred. Martino, see Benvolio's horns again!

Mart. Oh, misery! how now, Benvolio?

Benv. Defend me, heaven! shall I be haunted still?

Mart. Nay, fear not, man, they have no power to kill.

Benv. My friends transformèd thus: oh, hellish spite!
Your heads are all set with horns.

Fred. You hit it right,
It is your own you mean; feel on your head.

Benv. Zounds! horns again!

Mart. Nay, chafe not, man, we all are sped.

Benv. What devil attends this damned magician,
That spite of spite our wrongs are doubled?

Fred. What may we do that we may hide our shames?

Benv. If we should follow him to work revenge,
He'd join long asses' ears to these huge horns,
And make us laughing-stocks to all the world.

Mart. What shall we then do, dear Benvolio?

Benv. I have a castle joining near these woods,
And thither we'll repair, and live obscure,
Till time shall alter these our brutish shapes:
Sith black disgrace hath thus eclipsed our fame,
We'll rather die with grief than live with shame. [*Exeunt omnes.*

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SCENE V.

Enter Faustus, *and the* Horse-Courser, *and* Mephistophilis.

Horse-C. I beseech your worship accept of these forty dollars.

Faust. Friend, thou canst not buy so good a horse for so small a price: I have no great need to sell him, but if thou likest him for ten dollars more, take him, because I see thou hast a good mind to him.

Horse-C. I beseech you, sir, accept of this: I am a very poor man, and have lost very much of late by horseflesh, and this bargain will set me up again.

Faust. Well, I will not stand with thee; give me the money. Now, sirrah, I must tell you that you may ride him o'er hedge and ditch, and spare him not; but, do you hear, in any case, ride him not into the water.

Horse-C. How, sir, not into the water?—why, will he not drink of all waters?

Faust. Yes; he will drink of all waters, but ride him not into the water; o'er hedge and ditch, and where thou wilt, but not into the water. Go, bid the hostler deliver him unto you, and remember what I say.

Horse-C. I warrant you, sir; oh! joyful day: now am I made a man for ever! [*Exit.*

Faust. What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemned to die?
Thy fatal time draws to a final end;
Despair doth drive distrust into my thoughts,
Confound these passions with a quiet sleep:
Tush! Christ did call the Thief upon the Cross;
Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit.
[*He sits to sleep.*

Enter the Horse-courser *wet.*

Horse-C. Oh! what a cozening Doctor was this! I riding my horse into the water, thinking some hidden mystery had been in the horse, I had nothing under me but a little straw, and had much ado to scape drowning. Well, I'll go rouse him, and make him give me my forty dollars again. Ho! sirrah, Doctor, you cozening scab! Master Doctor, awake and rise, and give me my money again; for your horse is turned to a bottle of hay. Master Doctor! [*He pulls off his leg.*] Alas! I am undone! what shall I do! I have pulled off his leg.

Faust. Oh! help, help, the villain hath murdered me!

Horse-C. Murder or not murder, now he has but one leg I'll outrun him, and cast this leg into some ditch or other. [*He runs off.*

Faust. Stop him! stop him! stop him!—ha, ha, ha! Faustus hath his leg again, and the Horse-courser a bundle of hay for his forty dollars.

Enter Wagner.

How now, Wagner, what news with thee?

Wag. If it please you, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company; and hath sent some of his men to attend you, with provisions fit for your journey.

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt's an honourable gentleman, and one to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning: come, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Robin, Dick, Horse-Courser, *and* Carter.

Cart. Come, my masters, I'll bring you to the best beer in Europe; what ho! hostess! where be these whores?

Enter Hostess.

Host. How now, what lack you? What, my old guests? welcome.

Rob. Sirrah, Dick, dost thou know why I stand so mute?

Dick. No, Robin, why is't?

Rob. I am eighteen-pence on the score; but say nothing; see if she has forgotten me.

Host. Who's this, that stands so solemnly by himself? What, my old guest?

Rob. O, hostess, how do you do? I hope my score stands still.

Host. Aye, there's no doubt of that; for methinks you make no haste to wipe it out.

Dick. Why, hostess, I say, fetch us some beer.

Host. You shall presently: look up into the hall there, ho! [*Exit.*

Dick. Come, sirs, what shall we do now till mine hostess comes?

Cart. Marry, sirs, I'll tell you the bravest tale how a conjuror served me; you know Doctor Faustus?

Horse-C. Aye, a plague take him; here's some on's have cause to know him; did he conjure thee too?

Cart. I'll tell you how he served me: as I was going to Wittenberg t' other day with a load of hay he met me, and asked me what he should give me for as much hay as

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he could eat; now, sir, I, thinking a little would serve his turn, bad him take as much as he would for three farthings; so he presently gave me my money and fell to eating; and as I am a cursen man, he never left eating till he had eat up all my load of hay.

All. Oh, monstrous! eat a whole load of hay?

Rob. Yes, yes, that may be; for I have heard of one that has eat a load of logs.

Horse-C. Now, sirs, you shall hear how villainously he served me: I went to him yesterday to buy a horse of him, and he would by no means sell him under forty dollars; so, sirs, because I knew him to be such a horse as would run over hedge and ditch and never tire, I gave him his money; so when I had my horse, Doctor Faustus bad me ride him night and day, and spare him no time; but, quoth he, in any case, ride him not into the water: now, sir, I thinking the horse had some quality that he would not have me know of, what did I, but rid him into a great river; and when I came just in the midst, my horse vanished away, and I sate straddling upon a bottle of hay.

All. O brave Doctor!

Horse-C. But you shall hear how bravely I served him for it; I went me home to his house, and there I found him asleep; I kept a hallooing and whooping in his ears, but all could not wake him: I, seeing that, took him by the leg, and never rested pulling till I had pulled me his leg quite off; and now 'tis at home in mine hostry.

Rob. And has the Doctor but one leg then? That's excellent! for one of his devils turned me into the likeness of an ape's face.

Cart. Some more drink, hostess.

Rob. Hark you, we'll into another room and drink awhile, and then we'll go seek out the doctor. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Enter the Duke of Vanholt, *his* Duchess, Faustus, *and* Mephistophilis.

Duke. Thanks, Master Doctor, for these pleasant sights; nor know I how sufficiently to recompense your great deserts in erecting that enchanted castle in the air: the sight whereof so delighted me, as nothing in the world could please me more.

Faust. I do think myself, my good lord, highly recompensed in that it pleaseth your grace to think but well of that which Faustus hath performed. But, gracious lady, it may be that you have taken no pleasure in those sights; therefore, I pray you tell me, what is the thing you most desire to have; be it in the world, it shall be yours; I have heard that great-bellied women do long for things are rare and dainty.

Lady. True, Master Doctor; and since I find you so kind, I will make known unto you what my heart desires to have; and were it now summer as it is January, a dead time of the winter, I would request no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

Faust. This is but a small matter: go, Mephistophilis; away! [*Exit* Mephistophilis.] Madam, I will do more than this for your content.

Enter Mephistophilis *again, with the grapes.*

Here now, taste ye these; they should be good, for they come from a far country, I can tell you.

Duke. This makes me wonder more than all the rest; that at this time of the year, when every tree is barren of his fruit, from whence you had these ripe grapes.

Faust. Please it, your grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world; so that when it is winter with us, in the contrary circle it is likewise summer with them; as in India, Saba, and such countries that lie far east, where they have fruit twice a year; from whence, by means of a swift spirit that I have, I had these grapes brought as you see.

Lady. And trust me they are the sweetest grapes that ever I tasted.

[*The* Clown *bounceth at the gate, within.*

Duke. What rude disturbers have we at the gate?
Go pacify their fury, set it ope,
And then demand of them what they would have. [*They knock again, and call out to talk with* Faustus.

Serv. Why, how now, masters; what a coil is there;
What is the reason you disturb the Duke?

Dick. We have no reason for it, therefore a fig for him.

Serv. Why, saucy varlets, dare you be so bold?

Horse-C. I hope, sir, we have wit enough to be more bold than welcome

Serv. It appears so; pray be bold elsewhere, and trouble not the Duke.

Duke. What would they have?

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Serv. They all cry out to speak with Doctor Faustus.

Cart. Aye, and we will speak with him.

Duke. Will you, sir? Commit the rascals.

Dick. Commit with us; he were as good commit with his father as commit with us.

Faust. I do beseech your grace, let them come in,
They are good subject for a merriment.

Duke. Do as thou wilt, Faustus, I give thee leave.

Faust. I thank your grace.

Enter Robin, Dick, Carter *and* Horse-Courser.

Why, how now my good friends?
Faith you are too outrageous; but come near,
I have procured your pardons; welcome all.

Rob. Nay, sir, we will be welcome for our money, and we will pay for what we take. What ho! give's half a dozen of beer here, and be hanged.

Faust. Nay, hark you, can you tell me where you are?

Cart. Aye, marry, can I, we are under heaven.

Serv. Aye; but, Sir Saucebox, know you in what place?

Horse-C. Aye, aye, the house is good enough to drink in; zounds! fill us some beer, or we'll break all the barrels in the house, and dash out all your brains with your bottles.

Faust. Be not so furious; come, you shall have beer.
My lord, beseech you give me leave awhile,
I'll gage my credit 'twill content your grace.

Duke. With all my heart, kind Doctor, please thyself,
Our servants and our court's at thy command.

Faust. I humbly thank your grace; then fetch some beer.

Horse-C. Ah, marry! there spake a doctor, indeed! and 'faith, I'll drink a health to thy wooden leg for that word.

Faust. My wooden leg! what dost thou mean by that?

Cart. Ha, ha, ha! dost hear him, Dick? he has forgot his leg.

Horse-C. Aye, aye, he does not stand much upon that.

Faust. No, 'faith, not much upon a wooden leg.

Cart. Good Lord! that flesh and blood should be so frail with your worship! Do not you remember a horse-courser you sold a horse to?

Faust. Yes, I remember I sold one a horse.

Cart. And do you remember you bid he should not ride him into the water?

Faust. Yes, I do very well remember that.

Cart. And do you remember nothing of your leg.

Faust. No, in good sooth.

Cart. Then, I pray, remember your courtesy.

Faust. I thank you, sir.

Cart. 'Tis not so much worth: I pray you tell me one thing.

Faust. What's that?

Cart. Be both your legs bedfellows every night together?

Faust. Would'st thou make a Colossus of me, that thou askest me such a question?

Cart. No, truly, sir, I would make nothing of you; but I would fain know that.

Enter Hostess, *with drink.*

Faust. Then I assure thee, certainly they are.

Cart. I thank you, I am fully satisfied.

Faust. But wherefore dost thou ask?

Cart. For nothing, sir; but methinks you should have a wooden bedfellow of one of 'em.

Horse-C. Why, do you hear, sir, did not I pull off one of your legs when you were asleep?

Faust. But I have it again now I am awake? look you here, sir.

All. O horrible! had the Doctor three legs?

Cart. Do you remember, sir, how you cozened me, and eat up my load of——

[Faustus *charms him dumb, and each of the others, in the middle of his speech.*

Dick. Do you remember how you made me wear an ape's——

Horse-C. You whoreson conjuring scab! do you remember how you cozened with a ho——

Clown. Ha' you forgotten me? You think to carry it away with your hey-passe and repasse: do you remember the dog's fa—— [*Exeunt* Clowns.

Host. Who pays for the ale? Hear you, Master Doctor; now you have sent away my guests, I pray you who shall pay me for my a—— [*Exit* Hostess.

Lady. My lord,
We are much beholding to this learned man.

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Duke. So are we, madam; which we will recompense
With all the love and kindness that we may;
His artful sport drives all sad thoughts away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Devils *with covered dishes;* Mephistophilis *leads them into* Faustus's *Study: then enter* Wagner.

Wag. I think my master means to die shortly; he has made his will, and given me his wealth, his house, his goods, and store of golden plate; besides two thousand ducats ready coined: I wonder what he means! If death were nigh, he would not frolic thus: he's now at supper with the scholars; where there's such belly-cheer, as Wagner in his life ne'er saw the like; and see where they come, belike the feast is done. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Faustus, Mephistophilis, *and two or three* Scholars.

1 *Scho.* Mister Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautifullest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves, that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived: therefore, Mister Doctor, if you will do us so much favour as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

Faust. Gentlemen,
For that I know your friendship is unfeigned,
It is not Faustus's custom to deny
The just request of those that wish him well:
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
No otherwise for pomp or majesty,
Than when Sir Paris crossed the seas with her,
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania:
Be silent then, for danger is in words.

[*Music sounds.* Mephistophilis *brings in* Helen; *she passeth over the stage.*

2 *Scho.* Was this fair Helen, whose admirèd worth
Made Greece with ten years' war afflict poor Troy?

3 *Scho.* Too simple is my wit to tell her worth,
Whom all the world admires for majesty.

1 *Scho.* Now we have seen the pride of Nature's work,
We'll take our leave; and for this blessèd sight,
Happy and blessed be Faustus evermore. [*Exeunt* Scholars.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell; the same wish I to you.

Enter an Old Man.

Old Man. O, gentle Faustus! leave this damnèd art,
This magic, that will charm thy soul to hell;
And quite bereave thee of salvation.
Though thou hast now offended like a man,
Do not persèver in it like a devil:
Yet, yet, thou hast an amiable soul,
If sin by custom grow not into nature;
Then, Faustus, will repentance come too late;
Then thou art banished from the sight of heaven;
No mortal can express the pains of hell.
It may be this my exhortation
Seems harsh, and all unpleasant; let it not;
For, gentle son, I speak it not in wrath,
Or envy of thee, but in tender love
And pity of thy future misery;
And so have hope that this my kind rebuke,
Checking thy body, may amend thy soul.

Faust. Where art thou, Faustus? wretch! what hast thou done?

[Mephistophilis *gives him a dagger.*

Hell claims his right, and with a roaring voice
Says, "Faustus, come, thine hour is almost come;"
And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

Old Man. Oh! stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps;
I see an angel hover o'er thy head,
And, with a vial full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same into thy soul;
Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

Faust. Oh friend! I feel
Thy words to comfort my distressèd soul;
Leave me awhile to ponder on my sins.

Old Man. Faustus, I leave thee, but with grief of heart,
Fearing the enemy of thy hapless soul. [*Exit.*

Faust. Accursèd Faustus! wretch! what hast thou done?
I do repent, and yet I do despair;
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast,
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

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Meph. Thou traitor, Faustus! I arrest thy soul,
For disobedience to my sovereign lord;
Revolt, or I'll in piecemeal tear thy flesh.
Faust. I do repent I e'er offended him;
Sweet Mephistophilis, intreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
The former vow I made to Lucifer.
Meph. Do it then, Faustus, with unfeignèd heart,
Lest greater dangers do attend thy drift.
Faust. Torment, sweet friend, that base and aged man,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.
Meph. His faith is great; I cannot touch his soul;
But what I may afflict his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.
Faust. One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,
To glut the longing of my heart's desire:
That I may have unto my paramour,
That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embraces may extinguish clean
Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep my oath I made to Lucifer.
Meph. This, or what else my Faustus shall desire,
Shall be performed in twinkling of an eye.

Enter Helen *again, passing over between two Cupids.*

Faust. Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium!
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
[*Kisses her.*
Her lips suck forth my soul! see where it flies;
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy shall Wittenberg be sacked;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumèd crest:
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
Oh! thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter,
When he appeared to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azure arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Thunder. Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, *and* Mephistophilis.

Luci. Thus from infernal Dis do we ascend,
To view the subjects of our monarchy;
Those souls, which sin seals the black sons of Hell,
'Mong which, as chief, Faustus, we come to thee;
Bringing with us lasting damnation
To wait upon thy soul; the time is come
Which makes it forfeit.
Meph. And this gloomy night,
Here, in this room, will wretched Faustus be.
Belz. And here we'll stay,
To mark him how he doth demean himself.
Meph. How should he but in desperate lunacy?
Fond worldling; now his heart-blood dries with grief;
His conscience kills it, and his labouring brain
Begets a world of idle phantasies,
To overreach the Devil, but all in vain;
His store of pleasures must be sauced with pain.
He, and his servant Wagner, are at hand;
Both come from drawing Faustus' latest will.
See where they come.

Enter Faustus *and* Wagner.

Faust. Say, Wagner, thou hast perused my will;
How dost thou like it?
Wag. Sir, so wondrous well,
As in all humble duty I do yield
My life and lasting service for your love.
Faust. Gramarcy, Wagner!

Enter the Scholars.

Welcome, gentlemen.
1 *Scho.* Now, worthy Faustus, methinks your looks are changed.
Faust. Oh! gentlemen.
2 *Scho.* What ails Faustus?
Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee
Then had I livèd still! but now must die eternally.
Look, sirs, comes he not? Comes he not?
1 *Scho.* O, my dear Faustus, what imports this fear?
2 *Scho.* Is all our pleasure turned to melancholy?
3 *Scho.* He is not well with being over solitary.

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ho. If it be so, we'll have physicians, 'austus shall be cured.

ko. 'Tis but a surfeit, sir; fear nothing.

st. A surfeit of a deadly sin, that hath d both body and soul.

ho. Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven, member mercy is infinite.

st. But Faustus' offence can ne'er be ed; the serpent that tempted Eve saved, but not Faustus. Oh, gentle- hear me with patience, and tremble my speeches. Though my heart pant iver to remember that I have been a t here these thirty years; oh! would never seen Wittenberg, never read And what wonders I have done all ny can witness, yea, all the world: ch, Faustus hath lost both Germany world; yea, Heaven itself; Heaven, t of God, the throne of the blessed, gdom of joy, and must remain in r ever. Hell! O Hell, for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in Hell for ever?

2 *Scho.* Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured? On God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed? Oh, my God, I would weep, but the devil draws in my tears! Gush forth blood instead of tears! yea, life and soul.—Oh! he stays my tongue!—I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold 'em! they hold 'em!

All. Who, Faustus?

Faust. Why, Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Oh, gentlemen! I gave them my soul for my cunning.

All. Oh! God forbid!

Faust. God forbad it, indeed; but Faustus hath done it; for the vain pleasure of four-and-twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I write them a bill with mine own blood; the date is expired; this is the time, and he will fetch me.

1 *Scho.* Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I named God; to fetch me body and soul if I once gave ear to divinity; and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

2 *Scho.* Oh! what may we do to save Faustus?

Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves and depart.

3 *Scho.* God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.

1 *Scho.* Tempt not God, sweet friend, but let us into the next room and pray for him.

Faust. Aye, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

2 *Scho.* Pray thou, and we will pray that God have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell; if I live till morning, I'll visit you: if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

All. Faustus, farewell.

[*Exeunt* Scholars.

Meph. Ah, Faustus, now thou hast no hope of heaven,
Therefore despair; think only upon hell;
For that must be thy mansion there to dwell.

Faust. Oh, thou bewitching fiend! 'twas thy temptation
Hath robbed me of eternal happiness.

Meph. I do confess it, Faustus, and rejoice
'Twas I, that when thou wert i' the way to heaven,
Dammed up thy passage; when thou took'st the book
To view the scriptures, then I turned the leaves,
And led thine eye. . . . . .
What, weep'st thou! 'tis too late, despair! —Farewell!
Fools that will laugh on earth must weep in hell. [*Exit.*

Enter the Good *and* Bad Angels, *at several doors.*

Good Ang. Oh! Faustus, if thou hadst given ear to me,
Innumerable joys had followed thee;
But thou didst love the world.

Bad Ang. Gave ear to me,
And now must taste hell's pains perpetually.

Good Ang. Oh! what will all thy riches, pleasures, pomps
Avail thee now?

Bad Ang. Nothing but vex thee more,
To want in hell that had on earth such store.

[*Music, while a throne descends.*

Good Ang. Oh, thou hast lost celestial happiness,
Pleasures unspeakable, bliss without end!
Had'st thou affected sweet Divinity,
Hell or the Devil had had no power on thee:
Had'st thou kept on that way, Faustus, behold [*Music, while a throne descends.*

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In what resplendent glory thou hadst sat
In yonder throne, like those bright shining saints,
And triumphed over hell; that hast thou lost:
And now, poor soul! must thy good angel leave thee;
The jaws of hell are open to receive thee.
[*Exit, throne ascends.*
[*Hell is discovered.*]
Bad Ang. Now, Faustus, let thine eyes with horror stare
Into that vast perpetual torture-house:
There are the furies tossing damnèd souls
On burnings forks; their bodies boil in lead:
There are live quarters broiling on the coals,
That ne'er can die; this ever-burning chair
Is for o'er-tortured souls to rest them in;
These that are fed with sops of flaming fire
Were gluttons, and loved only delicates,
And laughed to see the poor starve at their gates;
But yet all these are nothing; thou shalt see
Ten thousand tortures that more horrid be.
Faust. Oh! I have seen enough to torture me.
Bad Ang. Nay, thou must feel them, taste the smart of all;
He that loves pleasure, must for pleasure fall:
And so I leave thee, Faustus, till anon;
Then wilt thou tremble in confusion.
[*Exit.*
[*The clock strikes eleven.*]
Faust. Oh, Faustus!
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually.
Stand still you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come.
Fair nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul.
O lente lente currite noctis equi!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.
Oh, I'll leap up to heaven!—Who pulls me down?
See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament:
One drop of blood will save me: oh, my Christ!
Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ;
Yet will I call on him. Oh, spare me Lucifer!—
Where is it now?—'tis gone!
And see, a threatening arm, an angry brow!
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven!
No!
Then will I headlong run into the earth:
Gape, earth!—O no, it will not harbour me.
You stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud;
That, when ye vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths;
But let my soul mount and ascend to heaven.
[*The clock strikes the half hour.*
Oh, half the hour is past, 'twill all be past anon.
Oh! if my soul must suffer for my sin,
Impose some end to my incessant pain.
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years—
A hundred thousand—and at last be saved:
No end is limited to damnèd souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Oh! Pythágoras' Metempsýchosis!
Were that [but] true; this soul should fly from me,
And I be changed into some brutish beast.
All beasts are happy, for when they die
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.
Cursed be the parents that engendered me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven. [*The clock strikes twelve.*
It strikes, it strikes! now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.
[*Thunder and rain.*
O soul! be changed into small water-drops,
And fall into the ocean; ne'er be found.

Enter the Devils.

Oh! mercy, heaven, look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!—
Ugly hell, gape not!—Come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books!—Oh, Mephistophilis!
[*Exeunt.*

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Enter the Scholars.

1 *Scho.* Come, gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,
For such a dreadful night was never seen
Since first the world's creation did begin;
Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard;
Pray heaven the Doctor have escaped the danger.

2 *Scho.* Oh, help us, heavens! see, here are Faustus' limbs,
All torn asunder by the hand of death.

3 *Scho.* The devils whom Faustus served have torn him thus;
For 'twixt the hours of twelve and one, methought
I heard him shriek and cry aloud for help;
At which selftime the house seemed all on fire,
With dreadful horror of these damnèd fiends.

2 *Scho.* Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' end be such
As every Christian heart laments to think on;
Yet, for he was a scholar once admired
For wondrous knowledge in our German schools,
We'll give his mangled limbs due burial;
And all the students, clothed in mourning black,
Shall wait upon his heavy funeral.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough,
That sometime grew within this learnèd man:
Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at unlawful things;
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits,
To practise more than heavenly power permits.

Terminat hora diem, terminat auctor opus.

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The Jew of Malta.

TO

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

Mr. THOMAS HAMMON,

Of Gray's Inn, &c.

THIS play, composed by so worthy an author as Mr. Marlowe, and the part of the Jew presented by so unimitable an actor as Mr. Alleyn, being in this later age commended to the stage; as I ushered it unto the Court, and presented it to the Cock-pit, with these prologues and epilogues here inserted, so now being newly brought to the press, I was loth it should be published without the ornament of an Epistle; making choice of you unto whom to devote it; than whom (of all those gentlemen and acquaintance, within the compass of my long knowledge) there is none more able to tax ignorance, or attribute right to merit. Sir, you have been pleased to grace some of mine own works with your courteous patronage; I hope this will not be the worse accepted, because commended by me; over whom, none can claim more power or privilege than yourself. I had no better a new-year's gift to present you with; receive it therefore as a continuance of that inviolable obligement, by which, he rests still engaged; who as he ever hath, shall always remain,

Tuissimus:

THO. HEYWOOD.

THE PROLOGUE SPOKEN AT COURT.

Gracious and Great, that we so boldly dare,
('Mongst other plays that now in fashion are)
To present this; writ many years agone,
And in that age thought second unto none,
We humbly crave your pardon: We pursue
The story of a rich and famous Jew
Who lived in Malta: you shall find him still,
In all his projects, a sound Machiavill;
And that's his character. He that hath past
So many censures, is now come at last
To have your princely ears: grace you him; then
You crown the action, and renown the pen.

EPILOGUE.

It is our fear (dread sovereign) we have bin
Too tedious; neither can't be less than sin
To wrong your princely patience: If we have,
(Thus low dejected) we your pardon crave:
And if aught here offend your ear or sight,
We only act and speak what others write.

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THE PROLOGUE TO THE STAGE,

AT THE COCK-PIT.

We know not how our play may pass this stage,
But by the best of poets in that age
The Malta Jew had being, and was made;
And he, then by the best of actors played:
In Hero and Leander, one did gain
A lasting memory: in Tamburlaine,
This Jew, with others many, th' other wan
The attribute of peerless, being a man
Whom we may rank with (doing no one wrong)
Proteus for shapes, and Roscius for a tongue,
So could he speak, so vary; nor is't hate
To merit, in him who doth personate
Our Jew this day; nor is it his ambition
To exceed or equal, being of condition
More modest; this is all that he intends,
(And that too, at the urgence of some friends)
To prove his best, and if none here gainsay it,
The part he hath studied, and intends to play it.

EPILOGUE.

In graving, with Pygmalion to contend;
Or painting, with Apelles; doubtless the end
Must be disgrace: our actor did not so,
He only aimed to go, but not out-go.
Nor think that this day any prize was played;
Here were no bets at all, no wagers laid;
All the ambition that his mind doth swell,
Is but to hear from you (by me), 'twas well.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Machiavel, *the Prologue.*
Barabas, *the Jew.*
Ferneze, *Governor of Malta.*
Selim Calymath, *Son of the Grand Seignior.*
Don Lodowick, *the Governor's Son, in love with Abigail.*
Don Mathias, *also in love with her.*
Martin del Bosco, *Vice-Admiral of Spain.*
Ithamore, *Barabas' Slave.*

Barnardino, } *Friars.*
Jacomo, }
Pilia-borsa, *a Bully.*
Two Merchants.
Three Jews.
Bashaws, Knights, Officers, Reader, &c.

Abigail, *the Jews' Daughter.*
Abbess.
Two Nuns.
Bellamira, *a Courtesan.*

Scene—Malta.

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Enter Machiavel.

Machiavel. Albeit the world thinks Machiavel is dead,
Yet was his soul but flown beyond the Alps;
And now the Guise is dead, is come from France,
To view this land, and frolic with his friends.
To some perhaps my name is odious,
But such as love me guard me from their tongues,
And let them know that I am Machiavel,
And weigh not men, and therefore not men's words.
Admired I am of those that hate me most.
Though some speak openly against my books,
Yet they will read me, and thereby attain
To Peter's chair: and when they cast me off,
Are poisoned by my climbing followers.
I count religion but a childish toy,
And hold there is no sin but ignorance.
Birds of the air will tell of murders past;
I am ashamed to hear such fooleries:
Many will talk of title to a crown.
What right had Cæsar to the empire?
Might first made kings, and laws were then most sure
When like the Draco's they were writ in blood.
Hence comes it that a strong built citadel
Commands much more than letters can import;
Which maxim had [but] Phalaris observed,
He had never bellowed in a brazen bull,
Of great one's envy; of the poor petty wights,
Let me be envied and not pitièd!
But whither am I bound? I come not, I,
To read a lecture here in Britain,
But to present the tragedy of a Jew,
Who smiles to see how full his bags are crammed,
Which money was not got without my means.
I crave but this—grace him as he deserves,
And let him not be entertained the worse
Because he favours me. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Enter Barabas *in his counting house, with heaps of gold before him.*

Bar. So that of thus much that return was made:
And of the third part of the Persian ships,
There was the venture summed and satisfied.
As for those Samnites, and the men of Uz,
That bought my Spanish oils, and wines of Greece,
Here have I purst their paltry silverlings.
Fie; what a trouble 'tis to count this trash.
Well fare the Arabians, who so richly pay
The things they traffic for with wedge of gold,
Whereof a man may easily in a day
Tell that which may maintain him all his life.
The needy groom that never fingered groat,
Would make a miracle of thus much coin:
But he whose steel-barred coffers are crammed full,
And all his lifetime hath been tired,
Wearying his fingers' ends with telling it,
Would in his age be loth to labour so,
And for a pound to sweat himself to death.
Give me the merchants of the Indian mines,
That trade in metal of the purest mould;
The wealthy Moor, that in the eastern rocks
Without controul can pick his riches up,
And in his house heap pearl like pebble stones,
Receive them free, and sell them by the weight;
Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
And seld-seen costly stones of so great price,
As one of them indifferently rated,
And of a carat of this quantity,
May serve in peril of calamity
To ransom great kings from captivity.
This is the ware wherein consists my wealth;
And thus methinks should men of judgment frame
Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,
And as their wealth increaseth, so inclose
Infinite riches in a little room.
But now how stands the wind?
Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill?
Ha! to the east? yes: see how stand the vanes?
East and by south: why then I hope my ships
I sent for Egypt and the bordering isles
Are gotten up by Nilus winding banks:
Mine argosy from Alexandria,
Loaden with spice and silks, now under sail,
Are smoothly gliding down by Candy shore
To Malta, through our Mediterranean sea.
But who comes here? How now.

Enter a Merchant.

Merch. Barabas, thy ships are safe,
Riding in Malta Road: and all the merchants
With other merchandise are safe arrived,

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And have sent me to know whether yourself
Will come and custom them.
Bar. The ships are safe thou say'st, and richly fraught.
Merch. They are.
Bar. Why then go bid them come ashore,
And bring with them their bills of entry:
I hope our credit in the custom-house
Will serve as well as I were present there.
Go send 'em threescore camels, thirty mules,
And twenty waggons to bring up the ware.
But art thou master in a ship of mine,
And is thy credit not enough for that?
Merch. The very custom barely comes to more
Than many merchants of the town are worth,
And therefore far exceeds my credit, sir.
Bar. Go tell 'em the Jew of Malta sent thee, man:
Tush! who amongst 'em knows not Barabas?
Merch. I go.
Bar. So then, there's somewhat come.
Sirrah, which of my ships art thou master of?
Merch. Of the Speranza, sir.
Bar. And saw'st thou not
Mine argosy at Alexandria?
Thou could'st not come from Egypt, or by Caire
But at the entry there into the sea,
Where Nilus pays his tribute to the main.
Thou needs must sail by Alexandria.
Merch. I neither saw them, nor inquired of them:
But this we heard some of our seamen say,
They wondered how you durst with so much wealth
Trust such a crazèd vessel, and so far.
Bar. Tush, they are wise! I know her and her strength.
But go, go thou thy ways, discharge thy ship,
And bid my factor bring his loading in.
[*Exit* Merch.
And yet I wonder at this argosy.

Enter a second Merchant.

2 *Merch.* Thine argosy from Alexandria,
Know Barabas doth ride in Malta Road,
Laden with riches, and exceeding store
Of Persian silks, of gold, and orient pearl.
Bar. How chance you came not with those other ships
That sailed by Egypt?
2 *Merch.* Sir, we saw 'em not.
Bar. Belike they coasted round by Candy shore
About their oils, or other businesses.
But 'twas ill done of you to come so far
Without the aid or conduct of their ships.
2 *Merch.* Sir, we were wafted by a Spanish fleet,
That never left us till within a league,
That had the galleys of the Turk in chase.
Bar. Oh! — they were going up to Sicily:—
Well, go,
And bid the merchants and my men despatch
And come ashore, and see the fraught discharged.
2 *Merch.* I go. [*Exit.*
Bar. Thus trowls our fortune in by land and sea,
And thus are we on every side enriched:
These are the blessings promised to the Jews,
And herein was old Abram's happiness:
What more may heaven do for earthly man
Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps,
Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,
Making the seas their servants, and the winds
To drive their substance with successful blasts?
Who hateth me but for my happiness?
Or who is honoured now but for his wealth?
Rather had I a Jew be hated thus,
Than pitied in a Christian poverty:
For I can see no fruits in all their faith,
But malice, falsehood, and excessive pride,
Which methinks fits not their profession.
Haply some hapless man hath conscience,
And for his conscience lives in beggary.
They say we are a scattered nation:
I cannot tell, but we have scrambled up
More wealth by far than those that brag of faith.
There's Kirriah Jairim, the great Jew of Greece,
Obed in Bairseth, Nones in Portugal,
Myself in Malta, some in Italy,
Many in France, and wealthy every one;
Aye, wealthier far than any Christian.
I must confess we come not to be kings;
That's not our fault: Alas, our number's few,
And crowns come either by succession,
Or urged by force; and nothing violent,
Oft have I heard tell, can be permanent.
Give us a peaceful rule, make Christians kings,
That thirst so much for principality.
I have no charge, nor many children,
But one sole daughter, whom I hold as dear
As Agamemnon did his Iphigene:
And all I have is hers. But who comes here?

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Enter three Jews.

1 *Jew.* Tush, tell not me 'twas done of policy.
2 *Jew.* Come therefore let us go to Barabas,
For he can counsel best in these affairs;
And here he comes.
Bar. Why how now, countrymen!
Why flock you thus to me in multitudes?
What accident's betided to the Jews?
1 *Jew.* A fleet of warlike galleys, Barabas,
Are come from Turkey, and lie in our road:
And they this day sit in the council-house
To entertain them and their embassy.
Bar. Why let 'em come, so they come not to war;
Or let 'em war, so we be conquerors:
Nay, let 'em combat, conquer, and kill all!
So they spare me, my daughter, and my wealth. [*Aside.*
1 *Jew.* Were it for confirmation of a league,
They would not come in warlike manner thus.
2 *Jew.* I fear their coming will afflict us all.
Bar. Fond men! what dream you of their multitudes,
What need they treat of peace that are in league?
The Turks and those of Malta are in league.
Tut, tut, there's some other matter in't.
1 *Jew.* Why, Barabas, they come for peace or war.
Bar. Haply for neither, but to pass along
Towards Venice by the Adriatic Sea;
With whom they have attempted many times,
But never could effect their stratagem.
3 *Jew.* And very wisely said. It may be so.
2 *Jew.* But there's a meeting in the senate-house,
And all the Jews in Malta must be there.
Bar. Hum; all the Jews in Malta must be there?
Aye, like enough, why then let every man
Provide him, and be there for fashion-sake.
If any thing shall there concern our state
Assure yourselves I'll look unto—myself. [*Aside.*
1 *Jew.* I know you will; well, brethren, let us go.
2 *Jew.* Let's take our leaves; farewell, good Barabas.
Bar. Farewell, Zaareth, farewell Temainte. [*Exeunt* Jews.
And Barabas now search this secret out.
Summon thy senses, call thy wits together:
These silly men mistake the matter clean.
Long to the Turk did Malta contribute;
Which tribute, all in policy I fear,
The Turk has let increase to such a sum
As all the wealth in Malta cannot pay;
And now by that advantage thinks belike
To seize upon the town: Aye, that he seeks.
Howe'er the world go, I'll make sure for one,
And seek in time to intercept the worst,
Warily guarding that which I have got.
Ego mihimet sum semper proximus.
Why let 'em enter, let 'em take the town. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Governor of Malta, Knights, *met by* Bassoes *of the* Turk, Calymath, *and* Officers.

Gov. Now, Bassoes, what demand you at our hands?
Bas. Know, Knights of Malta, that we come from Rhodes,
From Cyprus, Candy, and those other Isles
That lie betwixt the Mediterranean seas.
Gov. What's Cyprus, Candy, and those other Isles
To us, or Malta? What at our hands demand ye?
Cal. The ten years' tribute that remains unpaid.
Gov. Alas! my lord, the sum is over great,
I hope your highness will consider us.
Cal. I wish, grave governors, 'twere in my power
To favour you, but 'tis my father's cause,
Wherein I may not, nay I dare not dally.
Gov. Then give us leave, great Selim Calymath. [*Consults apart.*
Cal. Stand all aside, and let the Knights determine,
And send to keep our galleys under sail,
For happily we shall not tarry here;
Now, governors; how are you resolved?
Gov. Thus: since your hard conditions are such
That you will needs have ten years' tribute past,
We may have time to make collection
Amongst the inhabitants of Malta for 't.
Cal. That's more than is in our commission.
Bass. What, Callapine! a little courtesy.
Let's know their time, perhaps it is not long,
And 'tis more kingly to obtain by peace
Than to enforce conditions by constraint.
What respite ask you, governors?
Gov. But a month.
Cal. We grant a month, but see you keep your promise.

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Now launch our galleys back again, to sea,
Where we'll attend the respite you have ta'en,
And for the money send our messenger.
Farewell, great Governor and brave Knights of Malta.
Gov. And all good fortune wait on Calymath! [*Exeunt* Calymath *and* Bassoes.
Go one and call those Jews of Malta hither:
Were they not summoned to appear to-day?
Off. They were, my lord, and here they come.

Enter Barabas, *and three* Jews.

1 *Knight.* Have you determined what to say to them?
Gov. Yes, give me leave:—and Hebrews now come near.
From the Emperor of Turkey is arrived
Great Selim Calymath, his highness' son,
To levy of us ten years' tribute past,
Now then, here know that it concerneth us—
Bar. Then, good my lord, to keep your quiet still,
Your lordship shall do well to let them have it.
Gov. Soft, Barabas, there's more 'longs to't than so.
To what this ten years' tribute will amount
That we have cast, but cannot compass it
By reason of the wars that robbed our store;
And therefore are we to request your aid.
Bar. Alas, my lord, we are no soldiers:
And what's our aid against so great a prince?
1 *Knight.* Tut, Jew, we know thou art no soldier;
Thou art a merchant and a moneyed man,
And 'tis thy money, Barabas, we seek.
Bar. How, my lord, my money?
Gov. Thine and the rest.
For, to be short, 'mongst you it must be had.
Bar. Alas, my lord, the most of us are poor.
Gov. Then let the rich increase your portions.
Bar. Are strangers with your tribute to be taxed?
2 *Knight.* Have strangers leave with us to get their wealth?
Then let them with us contribute.
Bar. How; equally?
Gov. No, Jew, like infidels.
For through our sufferance of your hateful lives,
Who stand accursèd in the sight of heaven,
These taxes and afflictions have befallen,
And therefore thus we are determined.
Read there the articles of our decrees.
Reader. First, the tribute money of the Turks shall all be levied amongst the Jews, and each of them to pay one half of his estate.
Bar. How, half his estate? I hope you mean not mine. [*Aside.*
Gov. Read on.
Reader. Secondly, he that denies to pay shall straight become a Christian.
Bar. How! a Christian? Hum, what's here to do? [*Aside.*
Reader. Lastly, he that denies this shall absolutely lose all he has.
All 3 *Jews.* Oh, my lord, we will give half.
Bar. O earth-mettled villains, and no Hebrews born!
And will you basely thus submit yourselves
To leave your goods to their arbitrament?
Gov. Why, Barabas, wilt thou be christenèd?
Bar. No, Governor, I will be no convertite.
Gov. Then pay thy half.
Bar. Why know you what you did by this device?
Half of my substance is a city's wealth.
Governor, it was not got so easily;
Nor will I part so slightly therewithal.
Gov. Sir, half is the penalty of our decree,
Either pay that, or we will seize on all.
Bar. Corpo di Dio! stay! you shall have half;
Let me be used but as my brethren are.
Gov. No, Jew, thou hast denied the articles,
And now it cannot be recalled.
Bar. Will you then steal my goods!
Is theft the ground of your religion?
Gov. No, Jew, we take particularly thine
To save the ruin of a multitude:
And better one want for a common good
Than many perish for a private man:
Yet Barabas, we will not banish thee,
But here in Malta, where thou got'st thy wealth,
Live still; and if thou canst, get more.
Bar. Christians, what, or how can I multiply?
Of naught is nothing made.
1 *Knight.* From naught at first thou cam'st to little wealth,
From little unto more, from more to most:
If your first curse fall heavy on thy head,
And make thee poor and scorned of all the world,
'Tis not our fault, but thy inherent sin.
Bar. What, bring you scripture to confirm your wrongs?
Preach me not out of my possessions.

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Some Jews are wicked, as all Christians are:
But say the tribe that I descended of
Were all in general cast away for sin,
Shall I be tried by their transgression?
The man that dealeth righteously shall live:
And which of you can charge me otherwise?
Gov. Out, wretched Barabas!
Sham'st thou not thus to justify thyself,
As if we knew not thy profession?
If thou rely upon thy righteousness,
Be patient and thy riches will increase.
Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness:
And covetousness, oh, 'tis a monstrous sin.
Bar. Aye, but theft is worse: tush! take not from me then
For that is theft! and if you rob me thus
I must be forced to steal and compass more.
1 *Knight.* Grave Governor, listen not to his exclaims.
Convert his mansion to a nunnery;
His house will harbour many holy nuns.
Gov. It shall be so.

Enter Officers.

Now, officers, have you done?
Off. Aye, my lord, we have seized upon the goods
And wares of Barabas, which being valued
Amount to more than all the wealth in Malta.
And of the other we have seizèd half.
Gov. Then we'll take order for the residue.
Bar. Well then, my lord, say, are you satisfied?
You have my goods, my money, and my wealth,
My ships, my store, and all that I enjoyed;
And, having all, you can request no more;
Unless your unrelenting flinty hearts
Suppress all pity in your stony breasts,
And now shall move you to bereave my life.
Gov. No, Barabas, to stain our hands with blood
Is far from us and our profession.
Bar. Why, I esteem the injury far less
To take the lives of miserable men
Than be the causes of their misery.
You have my wealth, the labour of my life,
The comfort of mine age, my children's hope,
And therefore ne'er distinguish of the wrong.
Gov. Content thee, Barabas, thou hast naught but right.
Bar. Your extreme right does me exceeding wrong:
But take it to you, i' the devil's name.
Gov. Come, let us in, and gather of these goods
The money for this tribute of the Turk.
1 *Knight.* 'Tis necessary that be looked unto:
For if we break our day, we break the league,
And that will prove but simple policy.
[*Exeunt, except the* Jews.
Bar. Aye, policy! that's their profession,
And not simplicity, as they suggest.
The plagues of Egypt, and the curse of heaven,
Earth's barrenness, and all men's hatred
Inflict upon them, thou great *Primus Motor!*
And here upon my knees, striking the earth,
I ban their souls to everlasting pains
And extreme tortures of the fiery deep,
That thus have dealt with me in my distress.
1 *Jew.* Oh yet be patient, gentle Barabas.
Bar. O silly brethren, born to see this day;
Why stand you thus unmoved with my laments?
Why weep you not to think upon my wrongs?
Why pine not I, and die in this distress?
1 *Jew.* Why, Barabas, as hardly can we brook
The cruel handling of ourselves in this;
Thou seest they have taken half our goods.
Bar. Why did you yield to their extortion?
You were a multitude, and I but one:
And of me only have they taken all.
1 *Jew.* Yet, brother Barabas, remember Job.
Bar. What tell you me of Job? I wot his wealth
Was written thus: he had seven thousand sheep,
Three thousand camels, and two hundred yoke
Of labouring oxen, and five hundred
She-asses: but for every one of those,
Had they been valued at indifferent rate,
I had at home, and in mine argosy,
And other ships that came from Egypt last,
As much as would have bought his beasts and him,
And yet have kept enough to live upon;
So that not he, but I may curse the day,
Thy fatal birth-day, forlorn Barabas;
And henceforth wish for an eternal nigh
That clouds of darkness may inclose my flesh,

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And hide these extreme sorrows from mine eyes:
For only I have toiled to inherit here
The months of vanity and loss of time,
And painful nights, have been appointed me.
2 *Jew.* Good Barabas, be patient.
Bar. Aye, I pray leave me in my patience.
You that were ne'er possessed of wealth, are pleased with want;
But give him liberty at least to mourn,
That in a field amidst his enemies
Doth see his soldiers slain, himself disarmed,
And knows no means of his recovery:
Aye, let me sorrow for this sudden chance;
'Tis in the trouble of my spirit I speak;
Great injuries are not so soon forgot.
1 *Jew.* Come, let us leave him in his ireful mood,
Our words will but increase his ecstasy.
2 *Jew.* On, then; but trust me 'tis a misery
To see a man in such affliction:
Farewell Barabas! [*Exeunt.*
Bar. Aye, fare you well.
See the simplicity of these base slaves,
Who, for the villains have no wit themselves,
Think me to be a senseless lump of clay
That will with every water wash to dirt:
No, Barabas is born to better chance,
And framed of finer mould than common men,
That measure naught but by the present time.
A reaching thought will search his deepest wits,
And cast with cunning for the time to come:
For evils are apt to happen every day—
But whither wends my beauteous Abigail?

Enter Abigail, *the Jew's daughter.*

Oh! what has made my lovely daughter sad?
What, woman, moan not for a little loss:
Thy father hath enough in store for thee.
Abig. Not for myself, but aged Barabas:
Father, for thee lamenteth Abigail:
But I will learn to leave these fruitless tears,
And, urged thereto with my afflictions,
With fierce exclaims run to the senate-house,
And in the senate reprehend them all,
And rent their hearts with tearing of my hair,
Till they reduce the wrongs done to my father.
Bar. No, Abigail, things past recovery
Are hardly cured with exclamations.
Be silent, daughter, sufferance breeds ease,
And time may yield us an occasion
Which on the sudden cannot serve the turn.
Besides, my girl, think me not all so fond
As negligently to forego so much
Without provision for thyself and me.
Ten thousand portagues, besides great pearls,
Rich costly jewels, and stones infinite,
Fearing the worst of this before it fell,
I closely hid.
Abig. Where, father?
Bar. In my house, my girl.
Abig. Then shall they ne'er be seen of Barabas:
For they have seized upon thy house and wares.
Bar. But they will give me leave once more, I trow,
To go into my house.
Abig. That may they not:
For there I left the Governor placing nuns,
Displacing me; and of thy house they mean
To make a nunnery, where none but their own sect
Must enter in; men generally barred.
Bar. My gold! my gold! and all my wealth is gone.
You partial heavens, have I deserved this plague?
What will you thus oppose me, luckless stars,
To make me desperate in my poverty?
And knowing me impatient in distress,
Think me so mad as I will hang myself,
That I may vanish o'er the earth in air,
And leave no memory that e'er I was.
No, I will live; nor loathe I this my life:
And, since you leave me in the ocean thus
To sink or swim, and put me to my shifts,
I'll rouse my senses and awake myself.
Daughter! I have it: thou perceiv'st the plight
Wherein these Christians have oppressèd me:
Be ruled by me, for in extremity
We ought to make bar of no policy.
Abig. Father, whate'er it be to injure them
That have so manifestly wrongèd us,
What will not Abigail attempt?
Bar. Why, so;
Then thus, thou told'st me they have turned my house
Into a nunnery, and some nuns are there.
Abig. I did.
Bar. Then, Abigail, there must my girl
Intreat the abbess to be entertained.

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Abig. How, as a nun?
Bar. Aye, daughter, for religion
Hides many mischiefs from suspicion.
Abig. Aye, but father they will suspect me there.
Bar. Let 'em suspect, but be thou so precise
As they may think it done of holiness.
Intreat 'em fair, and give them friendly speech,
And seem to them as if thy sins were great,
Till thou hast gotten to be entertained.
Abig. Thus father shall I much dissemble.
Bar. Tush! as good dissemble that thou never meant'st,
As first mean truth and then dissemble it,—
A counterfeit profession is better
Than unforeseen hypocrisy.
Abig. Well father, say I be entertained,
What then shall follow?
Bar. This shall follow then;
There have I hid, close underneath the plank
That runs along the upper chamber floor,
The gold and jewels which I kept for thee.
But here they come; be cunning, Abigail.
Abig. Then father, go with me.
Bar. No, Abigail, in this
It is not necessary I be seen:
For I will seem offended with thee for 't:
Be close, my girl, for this must fetch my gold. [*They draw back.*

Enter two Friars *and two* Nuns.

1 *Fri.* Sisters, we now are almost at the new-made nunnery.
1 *Nun.* The better; for we love not to be seen:
'Tis thirty winters long since some of us
Did stray so far amongst the multitude.
1 *Fri.* But, madam, this house
And waters of this new-made nunnery
Will much delight you.
Nun. It may be so; but who comes here? [Abigail *comes forward.*
Abig. Grave abbess, and you, happy virgins' guide,
Pity the state of a distressèd maid.
Abb. What art thou, daughter?
Abig. The hopeless daughter of a hapless Jew,
The Jew of Malta, wretched Barabas;
Sometime the owner of a goodly house,
Which they have now turned to a nunnery.
Abb. Well, daughter, say, what is thy suit with us?
Abig. Fearing the afflictions which my father feels,
Proceed from sin, or want of faith in us,
I'd pass away my life in penitence,
And be a novice in your nunnery,
To make atonement for my labouring soul.
1 *Fri.* No doubt, brother, but this proceedeth of the spirit.
2 *Fri.* Aye, and of a moving spirit too, brother; but come,
Let us intreat she may be entertained.
Abb. Well, daughter, we admit you for a nun.
Abig. First let me as a novice learn to frame
My solitary life to your strait laws,
And let me lodge where I was wont to lie,
I do not doubt, by your divine precepts
And mine own industry, but to profit much.
Bar. As much, I hope, as all I hid is worth. [*Aside.*
Abb. Come, daughter, follow us.
Bar. Why how now, Abigail,
What makest thou amongst these hateful Christians?
1 *Fri.* Hinder her not, thou man of little faith,
For she has mortified herself.
Bar. How mortified!
1 *Fri.* And is admitted to the sisterhood.
Bar. Child of perdition, and thy father's shame!
What wilt thou do among these hateful fiends?
I charge thee on my blessing that thou leave
These devils, and their damnèd heresy.
Abig. Father, give me— [*She goes to him.*
Bar. Nay, back, Abigail, [*Whispers to her.*]
(*And think upon the jewels and the gold,*
The board is markèd thus that covers it.)
Away, accursèd, from thy father's sight.
1 *Fri.* Barabas, although thou art in misbelief,
And wilt not see thine own afflictions,
Yet let thy daughter be no longer blind.
Bar. Blind friar, I reck not thy persuasions,
(*The board is markèd thus that covers it.*)
For I had rather die, than see her thus.
Wilt thou forsake me too in my distress,
Seducèd daughter? (*Go, forget not.*)
Becomes it Jews to be so credulous?
(*To-morrow early I'll be at the door.*)
No, come not at me; if thou wilt be damned,
Forget me, see me not, and so be gone.
(*Farewell, remember to-morrow morning.*)

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Enter Mathias.

Math. Who's this? fair Abigail, the rich Jew's daughter
become a nun; her father's sudden fall
Has humbled her and brought her down to this:
Tut, she were fitter for a tale of love,
Than to be tired out with orisons:
And better would she far become a bed,
Embracèd in a friendly lover's arms,
Than rise at midnight to a solemn mass.

Enter Lodowick.

Lod. Why, how now, Don Mathias in a dump?
Math. Believe me, noble Lodowick, I have seen
The strangest sight, in my opinion,
That ever I beheld.
Lod. What was't, I prythee?
Math. A fair young maid, scarce fourteen years of age,
The sweetest flower in Cytherea's field,
Cropt from the pleasures of the fruitful earth,
And strangely metamorphosèd a nun.
Lod. But say, what was she?
Math. Why, the rich Jew's daughter.
Lod. What, Barabas, whose goods were lately seized?
Is she so fair?
Math. And matchless beautiful;
As had you seen her 'twould have moved your heart,
Though countermined with walls of brass, to love,
Or at the least to pity.
Lod. And if she be so fair as you report,
'Twere time well spent to go and visit her:
How say you, shall we?
Math. I must and will, sir, there's no remedy.
Lod. And so will I too, or it shall go hard.
Farewell, Mathias.
Math. Farewell, Lodowick. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Enter Barabas, *with a light.*

Bar. Thus, like the sad presaging raven, that tolls
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
And in the shadow of the silent night
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings;
Vexed and tormented runs poor Barabas
With fatal curses towards these Christians.
The uncertain pleasures of swift-footed time
Have ta'en their flight, and left me in despair;
And of my former riches rests no more
But bare remembrance, like a soldier's scar,
That hath no further comfort for his maim.
Oh thou, that with a fiery pillar led'st
The sons of Israel through the dismal shades,
Light Abraham's offspring; and direct the hand
Of Abigail this night; or let the day
Turn to eternal darkness after this:
No sleep can fasten on my watchful eyes,
Nor quiet enter my distempered thoughts,
Till I have answer of my Abigail.

Enter Abigail, *above.*

Abig. Now have I happily espied a time
To search the plank my father did appoint;
And here behold, unseen, where I have found
The gold, the pearls, and jewels, which he hid.
Bar. Now I remember those old women's words,
Who in my wealth would tell me winter's tales,
And speak of spirits and ghosts that glide by night
About the place where treasure hath been hid:
And now methinks that I am one of those:
For whilst I live, here lives my soul's sole hope,
And when I die, here shall my spirit walk.
Abig. Now that my father's fortune were so good
As but to be about this happy place;
'Tis not so happy: yet when we parted last,
He said he would attend me in the morn.
Then, gentle sleep, where'er his body rests,
Give charge to Morpheus that he may dream
A golden dream, and of the sudden wake,
Come and receive the treasure I have found.
Bar. Bueno para todos mi ganado no era:
As good go on, as sit so sadly thus.
But stay, what star shines yonder in the east?
The loadstar of my life, if Abigail.
Who's there?
Abig. Who's that?
Bar. Peace, Abigail, 'tis I.
Abig. Then, father, here receive thy happiness. [*Throws down bags.*

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Bar. Hast thou't?
Abig. Here, [*throws down the bags*] hast thou't?
There's more, and more, and more.
Bar. Oh, my girl,
My gold, my fortune, my felicity!
Strength to my soul, death to mine enemy!
Welcome the first beginner of my bliss!
Oh, Abigail, Abigail, that I had thee here too!
Then my desires were fully satisfied:
But I will practice thy enlargement thence:
Oh girl! oh gold! oh beauty! oh my bliss!
[*Hugs his bags.*
Abig. Father, it draweth towards midnight now,
And 'bout this time the nuns begin to wake;
To shun suspicion, therefore, let us part.
Bar. Farewell my joy, and by my fingers take
A kiss from him that sends it from his soul.
[*Exit* Abigail *above.*
Now Phœbus ope the eyelids of the day,
And for the raven wake the morning lark,
That I may hover with her in the air;
Singing o'er these, as she does o'er her young.
Hermoso placer de los dineros. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Governor, Martin del Bosco, *and* Knights.

Gov. Now captain tell us whither thou art bound?
Whence is thy ship that anchors in our road?
And why thou cam'st ashore without our leave?
Bosc. Governor of Malta, hither am I bound;
My ship, the Flying Dragon, is of Spain,
And so am I: Del Bosco is my name;
Vice-admiral unto the Catholic King.
1 *Kni.* 'Tis true, my lord, therefore intreat him well.
Bosc. Our fraught is Grecians, Turks, and Afric Moors.
For late upon the coast of Corsica,
Because we vailed not to the Turkish fleet,
Their creeping galleys had us in the chase:
But suddenly the wind began to rise,
And then we luffed, and tacked, and fought at ease:
Some have we fired, and many have we sunk;
But one amongst the rest became our prize;
The captain's slain, the rest remain our slaves,
Of whom we would make sale in Malta here.
Gov. Martin del Bosco, I have heard of thee;
Welcome to Malta, and to all of us;
But to admit a sale of these thy Turks
We may not, nay we dare not give consent
By reason of a tributary league.
1 *Kni.* Del Bosco, as thou lov'st and honour'st us,
Persuade our Governor against the Turk;
This truce we have is but in hope of gold,
And with that sum he craves might we wage war.
Bosc. Will Knights of Malta be in league with Turks,
And buy it basely too for sums of gold?
My lord, remember that, to Europe's shame,
The Christian Isle of Rhodes, from whence you came,
Was lately lost, and you were stated here
To be at deadly enmity with Turks.
Gov. Captain we know it, but our force is small.
Bosc. What is the sum that Calymath requires?
Gov. A hundred thousand crowns.
Bosc. My lord and king hath title to this Isle,
And he means quickly to expel you hence;
Therefore be ruled by me, and keep the gold:
I'll write unto his majesty for aid,
And not depart until I see you free.
Gov. On this condition shall thy Turks be sold:
Go officers, and set them straight in show.
Bosco, thou shalt be Malta's general;
We and our warlike Knights will follow thee
Against these barb'rous misbelieving Turks.
Bosc. So shall you imitate those you succeed:
For when their hideous force environed Rhodes,
Small though the number was that kept the town,
They fought it out, and not a man survived
To bring the hapless news to Christendom.
Gov. So will we fight it out; come, let's away:
Proud daring Calymath, instead of gold,
We'll send thee bullets wrapt in smoke and fire:
Claim tribute where thou wilt, we are resolved,
Honour is bought with blood and not with gold. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Officers *with* Ithamore *and other slaves.*

1 *Off.* This is the market-place, here let 'em stand:

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Fear not their sale, for they'll be quickly bought.
2 *Off.* Every one's price is written on his back,
And so much must they yield or not be sold.
1 *Off.* Here comes the Jew; had not his goods been seized,
He'd given us present money for them all.

Enter Barabas.

Bar. In spite of these swine-eating Christians,
(Unchosen nation, never circumcised;
Poor villains such as were ne'er thought upon
Till Titus and Vespasian conquered us,)
Am I become as wealthy as I was:
They hoped my daughter would have been a nun;
But she's at home, and I have bought a house
As great and fair as is the Governor's;
And there in spite of Malta will I dwell:
Having Ferneze's hand, whose heart I'll have;
Aye, and his son's too, or it shall go hard.
I am not of the tribe of Levi, I,
That can so soon forget an injury.
We Jews can fawn like spaniels when we please:
And when we grin we bite, yet are our looks
As innocent and harmless as a lamb's.
I learned in Florence how to kiss my hand,
Heave up my shoulders when they call me dog,
And duck as low as any barefoot friar,
Hoping to see them starve upon a stall,
Or else be gathered for in our Synagogue;
That, when the offering-basin comes to me,
Even for charity I may spit into it.
Here comes Don Lodowick, the Governor's son,
One that I love for his good father's sake.

Enter Lodowick.

Lod. I hear the wealthy Jew walked this way:
I'll seek him out, and so insinuate,
That I may have a sight of Abigail;
For Don Mathias tells me she is fair.
Bar. Now will I show myself
To have more of the serpent than the dove;
That is—more knave than fool.
Lod. Yond' walks the Jew; now for fair Abigail.
Bar. Aye, aye, no doubt but she's at your command. [*Aside.*
Lod. Barabas, thou know'st I am the Governor's son.
Bar. I would you were his father too, sir;
That's all the harm I wish you. The slave looks
Like a hog's-cheek, new singed. [*Aside.*
Lod. Whither walk'st thou, Barabas?
Bar. No further: 'tis a custom held with us,
That when we speak with Gentiles like to you,
We turn into the air to purge ourselves:
For unto us the promise doth belong.
Lod. Well, Barabas, canst help me to a diamond?
Bar. Oh, sir, your father had my diamonds.
Yet I have one left that will serve your turn:
I mean my daughter:—but ere he shall have her
I'll sacrifice her on a pile of wood.
I have the poison of the city for him,
And the white leprosy. [*Aside.*
Lod. What sparkle does it give without a foil?
Bar. The diamond that I talk of ne'er was foiled:
But when he touches it, he will be foiled: [*Aside.*
Lord Lodowick, it sparkles bright and fair.
Lod. Is it square or pointed, pray let me know.
Bar. Pointed it is, good sir—but not for you. [*Aside.*
Lod. I like it much the better.
Bar. So do I too.
Lod. How shows it by night?
Bar. Outshines Cynthia's rays:
You'll like it better far o' nights than days. [*Aside.*
Lod. And what's the price?
Bar. Your life an' if you have it. [*Aside.*] Oh, my Lord,
We will not jar about the price; come to my house
And I will give't your honour—with a vengeance. [*Aside.*
Lod. No, Barabas, I will deserve it first.
Bar. Good sir,
Your father has deserved it at my hands,
Who, of mere charity and Christian truth,
To bring me to religious purity,
And as it were in catechising sort,
To make me mindful of my mortal sins,
Against my will, and whether I would or no,
Seized all I had, and thrust me out o' doors,
And made my house a place for nuns most chaste.
Lod. No doubt your soul shall reap the fruit of it.
Bar. Aye, but, my lord, the harvest is far off:

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And yet I know the prayers of those nuns
And holy friars, having money for their pains,
Are wondrous; and indeed do no man good: [*Aside.*
And seeing they are not idle, but still doing,
'Tis likely they in time may reap some fruit,
I mean in fulness of perfection.

Lod. Good Barabas, glance not at our holy nuns.

Bar. No, but I do it through a burning zeal,
Hoping ere long to set the house afire;
For though they do a while increase and multiply,
I'll have a saying to that nunnery. [*Aside.*
As for the diamond, sir, I told you of,
Come home and there's no price shall make us part,
Even for your honourable father's sake.—
It shall go hard but I will see your death, [*Aside.*
But now I must be gone to buy a slave.

Lod. And, Barabas, I'll bear thee company.

Bar. Come then—here's the market-place.
What price is on this slave? Two hundred crowns!
Do the Turks weigh so much?

Off. Sir, that's his price.

Bar. What, can he steal that you demand so much?
Belike he has some new trick for a purse;
And if he has, he is worth three hundred plates.
So that, being bought, the town-seal might be got
To keep him for his lifetime from the gallows.
The sessions day is critical to thieves,
And few or none scape but by being purged.

Lod. Rat'st thou this Moor but at two hundred plates?

1 *Off.* No more, my lord.

Bar. Why should this Turk be dearer than that Moor?

Off. Because he's young and has more qualities.

Bar. What, hast the philosopher's stone? an' thou hast, break my head with it, I'll forgive thee.

Slave. No, sir; I can cut and shave.

Bar. Let me see, sirrah, are you not an old shaver?

Slave. Alas, sir! I am a very youth.

Bar. A youth? I'll buy you, and marry you to Lady Vanity, if you do well.

Slave. I will serve you, sir.

Bar. Some wicked trick or other. It may be, under colour of shaving, thou'lt cut my throat for my goods. Tell me, hast thou thy health well?

Slave. Aye, passing well.

Bar. So much the worse; I must have one that's sickly, and be but for sparing victuals: 'tis not a stone of beef a day will maintain you in these chops; let me see one that's somewhat leaner.

1 *Off.* Here's a leaner, how like you him?

Bar. Where wast thou born?

Itha. In Thrace; brought up in Arabia.

Bar. So much the better, thou art for my turn,
An hundred crowns, I'll have him; there's the coin.

1 *Off.* Then mark him, sir, and take him hence.

Bar. Aye, mark him, you were best, for this is he
That by my help shall do much villainy. [*Aside.*
My lord, farewell: Come, sirrah, you are mine.
As for the diamond it shall be yours;
I pray, sir, be no stranger at my house,
All that I have shall be at your command.

Enter Mathias *and his* Mother.

Math. What makes the Jew and Lodowick so private?
I fear me 'tis about fair Abigail.

Bar. Yonder comes Don Mathias, let us stay;
He loves my daughter, and she holds him dear:
But I have sworn to frustrate both their hopes,
And be revenged upon the Governor.

Moth. This Moor is comeliest, is he not? speak, son.

Math. No, this is the better, mother; view this well.

Bar. Seem not to know me here before your mother,
Lest she mistrust the match that is in hand:
When you have brought her home, come to my house;
Think of me as thy father; son, farewell.

Math. But wherefore talked Don Lodowick with you?

Bar. Tush! man, we talked of diamonds, not of Abigail.

Moth. Tell me, Mathias, is not that the Jew?

Bar. As for the comment on the Maccabees,
I have it, sir, and 'tis at your command.

Math. Yes, madam, and my talk with him was

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About the borrowing of a book or two.
Moth. Converse not with him, he's cast off from heaven.
Thou hast thy crowns, fellow; come, let's away.
Math. Sirrah, Jew, remember the book.
Bar. Marry will I, sir.
[*Exeunt* Mathias *and his* Mother.
Off. Come, I have made
A reasonable market, let's away.
Bar. Now let me know thy name, and therewithal
Thy birth, condition, and profession.
Itha. Faith, sir, my birth is but mean: my name's Ithamore, my profession what you please.
Bar. Hast thou no trade? then listen to my words,
And I will teach thee that shall stick by thee:
First be thou void of these affections,
Compassion, love, vain hope, and heartless fear,
Be moved at nothing, see thou pity none,
But to thyself smile when the Christians moan.
Itha. O brave, master, I worship your nose for this.
Bar. As for myself, I walk abroad o' nights
And kill sick people groaning under walls:
Sometimes I go about and poison wells;
And now and then, to cherish Christian thieves,
I am content to lose some of my crowns,
That I may, walking in my gallery,
See 'em go pinioned along by my door.
Being young, I studied physic, and began
To practise first upon the Italian;
There I enriched the priests with burials,
And always kept the sextons' arms in use
With digging graves and ringing dead men's knells:
And after that was I an engineer,
And in the wars 'twixt France and Germany,
Under pretence of helping Charles the Fifth,
Slew friend and enemy with my stratagems.
Then after that was I an usurer,
And with extorting, cozening, forfeiting,
And tricks belonging unto brokery,
I filled the jails with bankrupts in a year,
And with young orphans planted hospitals,
And every moon made some or other mad,
And now and then one hung himself for grief,
Pinning upon his breast a long great scroll
How I with interest tormented him.
But mark how I am blest for plaguing them,
I have as much coin as will buy the town.
But tell me now, how hast thou spent thy time?
Itha. 'Faith, master,
In setting Christian villages on fire,
Chaining of eunuchs, binding galley-slaves.
One time I was an hostler in an inn,
And, in the night time secretly, would steal
To travellers' chambers, and there cut their throats:
Once at Jerusalem, where the pilgrims kneeled,
I strewèd powder on the marble stones,
And therewithal their knees would rankle so
That I have laughed agood to see the cripples
Go limping home to Christendom on stilts.
Bar. Why this is something: make account of me
As of thy fellow; we are villains both:
Both circumcisèd, we hate Christians both:
Be true and secret, thou shalt want no gold.
But stand aside, here comes Don Lodowick.

Enter Lodowick.

Lod. Oh, Barabas, well met;
Where is the diamond you told me of?
Bar. I have it for you, sir; please you walk in with me:
What ho, Abigail; open the door, I say.

Enter Abigail.

Abig. In good time, father, here are letters come
From Ormus, and the post stays here within.
Bar. Give me the letters. Daughter, do you hear,
Entertain Lodowick the Governor's son
With all the courtesy you can afford;
Provided that you keep your maidenhead.
Use him as if he were a Philistine.
Dissemble, swear, protest, vow to love him,
He is not of the seed of Abraham. [*Aside.*
I am a little busy, sir, pray pardon me.
Abigail, bid him welcome for my sake.
Abig. For your sake and his own he's welcome hither.
Bar. Daughter, a word more; kiss him, speak him fair, [*Aside.*
And like a cunning Jew so cast about,
That ye be both made sure ere you come out.
Abig. Oh, father! Don Matthias is my love.
Bar. I know it: yet I say, make love to him;
Do, it is requisite it should be so—
Nay, on my life, it is my factor's hand—
But go you in, I'll think upon the account.
[*Exeunt* Abigail *and* Lodowick.

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The account is made, for Lodowick [he] dies.
My factor sends me word a merchant's fled
That owes me for a hundred tun of wine:
I weigh it thus much [*snapping his fingers*]; I have wealth enough.
For now by this has he kissed Abigail;
And she vows love to him, and he to her.
As sure as heaven rained manna for the Jews,
So sure shall he and Don Mathias die:
His father was my chiefest enemy.

Enter Mathias.

Whither goes Don Mathias? stay awhile.
Math. Whither, but to my fair love Abigail?
Bar. Thou know'st, and heaven can witness this is true,
That I intend my daughter shall be thine.
Math. Aye, Barabas, or else thou wrong'st me much.
Bar. Oh, heaven forbid I should have such a thought.
Pardon me though I weep: the Governor's son
Will, whether I will or no, have Abigail:
He sends her letters, bracelets, jewels, rings.
Math. Does she receive them?
Bar. She? No, Mathias, no, but sends them back,
And when he comes, she locks herself up fast;
Yet through the keyhole will he talk to her,
While she runs to the window looking out,
When you should come and hale him from the door.
Math. O treacherous Lodowick!
Bar. Even now as I came home, he slipt me in,
And I am sure he is with Abigail.
Math. I'll rouse him thence.
Bar. Not for all Malta, therefore sheathe your sword;
If you love me, no quarrels in my house;
But steal you in, and seem to see him not;
I'll give him such a warning ere he goes
As he shall have small hopes of Abigail.
Away, for here they come.

Enter Lodowick, Abigail.

Math. What hand in hand, I cannot suffer this.
Bar. Mathias, as thou lovest me, not a word.
Math. Well, let it pass, another time shall serve. [*Exit.*
Lod. Barabas, is not that the widow's son?
Bar. Aye, and take heed, for he hath sworn your death.
Lod. My death? what, is the baseborn peasant mad?
Bar. No, no, but happily he stands in fear
Of that which you, I think, ne'er dream upon,
My daughter here, a paltry silly girl.
Lod. Why, loves she Don Mathias?
Bar. Doth she not with her smiling answer you?
Abig. He has my heart, I smile against my will. [*Aside.*
Lod. Barabas, thou know'st I've loved thy daughter long.
Bar. And so has she done you, even from a child.
Lod. And now I can no longer hold my mind.
Bar. Nor I the affection that I bear to you.
Lod. This is thy diamond, tell me shall I have it?
Bar. Win it, and wear it, it is yet unsoiled.
Oh! but I know your lordship would disdain
To marry with the daughter of a Jew:
And yet I'll give her many a golden cross
With Christian posies round about the ring.
Lod. 'Tis not thy wealth, but her that I esteem,
Yet crave I thy consent.
Bar. And mine you have, yet let me talk to her;
This offspring of Cain, this Jebusite,
That never tasted of the Passover,
Nor e'er shall see the land of Canaan,
Nor our Messias that is yet to come,
This gentle maggot, Lodowick, I mean,
Must be deluded: let him have thy hand,
But keep thy heart till Don Mathias comes. [*Aside.*
Abig. What, shall I be betrothed to Lodowick?
Bar. It's no sin to deceive a Christian;
For they themselves hold it a principle,
Faith is not to be held with heretics;
But all are heretics that are not Jews;
This follows well, and therefore, daughter, fear not. [*Aside.*
I have entreated her, and she will grant. [*To* Lodowick.
Lod. Then, gentle Abigail, plight thy faith to me.
Abig. I cannot chuse, seeing my father bids:—
Nothing but death shall part my love and me. [*Aside.*
Lod. Now have I that for which my soul hath longed.

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Bar. So have not I, but yet I hope I shall. [*Aside.*
Abig. Oh wretched Abigail, what hast thou done? [*Aside.*
Lod. Why on the sudden is your colour changed?
Abig. I know not, but farewell, I must be gone.
Bar. Stay her, but let her not speak one word more.
Lod. Mute o' the sudden; here's a sudden change.
Bar. Oh, muse not at it, 'tis the Hebrew's guise,
That maidens new betrothed should weep awhile:
Trouble her not; sweet Lodowick depart:
She is thy wife, and thou shalt be mine heir.
Lod. Oh, is't the custom, then I am resolved:
But rather let the brightsome heavens be dim,
And nature's beauty choke with stifling clouds,
Than my fair Abigail should frown on me.
There comes the villain, now I'll be revenged.

Enter Mathias.

Bar. Be quiet, Lodowick, it is enough
That I have made thee sure to Abigail.
Lod. Well, let him go. [*Exit.*
Bar. Well, but for me, as you went in at doors
You had been stabbed, but not a word on't now;
Here must no speeches pass, nor swords be drawn.
Math. Suffer me, Barabas, but to follow him.
Bar. No; so shall I if any hurt be done,
Be made an accessory of your deeds;
Revenge it on him when you meet him next.
Math. For this I'll have his heart.
Bar. Do so; lo here I give thee Abigail.
Math. What greater gift can poor Mathias have?
Shall Lodowick rob me of so fair a love?
My life is not so dear as Abigail.
Bar. My heart misgives me, that, to cross your love,
He's with your mother, therefore after him.
Math. What, is he gone unto my mother?
Bar. Nay, if you will, stay till she comes herself.
Math. I cannot stay; for if my mother come,
She'll die with grief. [*Exit.*
Abig. I cannot take my leave of him for tears:
Father, why have you thus incensed them both?
Bar. What's that to thee?
Abig. I'll make 'em friends again.
Bar. You'll make 'em friends!
Are there not Jews enough in Malta,
But thou must doat upon a Christian?
Abig. I will have Don Mathias, he is my love.
Bar. Yes, you shall have him: go put her in.
Itha. Aye, I'll put her in. [*Puts her in.*
Bar. Now tell me, Ithamore, how lik'st thou this?
Itha. Faith, master, I think by this
You purchase both their lives; is it not so?
Bar. True; and it shall be cunningly performed.
Itha. Oh, master, that I might have a hand in this.
Bar. Aye, so thou shalt, 'tis thou must do the deed:
Take this, and bear it to Mathias straight,
[*Gives a letter.*
And tell him that it comes from Lodowick.
Itha. 'Tis poisoned, is it not?
Bar. No, no, and yet it might be done that way:
It is a challenge feigned from Lodowick.
Itha. Fear not; I will so set his heart afire,
That he shall verily think it comes from him.
Bar. I cannot choose but like thy readiness:
Yet be not rash, but do it cunningly.
Itha. As I behave myself in this, employ me hereafter.
Bar. Away then. [*Exit.*
So, now will I go unto Lodowick,
And, like a cunning spirit, feign some lie,
Till I have set them both at enmity.
[*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Enter Bellamira, *a* Courtesan.

Bell. Since this town was besieged, my gain grows cold:
The time has been that, but for one bare night,
A hundred ducats have been freely given:
But now against my will I must be chaste;
And yet I know my beauty doth not fail.

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From Venice merchants, and from Padua
Were wont to come rare-witted gentlemen,
Scholars I mean, learnèd and liberal;
And now, save Pilia-Borza, comes there none,
And he is very seldom from my house;
And here he comes.

Enter Pilia-Borza.

Pilia. Hold thee, wench, there's something for thee to spend.

Bell. 'Tis silver. I disdain it.

Pilia. Aye, but the Jew has gold,
And I will have it, or it shall go hard.

Court. Tell me, how cam'st thou by this?

Pilia. 'Faith, walking the back lanes, through the gardens, I chanced to cast mine eye up to the Jew's counting-house where I saw some bags of money, and in the night I clambered up with my hooks, and as I was taking my choice, I heard a rumbling in the house; so I took only this, and run my way: but here's the Jew's man.

Bell. Hide the bag.

Enter Ithamore.

Pilia. Look not towards him, let's away: zoon's, what a looking thou keep'st, thou'lt betray us anon.

[*Exeunt* Courtesan *and* Pilia-Borza.

Itha. O the sweetest face that ever I beheld! I know she is a courtesan by her attire: now would I give a hundred of the Jew's crowns that I had such a concubine. Well,
I have delivered the challenge in such sort,
As meet they will, and fighting die; brave sport. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Mathias.

Math. This is the place, now Abigail shall see
Whether Mathias holds her dear or no.

Enter Lodowick, *reading.*

Lod. What, dares the villain write in such base terms? [*Reading a letter.*

Math. I did it; and revenge it if thou dar'st. [*They fight.*

Enter Barabas, *above.*

Bar. Oh! bravely fought; and yet they thrust not home.
Now Lodowick! and now Mathias! So——
[*Both fall.*
So now they have shewed themselves to be tall fellows.
[*Cries within*]. Part 'em, part 'em.

Bar. Aye, part 'em now they are dead:
Farewell, farewell. [*Exit.*

Enter Governor *and* Mathias's Mother.

Gov. What sight is this?—my Lodowick slain!
These arms of mine shall be thy sepulchre.

Mother. Who is this? my son Mathias slain!

Gov. Oh, Lodowick! had'st thou perished by the Turk,
Wretched Ferneze might have venged thy death.

Mother. Thy son slew mine, and I'll revenge his death.

Gov. Look, Katherine, look!—thy son gave mine these wounds.

Mother. O leave to grieve me, I am grieved enough.

Gov. Oh! that my sighs could turn to lively breath;
And these my tears to blood, that he might live.

Mother. Who made them enemies?

Gov. I know not, and that grieves me most of all.

Mother. My son loved thine.

Gov. And so did Lodowick him.

Mother. Lend me that weapon that did kill my son,
And it shall murder me.

Gov. Nay, madam, stay; that weapon was my son's,
And on that rather should Ferneze die.

Mother. Hold, let's inquire the causers of their deaths,
That we may 'venge their blood upon their heads.

Gov. Then take them up, and let them be interred
Within one sacred monument of stone;
Upon which altar I will offer up
My daily sacrifice of sighs and tears,
And with my prayers pierce impartial heavens,
Till they [reveal] the causers of our smarts,
Which forced their hands divide united hearts:
Come, Katherine, our losses equal are,
Then of true grief let us take equal share.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Ithamore.

Itha. Why, was there ever seen such villainy,
So neatly plotted, and so well performed?
Both held in hand, and flatly both beguiled?

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Enter Abigail.

Abig. Why, how now, Ithamore, why laugh'st thou so?
Itha. Oh, mistress, ha! ha! ha!
Abig. Why, what ail'st thou?
Itha. Oh, my master!
Abig. Ha!
Itha. Oh, mistress! I have the bravest, gravest, secret, subtle, bottle-nosed knave to my master, that ever gentleman had.
Abig. Say, knave, why rail'st upon my father thus?
Itha. Oh, my master has the bravest policy.
Abig. Wherein?
Itha. Why, know you not?
Abig. Why, no.
Itha. Know you not of Mathias and Don Lodowick's disaster?
Abig. No, what was it?
Itha. Why, the devil invented a challenge, my master writ it, and I carried it, first to Lodowick, and *imprimis* to Mathias.

And then they met, and, as the story says,
In doleful wise they ended both their days.

Abig. And was my father furtherer of their deaths?
Itha. Am I Ithamore?
Abig. Yes.
Itha. So sure did your father write, and I carry the challenge.
Abig. Well, Ithamore, let me request thee this,

Go to the new-made nunnery, and inquire
For any of the friars of St. Jaques,
And say, I pray them come and speak with me.

Itha. I pray, mistress, will you answer me but one question?
Abig. Well, sirrah, what is't?
Itha. A very feeling one; have not the nuns fine sport with the friars now and then?
Abig. Go to, sirrah sauce, is this your question? get ye gone.
Itha. I will, forsooth, mistress. [*Exit.*
Abig. Hard-hearted father, unkind Barabas,

Was this the pursuit of thy policy!
To make me show them favour severally,
That by my favour they should both be slain?
Admit thou lov'dst not Lodowick for his sire,
Yet Don Mathias ne'er offended thee:
But thou wert set upon extreme revenge,
Because the Governor dispossessed thee once,
And could'st not 'venge it, but upon his son;
Nor on his son, but by Mathias' means;
Nor on Mathias, but by murdering me.
But I perceive there is no love on earth,
Pity in Jews, or piety in Turks.
But here comes cursed Ithamore, with the friar.

Enter Ithamore *and* Friar Jacomo.

F. Jac. Virgo, salve.
Itha. When duck you?
Abig. Welcome, grave friar; Ithamore begone. [*Exit* Ithamore.

Know, holy sir, I am bold to solicit thee.

F. Jac. Wherein?
Abig. To get me be admitted for a nun.
F. Jac. Why, Abigail, it is not yet long since

That I did labour thy admission,
And then thou didst not like that holy life.

Abig. Then were my thoughts so frail and unconfirmed,

And I was chained to follies of the world:
But now experience, purchased with grief,
Has made me see the difference of things.
My sinful soul, alas, hath paced too long
The fatal labyrinth of misbelief,
Far from the sun that gives eternal life.

F. Jac. Who taught thee this?
Abig. The abbess of the house,

Whose zealous admonition I embrace:
Oh, therefore, Jacomo, let me be one,
Although unworthy, of that sisterhood.

F. Jac. Abigail, I will, but see thou change no more,

For that will be most heavy to thy soul.

Abig. That was my father's fault.
F. Jac. Thy father's! how?
Abig. Nay, you shall pardon me. Oh, Barabas,

Though thou deservest hardly at my hands,
Yet never shall these lips bewray thy life. [*Aside.*

F. Jac. Come, shall we go?
Abig. My duty waits on you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Barabas, *reading a letter.*

Bar. What, Abigail become a nun again!

False and unkind; what, hast thou lost thy father?
And all unknown, and unconstrained of me,
Art thou again got to the nunnery?
Now here she writes, and wills me to repent.
Repentance! *Spurca!* what pretendeth this?
I fear she knows—'tis so—of my device
In Don Mathias's and Lodowick's deaths:
If so, 'tis time that it be seen into:

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For she that varies from me in belief,
Gives great presumption that she loves me not;
Or loving, doth dislike of something done.
But who comes here?

Enter Ithamore.

Oh, Ithamore, come near;
Come near, my love; come near, thy master's life,
My trusty servant, nay, my second self;
For I have now no hope but even in thee:
And on that hope my happiness is built;
When saw'st thou Abigail?

Itha. To-day.

Bar. With whom?

Itha. A friar.

Bar. A friar! false villain, he hath done the deed.

Itha. How, sir?

Bar. Why, made mine Abigail a nun.

Itha. That's no lie, for she sent me for him.

Bar. Oh, unhappy day!
False, credulous, inconstant Abigail!
But let 'em go: And, Ithamore, from hence
Ne'er shall she grieve me more with her disgrace;
Ne'er shall she live to inherit aught of mine,
Be blest of me, nor come within my gates,
But perish underneath my bitter curse,
Like Cain by Adam, for his brother's death.

Itha. Oh, master!

Bar. Ithamore, entreat not for her, I am moved,
And she is hateful to my soul and me:
And 'less thou yield to this that I entreat,
I cannot think but that thou hat'st my life.

Itha. Who, I, master? Why, I'll run to some [huge] rock,
And throw myself headlong into the sea;
Why, I'll do anything for your sweet sake.

Bar. Oh, trusty Ithamore! no servant, but my friend;
I here adopt thee for mine only heir,
All that I have is thine when I am dead,
And whilst I live use half; spend as myself;
Here take my keys, I'll give 'em thee anon:
Go buy thee garments: but thou shalt not want:
Only know this, that thus thou art to do:
But first go fetch me in the pot of rice
That for our supper stands upon the fire.

Itha. I hold my head my master's hungry. I go, sir. [*Exit.*

Bar. Thus every villain ambles after wealth.
Although he ne'er be richer than in hope:
But, husht!

Enter Ithamore, *with the pot.*

Itha. Here 'tis, master.

Bar. Well said, Ithamore; what, hast thou brought
The ladle with thee too?

Itha. Yes, sir, the proverb says, he that eats with the devil had need of a long spoon. I have brought you a ladle.

Bar. Very well, Ithamore, then now be secret;
And for thy sake, whom I so dearly love,
Now shalt thou see the death of Abigail,
That thou may'st freely live to be my heir.

Itha. Why, master, will you poison her with a mess of rice porridge, that will preserve life, make her round and plump, and batten more than you are aware.

Bar. Aye, but Ithamore seest thou this?
It is a precious powder that I bought
Of an Italian, in Ancona, once,
Whose operation is to bind, infect,
And poison deeply? yet not appear
In forty hours after it is ta'en.

Itha. How, master?

Bar. Thus, Ithamore?
This even they use in Malta here, 'tis called Saint Jaques' Even, and then I say they use
To send their alms unto the nunneries:
Among the rest bear this, and set it there;
There's a dark entry where they take it in
Where they must neither see the messenger,
Nor make inquiry who hath sent it them.

Itha. How so?

Bar. Belike there is some ceremony in't.
There, Ithamore, must thou go place this pot:
Stay, let me spice it first.

Itha. Pray do, and let me help you, master. Pray let me taste first.

Bar. Pry'thee do: what say'st thou now?

Itha. Troth, master, I'm loth such a pot of pottage should be spoiled.

Bar. Peace, Ithamore, 'tis better so than spared.
Assure thyself thou shalt have broth by the eye.
My purse, my coffer, and myself is thine.

Itha. Well, master, I go.

Bar. Stay, first let me stir it, Ithamore.
As fatal be it to her as the draught
Of which great Alexander drunk, and died:
And with her let it work like Borgia's wine,
Whereof his sire, the Pope, was poisoned.
In few, the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane:
The juice of Hebon, and Cocytus' breath,

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And all the poisons of the Stygian pool
Break from the fiery kingdom; and in this
Vomit your venom and invenom her
That like a fiend hath left her father thus.

Itha. What a blessing has he given 't! was ever pot of rice porridge so sauced! What shall I do with it?

Bar. Oh, my sweet Ithamore, go set it down,
And come again so soon as thou hast done,
For I have other business for thee.

Itha. Here's a drench to poison a whole stable of Flanders mares: I'll carry 't to the nuns with a powder.

Bar. And the horse pestilence to boot; away.

Itha. I am gone.
Pay me my wages, for my work is done.
[*Exit.*

Bar. I'll pay thee with a vengeance, Ithamore. [*Exit.*

Enter Governor, Del Bosco, Knights, Basso.

Gov. Welcome, great Basso; how fares Calymath,
What wind thus drives you into Malta Road?

Bas. The wind that bloweth all the world besides,
Desire of gold.

Gov. Desire of gold, great sir?
That's to be gotten in the Western Ind:
In Malta are no golden minerals.

Bas. To you of Malta thus saith Calymath:
The time you took for respite is at hand,
For the performance of your promise passed,
And for the tribute-money I am sent.

Gov. Basso, in brief, 'shalt have no tribute here,
Nor shall the heathens live upon our spoil:
First will we raze the city walls ourselves,
Lay waste the island, hew the temples down,
And, shipping off our goods to Sicily,
Open an entrance for the wasteful sea,
Whose billows beating the resistless banks,
Shall overflow it with their refluence.

Bas. Well, Governor, since thou hast broke the league
By flat denial of the promised tribute,
Talk not of razing down your city walls,
You shall not need trouble yourselves so far,
For Selim Calymath shall come himself,
And with brass bullets batter down your towers,
And turn proud Malta to a wilderness
For these intolerable wrongs of yours;
And so farewell.

Gov. Farewell:
And now you men of Malta look about,
And let's provide to welcome Calymath:
Close your portcullis, charge your basilisks,
And as you profitably take up arms,
So now courageously encounter them;
For by this answer, broken is the league,
And naught is to be looked for now but wars,
And naught to us more welcome is than wars. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Friar Jacomo *and* Friar Barnardine.

F. Jac. Oh, brother, brother, all the nuns are sick,
And physic will not help them: they must die.

F. Barn. The abbess sent for me to be confessed:
Oh, what a sad confession will there be!

F. Jac. And so did fair Maria send for me:
I'll to her lodging: hereabouts she lies.
[*Exit.*

Enter Abigail.

F. Barn. What, all dead, save only Abigail?

Abig. And I shall die too, for I feel death coming.
Where is the Friar that conversed with me.

F. Barn. Oh, he is gone to see the other nuns.

Abig. I sent for him, but seeing you are come,
Be you my ghostly father: and first know,
That in this house I lived religiously,
Chaste, and devout, much sorrowing for my sins,
But ere I came——

F. Barn. What then.

Abig. I did offend high heaven so grievously,
As I am almost desperate for my sins:
And one offence torments me more than all.
You knew Mathias and Don Lodowick?

F. Barn. Yes, what of them?

Abig. My father did contract me to 'em both:
First to Don Lodowick, him I never loved;
Mathias was the man that I held dear,
And for his sake did I become a nun.

F. Barn. So, say how was their end?

Abig. Both jealous of my love, envied each other
And by my father's practice, which is there
[*Gives a paper.*
Set down at large, the gallants were both slain.

F. Barn. Oh monstrous villainy!

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Abig. To work my peace, this I confess to thee;
Reveal it not, for then my father dies.
F. Barn. Know that confession must not be revealed,
The canon law forbids it, and the priest
That makes it known, being degraded first,
Shall be condemned, and then sent to the fire.
Abig. So I have heard; pray, therefore keep it close,
Death seizeth on my heart, ah gentle Friar!
Convert my father that he may be saved,
And witness that I die a Christian. [*Dies.*
F. Barn. Aye, and a virgin too, that grieves me most:
But I must to the Jew and exclaim on him,
And make him stand in fear of me.

Enter Friar Jacomo.

F. Jac. Oh, brother, all the nuns are dead, let's bury them.
F. Barn. First help to bury this, then go with me
And help me to exclaim against the Jew.
F. Jac. Why? what has he done?
F. Barn. A thing that makes me tremble to unfold.
F. Jac. What, has he crucified a child?
F. Barn. No, but a worse thing: 'twas told me in shrift,
Thou know'st 'tis death an if it be revealed.
Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter Barabas *and* Ithamore. *Bells within.*

Bar. There is no music to a Christian's knell:
How sweet the bells ring now the nuns are dead
That sound at other times like tinkers' pans?
I was afraid the poison had not wrought;
Or, though it wrought, it would have done no good,
For every year they swell, and yet they live;
Now all are dead, not one remains alive.
Itha. That's brave, master, but think you it will not be known?
Bar. How can it, if we two be secret?
Itha. For my part fear you not.
Bar. I'd cut thy throat if I did.
Itha. And reason too.
But here's a royal monastery hard by,
Good master let me poison all the monks.
Bar. Thou shalt not need, for now the nuns are dead
They'll die with grief.
Itha. Do you not sorrow for your daughter's death?
Bar. No, but I grieve because she lived so long
An Hebrew born, and would become a Christian.
Cazzo diabolo.

Enter the two Friars.

Itha. Look, look, master, here come two religious caterpillars.
Bar. I smelt 'em ere they came.
Itha. God-a-mercy, nose; come, let's begone.
F. Barn. Stay, wicked Jew, repent I say, and stay.
F. Jac. Thou hast offended, therefore must be damned.
Bar. I fear they know we sent the poisoned broth.
Itha. And so do I, master, therefore speak 'em fair.
F. Barn. Barabas thou hast——
F. Jac. Aye, that thou hast——
Bar. True, I have money, what though I have?
F. Barn. Thou art a——
F. Jac. Aye, that thou art a——
Bar. What needs all this? I know I am a Jew.
F. Barn. Thy daughter——
F. Jac. Aye, thy daughter——
Bar. Oh speak not of her, then I die with grief.
F. Barn. Remember that——
F. Jac. Aye, remember that——
Bar. I must needs say that I have been a great usurer.
F. Barn. Thou hast committed——
Bar. Fornication—but that
Was in another country: and besides,
The wench is dead.
F. Barn. Aye, but Barabas,
Remember Mathias, and Don Lodowick.
Bar. Why, what of them?
F. Barn. I will not say that by a forged challenge they met.
Bar. She has confest, and we are both undone;
My bosom inmate! (but I must dissemble.) [*Aside.*
O holy Friars, the burthen of my sins
Lie heavy on my soul; then pray you tell me.

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Is't not too late now to turn Christian?
I have been zealous in the Jewish faith,
Hard hearted to the poor, a covetous wretch,
That would for lucre's sake have sold my soul.
A hundred for a hundred I have ta'en;
And now for store of wealth may I compare
With all the Jews in Malta; but what is wealth?
I am a Jew, and therefore am I lost.
Would [any] penance serve for this my sin?
I could afford to whip myself to death——
Itha. And so could I; but penance will not serve.
Bar. To fast, to pray, and wear a shirt of hair,
And on my knees creep to Jerusalem,
Cellars of wine, and sollars full of wheat,
Warehouses stuft with spices and with drugs,
Whole chests of gold, in bullion, and in coin,
Besides I know not how much weight in pearl,
Orient and round, have I within my house;
At Alexandria, merchandise unsold:
But yesterday two ships went from this town,
Their voyage will be worth ten thousand crowns.
In Florence, Venice, Antwerp, London, Seville,
Frankfort, Lubeck, Moscow, and where not,
Have I debts owing; and in most of these,
Great sums of money lying in the banco;
All this I'll give to some religious house
So I may be baptized, and live therein.
F. Jac. Oh good Barabas, come to our house.
F. Barn. Oh no, good Barabas, come to our house;
And Barabas, you know——
Bar. I know that I have highly sinned.
You shall convert me, you shall have all my wealth.
F. Jac. Oh Barabas, their laws are strict.
Bar. I know they are, and I will be with you. [*To* F. Jac.
F. Barn. They wear no shirts, and they go barefoot too.
Bar. Then 'tis not for me; and I am resolved [*To* F. Barn.
You shall confess me, and have all my goods.
F. Jac. Good Barabas, come to me.
Bar. You see I answer him, and yet he stays; [*To* F. Barn.
Rid him away, and go you home with me.
F. Jac. I'll be with you to-night.
Bar. Come to my house at one o'clock this night. [*To* F. Jac.
F. Jac. You hear your answer, and you may be gone.
F. Barn. Why, go get you away.
F. Jac. I will not go for thee.
F. Barn. Not! then I'll make thee go.
F. Jac. How, dost call me rogue? [*They fight.*
Itha. Part 'em, master, part 'em.
Bar. This is mere frailty, brethren, be content.
Friar Barnardine, go you with Ithamore,
You know my mind, let me alone with him. [*Aside to* F. Barn.
F. Jac. Why does he go to thy house, let him begone.
Bar. I'll give him something and so stop his mouth. [*Exit* Ithamore, *with* F. Barn.
I never heard of any man but he
Maligned the order of the Jacobins:
But do you think that I believe his words?
Why, brother, you converted Abigail;
And I am bound in charity to requite it,
And so I will. Oh Jacomo, fail not but come.
F. Jac. But, Barabas, who shall be your godfathers,
For presently you shall be shrived.
Bar. Marry, the Turk shall be one of my godfathers,
But not a word to any of your convent.
F. Jac. I warrant thee, Barabas. [*Exit.*
Bar. So, now the fear is past, and I am safe:
For he that shrived her is within my house,
What if I murdered him ere Jacomo comes?
Now I have such a plot for both their lives,
As never Jew nor Christian knew the like:
One turned my daughter, therefore he shall die;
The other knows enough to have my life,
Therefore 'tis not requisite he should live.
But are not both these wise men to suppose
That I will leave my house, my goods, and all,
To fast and be well whipt; I'll none of that.
Now Friar Barnardine I come to you,
I'll feast you, lodge you, give you fair words,
And after that, I and my trusty Turk—
No more but so: it must and shall be done. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Barabas *and* Ithamore.

Bar. Ithamore, tell me, is the friar asleep?

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Itha. Yes; and I know not what the reason is,
Do what I can he will not strip himself,
Nor go to bed, but sleeps in his own clothes;
I fear me he mistrusts what we intend.
Bar. No, 'tis an order which the friars use:
Yet, if he knew our meanings, could he 'scape?
Itha. No, none can hear him, cry he ne'er so loud.
Bar. Why true, therefore did I place him there:
The other chambers open towards the street.
Itha. You loiter, master, wherefore stay we thus?
Oh how I long to see him shake his heels.
Bar. Come on, sirrah.
Off with your girdle, make a handsome noose; [Ithamore *makes a noose in his girdle. They put it round the* Friar's *neck.*
Friar, awake!
F. Barn. What, do you mean to strangle me?
Itha. Yes, 'cause you use to confess.
Bar. Blame not us but the proverb, confess and be hanged; pull hard.
F. Barn. What, will you have my life?
Bar. Pull hard, I say, you would have had my goods.
Itha. Aye, and our lives too, therefore pull amain. [*They strangle him.*
'Tis neatly done, sir, here's no print at all.
Bar. Then it is as it should be; take him up.
Itha. Nay, master, be ruled by me a little [*Stands up the body*]; so, let him lean upon his staff; excellent, he stands as if he were begging of bacon.
Bar. Who would not think but that this friar lived?
What time o' night is't now, sweet Ithamore?
Itha. Towards one.
Bar. Then will not Jacomo be long from hence. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Friar Jacomo.

F. Jac. This is the hour wherein I shall proceed;
O happy hour, wherein I shall convert
An infidel, and bring his gold into our treasury.
But soft, is not this Barnardine? it is;
And, understanding I should come this way,
Stands here a purpose, meaning me some wrong,
And intercept my going to the Jew;
Barnardine!
Wilt thou not speak? thou think'st I see thee not;
Away, I'd wish thee, and let me go by:
No, wilt thou not? nay then, I'll force my way;
And see a staff stands ready for the purpose:
As thou lik'st that, stop me another time.
[*Strikes him, and he falls.*

Enter Barabas *and* Ithamore.

Bar. Why, how now, Jacomo, what hast thou done?
F. Jac. Why stricken him that would have struck at me.
Bar. Who is it?
Barnardine? now out, alas, he's slain.
Itha. Aye, master, he's slain; look how his brains drop out on's nose.
F. Jac. Good sirs, I have done't, but nobody knows it but you two—I may escape.
Bar. So might my man and I hang with you for company.
Itha. No, let us bear him to the magistrates.
F. Jac. Good Barabas, let me go.
Bar. No, pardon me; the law must have its course.
I must be forced to give in evidence,
That being importuned by this Barnardine
To be a Christian, I shut him out,
And there he sat: now I to keep my word,
And give my goods and substance to your house,
Was up thus early; with intent to go
Unto your friary, because you stayed.
Itha. Fie upon 'em, master, will you turn Christian, when holy friars turn devils and murder one another.
Bar. No, for this example I'll remain a Jew:
Heaven bless me; what! a friar a murderer?
When shall you see a Jew commit the like?
Itha. Why, a Turk could have done no more.
Bar. To-morrow is the sessions; you shall to it.
Come, Ithamore, let's help to take him hence.
F. Jac. Villains, I am a sacred person; touch me not.
Bar. The law shall touch you, we'll but lead you, we:
'Las I could weep at your calamity.

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Take in the staff too, for that must be shown:
Law wills that each particular be known.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Bellamira *and* Pilia-Borsa.

Bell. Pilia-Borsa, did'st thou meet with Ithamore?

Pilia. I did.

Bell. And didst thou deliver my letter?

Pilia. I did.

Bell. And what think'st thou, will he come?

Pilia. I think so, and yet I cannot tell; for at the reading of the letter, he look'd like a man of another world.

Bell. Why so?

Pilia. That such a base slave as he should be saluted by such a tall man as I am, from such a beautiful dame as you.

Bell. And what said he?

Pilia. Not a wise word, only gave me a nod, as who should say, "Is it even so;" and so I left him, being driven to a non-plus at the critical aspect of my terrible countenance.

Bell. And where didst meet him?

Pilia. Upon mine own freehold, within forty foot of the gallows, conning his neck-verse I take it, looking of a friar's execution, whom I saluted with an old hempen proverb, *Hodie tibi, cras mihi*, and so I left him to the mercy of the hangman: but the exercise being done, see where he comes.

Enter Ithamore.

Itha. I never knew a man take his death so patiently as this Friar; he was ready to leap off ere the halter was about his neck; and when the hangman had put on his hempen tippet, he made such haste to his prayers, as if he had had another cure to serve; well, go whither he will, I'll be none of his followers in haste: And, now I think on't, going to the execution, a fellow met me with mustachios like a raven's wing, and a dagger with a hilt like a warming-pan, and he gave me a letter from one Madam Bellamira, saluting me in such sort as if he had meant to make clean my boots with his lips; the effect was, that I should come to her house; I wonder what the reason is; it may be she sees more in me than I can find in myself: for she writes further, that she loves me ever since she saw me, and who would not requite such love? Here's her house, and here she comes, and now would I were gone; I am not worthy to look upon her.

Pilia. This is the gentleman you writ to.

Itha. Gentleman, he flouts me; what gentry can be in a poor Turk of tenpence? I'll be gone.

Bell. Is't not a sweet faced youth, Pilia?

Itha. Again, "sweet youth;" [*Aside*]—did not you, sir, bring the sweet youth a letter?

Pilia. I did, sir, and from this gentlewoman, who as myself, and the rest of the family, stand or fall at your service.

Bell. Though woman's modesty should hale me back,
I can withhold no longer; welcome, sweet love.

Itha. Now am I clean, or rather foully out of the way.

Bell. Whither so soon?

Itha. I'll go steal some money from my master to make me handsome [*Aside*]: Pray pardon me, I must go and see a ship discharged.

Bell. Canst thou be so unkind to leave me thus?

Pilia. An ye did but know how she loves you, sir.

Itha. Nay, I care not how much she loves me. Sweet Bellamira, would I had my master's wealth for thy sake.

Pilia. And you can have it, sir, an if you please.

Itha. If 'twere above ground I could, and would have it: but he hides and buries it up, as partridges do their eggs, under the earth.

Pilia. And is't not possible to find it out?

Itha. By no means possible.

Bell. What shall we do with this base villain then? [*Aside to* Pilia Borsa.

Pilia. Let me alone; do you but speak him fair: [*Aside to her.*
But [sir], you know some secrets of the Jew,
Which, if they were revealed, would do him harm.

Itha. Aye, and such as—Go to, no more. I'll make him send me half he has, and glad he scapes so too. [*Pen and ink.*
I'll write unto him; we'll have money straight.

Pilia. Send for a hundred crowns at least. [*He writes.*

Itha. Ten hundred thousand crowns—*Master Barabas.* [*Writing.*

Pilia. Write not so submissively, but threatening him.

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Itha. Sirrah, Barabas, send me a hundred crowns.

Pilia. Put in two hundred at least.

Itha. I charge thee send me three hundred by this bearer, and this shall be your warrant; if you do not, no more, but so.

Pilia. Tell him you will confess.

Itha. Otherwise I'll confess all—Vanish, and return in a twinkle.

Pilia. Let me alone, I'll use him in his kind. [*Exit* Pilia-Borsa.

Itha. Hang him, Jew.

Bell. Now, gentle Ithamore, lie in my lap.

Where are my maids? provide a cunning banquet;
Send to the merchant, bid him bring me silks,
Shall Ithamore, my love, go in such rags?

Itha. And bid the jeweller come hither too.

Bell. I have no husband, sweet; I'll marry thee.

Itha. Content, but we will leave this paltry land,
And sail from hence to Greece, to lovely Greece,
I'll be thy Jason, thou my golden fleece;
Where painted carpets o'er the meads are hurled,
And Bacchus' vineyards overspread the world;
Where woods and forests go in goodly green,
I'll be Adonis, thou shalt be Love's Queen.
The meads, the orchards, and the primrose lanes,
Instead of sedge and reed, bear sugar-canes:
Thou in those groves, by Dis above,
Shalt live with me and be my love.

Bell. Whither will I not go with gentle Ithamore?

Enter Pilia-Borsa.

Itha. How now! hast thou the gold?

Pilia. Yes.

Itha. But came it freely? did the cow give down her milk freely?

Pilia. At reading of the letter, he stared and stamped, and turned aside. I took him by the beard, and looked upon him thus; told him he were best to send it; then he hugged and embraced me.

Itha. Rather for fear than love.

Pilia. Then, like a Jew, he laughed and jeered, and told me he loved me for your sake, and said what a faithful servant you had been.

Itha. The more villain he to keep me thus; here's goodly 'parel, is there not?

Pilia. To conclude, he gave me ten crowns.

Itha. But ten? I'll not leave him worth a grey groat. Give me a ream of paper, we'll have a kingdom of gold for 't.

Pilia. Write for five hundred crowns.

Itha. [*Writing*]. *Sirrah, Jew, as you love your life send me five hundred crowns, and give the bearer one hundred.* Tell him I must have 't.

Pilia. I warrant your worship shall have 't.

Itha. And if he ask why I demand so much, tell him I scorn to write a line under a hundred crowns.

Pilia. You'd make a rich poet, sir. I am gone. [*Exit.*

Itha. Take thou the money; spend it for my sake.

Bell. 'Tis not thy money, but thyself I weigh:
[See] thus Bellamira esteems of gold.
[*Throws it on the floor.*
But thus of thee. [*Kisses him.*

Itha. That kiss again; she runs division of my lips. What an eye she casts on me? It twinkles like a star.

Bell. Come, my dear love, let's in and sleep together.

Itha. Oh, that ten thousand nights were put in one, that we might sleep seven years together afore we wake.

Bell. Come, amorous wag, first banquet, and then sleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Barabas, *reading a letter.*

Bar. "Barabas, send me three hundred crowns."
Plain Barabas: oh, that wicked courtesan!
He was not wont to call me Barabas.
"Or else I will confess:" Aye, there it goes:
But if I get him, *coupe de gorge*, for that.
He sent a shaggy tottered staring slave,
That when he speaks draws out his grisly beard,
And winds it twice or thrice about his ear;
Whose face has been a grindstone for men's swords;
His hands are hacked, some fingers cut quite off;
Who, when he speaks, grunts like a hog, and looks
Like one that is employed in catzerie,
And crossbiting—such a [sort of] rogue

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As is the husband to a hundred whores:
And I by him must send three hundred crowns!
Well, my hope is, he will not stay there still;
And when he comes: Oh, that he were but here!

Enter Pilia-Borsa.

Pilia. Jew, I must have more gold.
Bar. Why, want'st thou any of thy tale?
Pilia. No; but three hundred will not serve his turn.
Bar. Not serve his turn, sir?
Pilia. No, sir; and, therefore, I must have five hundred more.
Bar. I'll rather——
Pilia. Oh, good words, sir, and send it you were best; see, there's his letter. [*Gives letter.*
Bar. Might he not as well come as send; pray bid him come and fetch it, what he writes for you, ye shall have straight.
Pilia. Aye, and the rest too, or else——
Bar. I must make this villain away [*Aside.*
Please you dine with me, sir,—and you shall be most heartily poisoned. [*Aside.*
Pilia. No, God-a-mercy. Shall I have these crowns?
Bar. I cannot do it, I have lost my keys.
Pilia. Oh, if that be all, I can pick ope your locks.
Bar. Or climb up to my counting-house window: you know my meaning.
Pilia. I know enough, and therefore talk not to me of your counting-house. The gold, or know, Jew, it is in my power to hang thee.
Bar. I am betrayed.
'Tis not five hundred crowns that I esteem,
I am not moved at that: this angers me,
That he who knows I love him as myself,
Should write in this imperious vein. Why, sir,
You know I have no child, and unto whom
Should I leave all, but unto Ithamore?
Pilia. Here's many words, but no crowns: the crowns.
Bar. Commend me to him, sir, most humbly,
And unto your good mistress, as unknown.
Pilia. Speak, shall I have 'em, sir?
Bar. Sir, here they are.
Oh, that I should part with so much gold!
Here, take 'em, fellow, with as good a will——
As I would see thee hang'd [*Aside*]; oh, love stops my breath:
Never loved man servant as I do Ithamore.
Pilia. I know it, sir.
Bar. Pray, when, sir, shall I see you at my house?
Pilia. Soon enough, to your cost, sir.
Fare you well. [*Exit.*
Bar. Nay, to thine own cost, villain, if thou com'st.
Was ever Jew tormented as I am?
To have a shag-rag knave to come,—
Three hundred crowns,—and then five hundred crowns!
Well: I must seek a means to rid 'em all,
And presently; for in his villainy
He will tell all he knows, and I shall die for it.
I have it:—
I will in some disguise go see the slave,
And how the villain revels with my gold.
[*Exit.*

Enter Bellamira, Ithamore, *and* Pilia-Borsa.

Bell. I'll pledge thee, love, and therefore drink it off.
Itha. Say'st thou me so? have at it; and do you hear? [*Whispers.*
Bell. Go to, it shall be so.
Itha. Of that condition I will drink it up. Here's to thee.
Bell. Nay, I'll have all or none.
Itha. There, if thou lov'st me do not leave a drop.
Bell. Love thee; fill me three glasses.
Itha. Three and fifty dozen, I'll pledge thee.
Pilia. Knavely spoke, and like a knight at arms.
Itha. Hey, *Rivo Castiliano!* a man's a man.
Bell. Now to the Jew.
Itha. Ha! to the Jew, and send me money he were best.
Pilia. What would'st thou do if he should send thee none?
Itha. Do nothing; but I know what I know; he's a murderer.
Bell. I had not thought he had been so brave a man.
Itha. You knew Mathias and the Governor's son; he and I killed 'em both, and yet never touched 'em.
Pilia. Oh, bravely done.
Itha. I carried the broth that poisoned the nuns; and he and I, snicle hand too fast, strangled a friar.
Bell. You two alone.
Itha. We two, and 'twas never known, nor never shall be for me.
Pilia. This shall with me unto the Governor. [*Aside to* Bellamira.

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Bell. And fit it should: but first let's have more gold. [*Aside.*
Come, gentle Ithamore, lie in my lap.
Itha. Love me little, love me long; let music rumble,
Whilst I in thy incony lap do tumble.

Enter Barabas, *with a lute, disguised.*

Bell. A French musician; come, let's hear your skill?
Bar. Must tuna my lute for sound, *twang, twang*, first.
Itha. Wilt drink, Frenchman? here's to thee with a—— Pox on this drunken hiccup!
Bar. Gramercy, monsieur.
Bell. Pr'ythee, Pilia-Borsa, bid the fiddler give me the posy in his hat there.
Pilia. Sirrah, you must give my mistress your posy.
Bar. A votre commandment, madame.
Bell. How sweet, my Ithamore, the flowers smell.
Itha. Like thy breath, sweetheart, no violet like 'em.
Pilia. Foh! methinks they stink like a hollyhock.
Bar. So, now I am revenged upon 'em all.
The scent thereof was death; I poisoned it. [*Aside.*
Itha. Play, fiddler, or I'll cut your cat's guts into chitterlings.
Bar. Pardonnez moi, be no in tune yet; so now, now all be in.
Itha. Give him a crown, and fill me out more wine.
Pilia. There's two crowns for thee, play.
Bar. How liberally the villain gives me mine own gold. [*Aside.*
Pilia. Methinks he fingers very well.
Bar. So did you when you stole my gold. [*Aside.*
Pilia. How swift he runs.
Bar. You run swifter when you threw my gold out of my window. [*Aside.*
Bell. Musician, hast been in Malta long?
Bar. Two, three, four month, madam.
Itha. Dost not know a Jew, one Barabas?
Bar. Very mush; monsieur, you no be his man?
Pilia. His man?
Itha. I scorn the peasant: tell him so.
Bar. He knows it already. [*Aside.*
Itha. 'Tis a strange thing of that Jew, he lives upon pickled grasshoppers and sauced mushrooms.
Bar. What a slave's this? the Governor feeds not as I do. [*Aside.*
Itha. He never put on clean shirt since he was circumcised.
Bar. Oh, rascal! I change myself twice a day. [*Aside.*
Itha. The hat he wears, Judas left under the elder when he hanged himself.
Bar. 'Twas sent me for a present from the great Cham. [*Aside.*
Pilia. A nasty slave he is; whither now, fiddler?
Bar. Pardonnez moi, monsieur, me be no well. [*Exit.*
Pilia. Farewell, fiddler: one letter more to the Jew.
Bell. Pr'ythee, sweet love, one more, and write it sharp.
Itha. No, I'll send by word of mouth now; bid him deliver thee a thousand crowns, by the same token, that the nuns loved rice,—that Friar Barnardine slept in his own clothes; any of 'em will do it.
Pilia. Let me alone to urge it, now I know the meaning.
Itha. The meaning has a meaning; come let's in:
To undo a Jew is charity, and not sin. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Enter Governor, Knights, *and* Martin Del Bosco.

Gov. Now, gentlemen, betake you to your arms,
And see that Malta be well fortified;
And it behoves you to be resolute;
For Calymath, having hovered here so long,
Will win the town, or die before the walls.
Knights. And die he shall, for we will never yield.

Enter Bellamira *and* Pilia-Borsa.

Bell. Oh, bring us to the Governor.
Gov. Away with her, she is a courtesan.
Bell. Whate'er I am, yet, Governor, hear me speak;
I bring thee news by whom thy son was slain:
Mathias did it not, it was the Jew.
Pilia. Who, besides the slaughter of these gentlemen,
Poisoned his own daughter and the nuns,
Strangled a friar, and I know not what
Mischief besides.
Gov. Had we but proof of this——
Bell. Strong proof, my lord; his man's now at my lodging,
That was his agent, he'll confess it all.

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Gov. Go fetch him straight [*Exeunt* Officers]; I always feared that Jew.

Enter Officers *with* Barabas *and* Ithamore.

Bar. I'll go alone; dogs, do not hale me thus.
Itha. Nor me neither, I cannot out-run you, constable: oh, my belly!
Bar. One dram of powder more had made all sure;
What a damned slave was I!
Gov. Make fires, heat irons, let the rack be fetched.
Knights. Nay, stay, my lord, 't may be he will confess?
Bar. Confess! what mean you, lords, who should confess?
Gov. Thou and thy Turk; 'twas you that slew my son.
Itha. Guilty, my lord, I confess: your son and Mathias were both contracted unto Abigail; he forged a counterfeit challenge.
Bar. Who carried that challenge?
Itha. I carried it, I confess; but who writ it? Marry, even he that strangled Barnardine, poisoned the nuns, and his own daughter.
Gov. Away with him, his sight is death to me.
Bar. For what, you men of Malta? hear me speak:
She is a courtesan, and he a thief,
And he my bondman. Let me have law,
For none of this can prejudice my life.
Gov. Once more, away with him; you shall have law.
Bar. Devils do your worst, I live in spite of you. [*Aside.*
As these have spoke, so be it to their souls:
I hope the poisoned flowers will work anon.
[*Aside. Exeunt.*

Enter the Mother *of* Mathias.

Mother. Was my Mathias murdered by the Jew?
Ferneze, 'twas thy son that murdered him.
Gov. Be patient, gentle madam, it was he.
He forged the daring challenge made them fight.
Mother. Where is the Jew? where is that murderer?
Gov. In prison till the law has past on him.

Enter Officer.

Off. My lord, the courtesan and her man are dead:
So is the Turk and Barabas the Jew.
Gov. Dead!
Off. Dead, my lord, and here they bring his body.
Bosco. This sudden death of his is very strange.

Re-enter Officers *carrying* Barabas *as dead.*

Gov. Wonder not at it, sir, the heavens are just.
Their deaths were like their lives, then think not of 'em;
Since they are dead, let them be buried.
For the Jew's body, throw that o'er the walls,
To be a prey for vultures and wild beasts.
So now away, and fortify the town.
[*Exeunt, bearing body of* Barabas, *which is to be supposed flung outside the fortress.*
Bar. [*Rising*]. What, all alone? well fare, sleepy drink.
I'll be revenged on this accursèd town;
For by my means Calymath shall enter in.
I'll help to slay their children and their wives,
To fire the churches, pull their houses down,
Take my goods too, and seize úpon my lands:
I hope to see the Governor a slave,
And, rowing in a galley, whipt to death.

Enter Calymath, Bassoes, *and* Turks.

Caly. Whom have we there, a spy?
Bar. Yes, my good lord, one that can spy a place
Where you may enter, and surprise the town:
My name is Barabas: I am a Jew.
Caly. Art thou that Jew whose goods we heard were sold
For tribute-money?
Bar. The very same, my lord:
And since that time they have hired a slave, my man,
To accuse me of a thousand villainies:
I was imprisoned, but escaped their hands.
Caly. Didst break prison?
Bar. No, no;
I drank of poppy and cold mandrake juice:
And being asleep, belike they thought me dead,
And threw me o'er the walls: so, or how else,
The Jew is here, and rests at your command.
Caly. 'Twas bravely done: but tell me, Barabas,
Canst thou, as thou report'st, make Malta ours?

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Bar. Fear not, my lord, for here against the sluice,
The rock is hollow, and of purpose digged,
To make a passage for the running streams
And common channels of the city.
Now, whilst you give assault unto the walls,
I'll lead five hundred soldiers through the vault,
And rise with them i' the middle of the town,
Open the gates for you to enter in,
And by this means the city is your own.
Caly. If this be true, I'll make thee governor.
Bar. And if it be not true, then let me die.
Caly. Thou'st doomed thyself. Assault it presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Alarms. Enter Turks, Barabas, *&c.;* Governor *and* Knights *prisoners.*

Caly. Now vail your pride you captive Christians,
And kneel for mercy to your conquering foe:
Now where's the hope you had of haughty Spain?
Ferneze, speak, had it not been much better
To ['ve] kept thy promise than be thus surprised?
Gov. What should I say? We are captives and must yield.
Caly. Aye, villains, you must yield, and under Turkish yokes
Shall groaning bear the burden of our ire;
And Barabas, as erst we promised thee,
For thy desert we make thee governor;
Use them at thy discretion.
Bar. Thanks, my lord.
Gov. Oh fatal day, to fall into the hands
Of such a traitor and unhallowed Jew!
What greater misery could heaven inflict?
Caly. 'Tis our command: and Barabas, we give
To guard thy person, these our janizaries:
Intreat them well, as we have used thee.
And now, brave bassoes, come, we'll walk about
The ruined town, and see the wreck we made:
Farewell, brave Jew, farewell great Barabas! [*Exeunt.*
Bar. May all good fortune follow Calymath.
And now, as entrance to our safety,
To prison with the Governor and these
Captains, his consorts and confederates.
Gov. Oh villain, heaven will be revenged on thee. [*Exeunt.*
Bar. Away, no more, let him not trouble me.
Thus hast thou gotten, by thy policy,
No simple place, no small authority,
I now am governor of Malta; true,
But Malta hates me, and in hating me
My life's in danger, and what boots it thee,
Poor Barabas, to be the governor,
Whenas thy life shall be at their command?
No, Barabas, this must be looked into;
And since by wrong thou got'st authority,
Maintain it bravely by firm policy.
At least unprofitably lose it not:
For he that liveth in authority,
And neither gets him friends, nor fills his bags,
Lives like the ass that Æsop speaketh of,
That labours with a load of bread and wine,
And leaves it off to snap on thistle tops:
But Barabas will be more circumspect.
Begin betimes; occasion's bald behind,
Slip not thine opportunity, for fear too late
Thou seek'st for much, but canst not compass it,
Within here!

Enter Governor, *with a* Guard.

Gov. My lord?
Bar. Aye, *lord*, thus slaves will learn.
Now, Governor, stand by there:—wait within, [*Exit* Guard.
This is the reason that I sent for thee;
Thou seest thy life, and Malta's happiness,
Are at my arbitrement; and Barabas
At his discretion may dispose of both:
Now tell me, Governor, and plainly too,
What think'st thou shall become of it and thee?
Gov. This, Barabas; since things are in thy power,
I see no reason but of Malta's wreck,
Nor hope of thee but extreme cruelty;
Nor fear I death, nor will I flatter thee.
Bar. Governor, good words; be not so furious.
'Tis not thy life which can avail me aught,
Yet you do live, and live for me you shall:
And, as for Malta's ruin, think you not
'Twere slender policy for Barabas
To disposses himself of such a place?
For sith, as once you said, 'tis in this isle,
In Malta here, that I have got my goods,
And in this city still have had success,
And now at length am grown your governor,
Yourselves shall see it shall not be forgot:
For as a friend not known, but in distress,
I'll rear up Malta, now remediless.

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Gov. Will Barabas recover Malta's loss?
Will Barabas be good to Christians?
Bar. What wilt thou give me, Governor, to procure
A dissolution of the slavish bands
Wherein the Turk hath yoked your land and you?
What will you give me if I render you
The life of Calymath, surprise his men,
And in an out-house of the city shut
His soldiers, till I have consumed 'em all with fire?
What will you give him that procureth this?
Gov. Do but bring this to pass which thou pretend'st,
Deal truly with us as thou intimatest,
And I will send amongst the citizens;
And by my letters privately procure
Great sums of money for thy recompense:
Nay more, do this, and live thou governor still.
Bar. Nay, do thou this, Ferneze, and be free;
Governor, I enlarge thee; live with me,
Go walk about the city, see thy friends:
Tush, send not letters to 'em, go thyself,
And let me see what money thou canst make;
Here is my hand that I'll set Malta free:
And thus we cast it: To a solemn feast
I will invite young Selim Calymath,
Where be thou present only to perform
One stratagem that I'll impart to thee,
Wherein no danger shall betide thy life,
And I will warrant Malta free for ever.
Gov. Here is my hand, believe me, Barabas,
I will be there, and do as thou desirest;
When is the time?
Bar. Governor, presently.
For Calymath, when he hath viewed the town,
Will take his leave and sail toward Ottoman.
Gov. Then will I, Barabas, about this coin,
And bring it with me to thee in the evening.
Bar. Do so, but fail not; now farewell Ferneze: [*Exit* Governor.
And thus far roundly goes the business:
Thus loving neither, will I live with both,
Making a profit of my policy;
And he from whom my most advantage comes,
Shall be my friend.
This is the life we Jews are used to lead;
And reason too, for Christians do the like.
Well, now about effecting this device:
First to surprise great Selim's soldiers,
And then to make provision for the feast,
That at one instant all things may be done,
My policy detests prevention:
To what event my secret purpose drives,
I know; and they shall witness with their lives. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Calymath *and* Bassoes.

Caly. Thus have we viewed the city, seen the sack,
And caused the ruins to be new repaired,
Which with our bombard's shot and basilisks,
We rent in sunder at our entry:
And now I see the situation,
And how secure this conquered island stands
Environed with the Mediterranean sea,
Strong countermined with other petty isles;
And, toward Calabria, backed by Sicily,
(Where Syracusian Dionysius reigned,)
Two lofty turrets that command the town;
I wonder how it could be conquered thus?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. From Barabas, Malta's governor, I bring
A message unto mighty Calymath;
Hearing his sovereign was bound for sea,
To sail to Turkey, to great Ottoman,
He humbly would entreat your majesty
To come and see his homely citadel,
And banquet with him ere thou leav'st the isle.
Caly. To banquet with him in his citadel?
I fear me, messenger, to feast my train
Within a town of war so lately pillaged,
Will be too costly and too troublesome:
Yet would I gladly visit Barabas,
For well has Barabas deserved of us.
Mess. Selim, for that, thus saith the Governor,
That he hath in store a pearl so big,
So precious, and withal so orient,
As, be it valued but indifferently,
The price thereof will serve to entertain
Selim and all his soldiers for a month;
Therefore he humbly would entreat your highness
Not to depart till he has feasted you.
Caly. I cannot feast my men in Malta walls,
Except he place his tables in the streets.
Mess. Know, Selim, that there is a monastery
Which standeth as an out-house to the town:

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There will be banquet them, but thee at home,
With all thy bassoes and brave followers.
Caly. Well, tell the Governor we grant his suit,
We'll in this summer evening feast with him.
Mess. I shall, my lord, [*Exit.*
Caly. And now, bold bassoes, let us to our tents,
And meditate how we may grace us best
To solemnize our Governor's great feast.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Governor, Knights, Del Bosco.

Gov. In this, my countrymen, be ruled by me,
Have special care that no man sally forth
Till you shall hear a culverin discharged
By him that bears the linstock, kindled thus;
Then issue out and come to rescue me,
For haply I shall be in distress,
Or you released of this servitude.
Knight. Rather than thus to live as Turkish thralls
What will we not adventure?
Gov. On then, begone.
Knight. Farewell, grave Governor!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Barabas, *with a hammer, above, very busy; and* Carpenters.

Bar. How stand the cords? How hang these hinges? fast?
Are all the cranes and pulleys sure?
First Carp. All fast.
Bar. Leave nothing loose, all levelled to my mind.
Why now I see that you have art indeed.
There, carpenters, divide that gold amongst you:
Go swill in bowls of sack and muscadine!
Down to the cellar, taste of all my wines.
Carp. We shall, my lord, and thank you: [*Exeunt.*
Bar. And, if you like them, drink your fill and die:
For so I live, perish may all the world.
Now Selim Calymath return me word
That thou wilt come, and I am satisfied.
Now sirrah, what, will he come?

Enter Messenger.

Mes. He will; and has commanded all his men
To come ashore, and march through Malta streets,
That thou mayest feast them in thy citadel.
Bar. Then now are all things as my wish would have 'em,
There wanteth nothing but the Governor's pelf,
And see, he brings it.

Enter Governor.

Now, Governor, the sum.
Gov. With free consent, a hundred thousand pounds.
Bar. Pounds say'st thou, Governor? well, since it is no more
I'll satisfy myself with that; nay, keep it still,
For if I keep not promise, trust not me.
And Governor, now take my policy:
First, for his army, they are sent before,
Entered the monastery, and underneath
In several places are field pieces pitched,
Bombards, whole barrels full of gunpowder,
That on the sudden shall dissever it,
And batter all the stones about their ears,
Whence none can possibly escape alive:
Now as for Calymath and his consorts,
Here have I made a dainty gallery,
The floor whereof, this cable being cut,
Doth fall asunder; so that it doth sink
Into a deep pit past recovery.
Here, hold that knife, and when thou seest he comes,
And with his bassoes shall be blithely set,
A warning-piece shall be shot off from the tower,
To give thee knowledge when to cut the cord,
And fire the house; say, will not this be brave?
Gov. Oh excellent! here, hold thee, Barabas,
I trust thy word, take what I promised thee.
Bar. No, Governor, I'll satisfy thee first,
Thou shalt not live in doubt of any thing.
Stand close, for here they come [Governor *retires*]: why, is not this
A kingly kind of trade to purchase towns
By treachery, and sell 'em by deceit?
Now tell me, worldlings, underneath the sun
If greater falsehood ever has been done?

Enter Calymath *and* Bassoes.

Caly. Come, my companion bassoes, see I pray
How busy Barabas is there above
To entertain us in his gallery;
Let us salute him. Save thee, Barabas!
Bar. Welcome, great Calymath!
Gov. How the slave jeers at him. [*Aside.*

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Bar. Will 't please thee, mighty Selim Calymath,
To ascend our homely stairs?
Caly. Aye, Barabas; come, bassoes, attend.
Gov. Stay, Calymath!
For I will show thee greater courtesy
Than Barabas would have afforded thee.
Knight [*within*]. Sound a charge there!
[*A charge, the cable cut, a caldron discovered into which* Barabas *falls.*

Enter Calymath *and* Bassoes.

Caly. How now, what means this!
Bar. Help, help me, Christians, help.
Gov. See, Calymath, this was devised for thee.
Caly. Treason! treason! bassoes, fly!
Gov. No, Selim, do not fly;
See his end first, and fly then if thou canst.
Bar. Oh help me, Selim, help me, Christians!
Governor, why stand you all so pitiless?
Gov. Should I in pity of thy plaints or thee,
Accursèd Barabas, base Jew, relent?
No, thus I'll see thy treachery repaid,
But wish thou hadst behaved thee otherwise.
Bar. You will not help me, then?
Gov. No, villain, no.
Bar. And villains, know you cannot help me now—
Then Barabas breathe forth thy latest hate,
And in the fury of thy torments strive
To end thy life with resolution:
Know, Governor, 'twas I that slew thy son;
I framed the challenge that did make them meet:
Know, Calymath, I aimed thy overthrow,
And had I but escaped this stratagem,
I would have brought confusion on you all,
Damned Christian dogs, and Turkish infidels;
But now begins the extremity of heat
To pinch me with intolerable pangs:
Die life, fly soul, tongue curse thy fill, and die! [*Dies.*
Caly. Tell me, you Christians, what doth this portend?
Gov. This train he laid to have entrapped thy life;
Now, Selim, note the unhallowed deeds of Jews:
Thus he determined to have handled thee,
But I have rather chose to save thy life.
Caly. Was this the banquet he prepared for us?
Let's hence, lest further mischief be pretended.
Gov. Nay, Selim, stay, for since we have thee here,
We will not let thee part so suddenly:
Besides, if we should let thee go, all's one,
For with thy galleys could'st thou not get hence,
Without fresh men to rig and furnish them.
Caly. Tush, Governor, take thou no care for that,
My men are all aboard.
And do attend my coming there by this.
Gov. Why, heard'st thou not the trumpet sound a charge?
Caly. Yes, what of that?
Gov. Why then the house was fired,
Blown up, and all thy soldiers massacred.
Caly. Oh monstrous treason!
Gov. A Jew's courtesy:
For he that did by treason work our fall,
By treason hath delivered thee to us:
Know, therefore, till thy father hath made good
The ruins done to Malta and to us,
Thou canst not part: for Malta shall be freed,
Or Selim ne'er return to Ottoman.
Caly. Nay rather, Christians, let me go to Turkey,
In person there to mediate your peace;
To keep me here will naught advantage you.
Gov. Content thee, Calymath, here thou must stay,
And live in Malta prisoner; for come all the world
To rescue thee, so will we guard us now,
As sooner shall they drink the ocean dry
Than conquer Malta, or endanger us.
So march away, and let due praise be given
Neither to fate nor fortune, but to heaven.
[*Exeunt.*

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Edward the Second.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Edward II.
Edward III.
Gaveston.
Old Spencer.
Young Spencer.
Earl Mortimer.
Young Mortimer.
Berkeley.
Lancaster.
Leicester.
Edmund, *Earl of Kent.*
Arundel.
Warwick.
Pembroke.
Archbishop of Canterbury.
Bishop of Winchester.
Bishop of Coventry.

Beaumont.
Trussel.
Sir John Hainault.
Levune.
Baldock.
Matrevis.
Gurney.
Rice ap Howel.
Lightborn.
Abbot.
Lords, Messengers, Monks, James, &c., &c.

Queen Isabella.
Niece *to* Edward II.
Ladies.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Enter Gaveston, *reading a letter from the king.*

Gav. My father is deceased! Come, Gaveston,
And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend.
Ah! words that make me surfeit with delight!
What greater bliss can hap to Gaveston,
Than live and be the favourite of a king!
Sweet prince, I come; these, these thy amorous lines
Might have enforced me to have swum from France,
And like Leander, gasped upon the sand,
So thou would'st smile, and take me in thine arms.
The sight of London to my exiled eyes
Is as Elysium to a new-come soul;
Not that I love the city, or the men,
But that it harbours him I hold so dear—
The king, upon whose bosom let me lie,
And with the world be still at enmity.
What need the arctic people love starlight,
To whom the sun shines both by day and night?
Farewell base stooping to the lordly peers!
My knee shall bow to none but to the king.
As for the multitude, they are but sparks,
Raked up in embers of their poverty;—
Tanti; I'll fawn first on the wind
That glanceth at my lips, and flieth away.
But how now, what are these?

Enter three poor Men.

Men. Such as desire your worship's service.
Gav. What canst thou do?
1 *Man.* I can ride.
Gav. But I have no horse. What art thou?
2 *Man.* A traveller.
Gav. Let me see—thou would'st do well
To wait at my trencher, and tell me lies at dinner-time;
And as I like your discoursing, I'll have you.
And what art thou?
3 *Man.* A soldier, that hath served against the Scot.
Gav. Why there are hospitals for such as you;
I have no war; and therefore, sir, be gone.
3 *Man.* Farewell, and perish by a soldier's hand,
That would'st reward them with an hospital.

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Gav. Aye, aye, these words of his move me as much
As if a goose would play the porcupine,
And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my breast.
But yet it is no pain to speak men fair;
I'll flatter these, and make them live in hope. [*Aside.*
You know that I came lately out of France,
And yet I have not viewed my lord the king;
If I speed well, I'll entertain you all.
Omnes. We thank your worship.
Gav. I have some business. Leave me to myself.
Omnes. We will wait here about the court. [*Exeunt.*
Gav. Do; these are not men for me;
I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,
Musicians, that with touching of a string
May draw the pliant king which way I please.
Music and poetry are his delight;
Therefore I'll have Italian masks by night,
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows;
And in the day, when he shall walk abroad,
Like sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad;
My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,
Shall with their goat-feet dance the antic hay.
Sometimes a lovely boy in Dian's shape,
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,
Crownets of pearl about his naked arms,
And in his sportful hands an olive-tree,
To hide those parts which men delight to see,
Shall bathe him in a spring; and there hard by,
One like Actæon peeping through the grove,
Shall by the angry goddess be transformed,
And running in the likeness of an hart
By yelping hounds pulled down, shall seem to die;—
Such things as these best please his majesty.
By'r lord! here comes the king and the nobles
From the parliament. I'll stand aside.

Enter the King, Lancaster, Mortimer, *senior*, Mortimer, *junior*, Edmund Earl *of* Kent, Guy Earl *of* Warwick, *&c.*

Edw. Lancaster!
Lan. My lord.
Gav. That earl of Lancaster do I abhor. [*Aside.*
Edw. Will you not grant me this? In spite of them
I'll have my will; and these two Mortimers,
That cross me thus, shall know I am displeased.
E. Mor. If you love us, my lord, hate Gaveston.
Gav. That villain Mortimer, I'll be his death! [*Aside.*
Y. Mor. Mine uncle here, this earl, and I myself,
Were sworn unto your father at his death,
That he should ne'er return into the realm:
And know, my lord, ere I will break my oath,
This sword of mine, that should offend your foes,
Shall sleep within the scabbard at thy need,
And underneath thy banners march who will,
For Mortimer will hang his armour up.
Gav. Mort dieu! [*Aside.*
Edw. Well, Mortimer, I'll make thee rue these words.
Beseems it thee to contradict thy king?
Frown'st thou thereat, aspiring Lancaster?
The sword shall plane the furrows of thy brows,
And hew these knees that now are grown so stiff.
I will have Gaveston; and you shall know
What danger 'tis to stand against your king.
Gav. Well done, Ned! [*Aside.*
Lan. My lord, why do you thus incense your peers,
That naturally would love and honour you
But for that base and obscure Gaveston?
Four earldoms have I, besides Lancaster—
Derby, Salisbury, Lincoln, Leicester,
These will I sell, to give my soldiers pay,
Ere Gaveston shall stay within the realm;
Therefore, if he be come, expel him straight.
Edw. Barons and earls, your pride hath made me mute;
But now I'll speak, and to the proof, I hope.
I do remember, in my father's days,
Lord Piercy of the North, being highly moved,
Braved Moubery in presence of the king;
For which, had not his highness loved him well,
He should have lost his head; but with his look
The undaunted spirit of Piercy was appeased,
And Moubery and he were reconciled.
Yet dare you brave the king unto his face;
Brother, revenge it, and let these their heads,
Preach upon poles, for trespass of their tongues.
War. Oh, our heads!

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Edw. Aye, yours; and therefore I would wish you grant.—
War. Bridle thy anger, gentle Mortimer.
Y. Mor. I cannot, nor I will not; I must speak.
Cousin, our hands I hope shall fence our heads,
And strike off his that makes you threaten us.
Come, uncle, let us leave the brainsick king,
And henceforth parley with our naked swords.
E. Mor. Wiltshire hath men enough to save our heads.
War. All Warwickshire will leave him for my sake.
Lan. And northward Lancaster hath many friends.
Adieu, my lord; and either change your mind,
Or look to see the throne, where you should sit,
To float in blood; and at thy wanton head,
The glozing head of thy base minion thrown.
[*Exeunt* Nobles.
Edw. I cannot brook these haughty menaces;
Am I a king, and must be over-ruled?
Brother, display my ensigns in the field;
I'll bandy with the barons and the earls,
And either die or live with Gaveston.
Gav. I can no longer keep me from my lord. [*Comes forward.*
Edw. What, Gaveston! welcome—Kiss not my hand—
Embrace me, Gaveston, as I do thee.
Why should'st thou kneel? know'st thou not who I am?
Thy friend, thyself, another Gaveston!
Not Hylas was more mourned of Hercules,
Than thou hast been of me since thy exile.
Gav. And since I went from hence, no soul in hell
Hath felt more torment than poor Gaveston.
Edw. I know it—Brother, welcome home my friend.
Now let the treacherous Mortimers conspire,
And that high-minded Earl of Lancaster:
I have my wish, in that I 'joy thy sight;
And sooner shall the sea o'erwhelm my land,
Than bear the ship that shall transport thee hence.
I here create thee Lord High Chamberlain,
Chief Secretary to the state and me,
Earl of Cornwall, King and Lord of Man.
Gav. My lord, these titles far exceed my worth.
Kent. Brother, the least of these may well suffice
For one of greater birth than Gaveston.
Edw. Cease, brother: for I cannot brook these words.
Thy worth, sweet friend, is far above my gifts,
Therefore, to equal it, receive my heart;
If for these dignities thou be envied,
I'll give thee more; for, but to honour thee,
Is Edward pleased with kingly regiment.
Fear'st thou thy person? thou shalt have a guard.
Wantest thou gold? go to my treasury.
Wouldst thou be loved and feared? receive my seals;
Save or condemn, and in our name command
Whatso thy mind affects, or fancy likes.
Gav. It shall suffice me to enjoy your love,
Which whiles I have, I think myself as great
As Cæsar riding in the Roman street,
With captive kings at his triumphant car.

Enter the Bishop *of* Coventry.

Edw. Whither goes my lord of Coventry so fast?
Bish. To celebrate your father's exequies.
But is that wicked Gaveston returned?
Edw. Aye, priest, and lives to be revenged on thee,
That wert the only cause of his exile.
Gav. 'Tis true; and but for reverence of these robes,
Thou should'st not plod one foot beyond this place.
Bish. I did no more than I was bound to do;
And, Gaveston, unless thou be reclaimed,
As then I did incense the parliament,
So will I now, and thou shalt back to France.
Gav. Saving your reverence, you must pardon me.
Edw. Throw off his golden mitre, rend his stole,
And in the channel christen him anew.
Kent. Ah, brother, lay not violent hands on him,
For he'll complain unto the see of Rome.
Gav. Let him complain unto the see of hell,
I'll be revenged on him for my exile.
Edw. No, spare his life, but seize upon his goods:
Be thou lord bishop and receive his rents,
And make him serve thee as thy chaplain:
I give him thee—here, use him as thou wilt.
Gav. He shall to prison, and there die in bolts.
Edw. Aye, to the Tower, the Fleet, or where thou wilt.
Bish. For this offence, be thou accurst of God!

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Edw. Who's there? Convey this priest to the Tower.
Bish. True, true.
Edw. But in the mean time, Gaveston, away,
And take possession of his house and goods.
Come, follow me, and thou shalt have my guard
To see it done, and bring thee safe again.
Gav. What should a priest do with so fair a house?
A prison may best beseem his holiness.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter both the Mortimers, Warwick, *and* Lancaster.

War. 'Tis true, the bishop is in the Tower,
And goods and body given to Gaveston.
Lan. What! will they tyrannize upon the church?
Ah, wicked king! accursed Gaveston!
This ground, which is corrupted with their steps,
Shall be their timeless sepulchre or mine.
Y. Mor. Well, let that peevish Frenchman guard him sure;
Unless his breast be sword-proof he shall die.
E. Mor. How now, why droops the earl of Lancaster?
Y. Mor. Wherefore is Guy of Warwick discontent?
Lan. That villain Gaveston is made an earl.
E. Mor. An earl!
War. Aye, and besides Lord Chamberlain of the realm,
And Secretary too, and Lord of Man.
E. Mor. We may not, nor we will not suffer this.
Y. Mor. Why post we not from hence to levy men?
Lan. "My Lord of Cornwall," now at every word!
And happy is the man whom he vouchsafes,
For vailing of his bonnet, one good look.
Thus, arm in arm, the king and he doth march:
Nay more, the guard upon his lordship waits;
And all the court begins to flatter him.
War. Thus leaning on the shoulder of the king,
He nods and scorns, and smiles at those that pass.
E. Mor. Doth no man take exceptions at the slave?
Lan. All stomach him, but none dare speak a word.
Y. Mor. Aye, that bewrays their baseness, Lancaster.
Were all the earls and barons of my mind,
We'd hale him from the bosom of the king,
And at the court-gate hang the peasant up;
Who, swoln with venom of ambitious pride,
Will be the ruin of the realm and us.

Enter the Archbishop *of* Canterbury, *and a* Messenger.

War. Here comes my Lord of Canterbury's grace.
Lan. His countenance bewrays he is displeased.
Archbish. First were his sacred garments rent and torn,
Then laid they violent hands upon him; next
Himself imprisoned, and his goods asseized:
This certify the pope;—away, take horse.
[*Exit* Messenger.
Lan. My lord, will you take arms against the king?
Archbish. What need I? God himself is up in arms,
When violence is offered to the church.
Y. Mor. Then will you join with us, that be his peers,
To banish or behead that Gaveston?
Archbish. What else, my lords? for it concerns me near;—
The bishoprick of Coventry is his.

Enter Queen Isabella.

Y. Mor. Madam, whither walks your majesty so fast?
Queen. Unto the forest, gentle Mortimer,
To live in grief and baleful discontent;
For now, my lord, the king regards me not,
But doats upon the love of Gaveston.
He claps his cheek, and hangs about his neck,
Smiles in his face, and whispers in his ears;
And when I come he frowns, as who should say,
"Go whither thou wilt, seeing I have Gaveston."
E. Mor. Is it not strange, that he is thus bewitched?
Y. Mor. Madam, return unto the court again:
That sly inveigling Frenchman we'll exile,
Or lose our lives; and yet ere that day come
The king shall lose his crown; for we have power,
And courage too, to be revenged at full.
Archbish. But yet lift not your swords against the king.

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Lan. No; but we will lift Gaveston from hence.
War. And war must be the means, or he'll stay still.
Queen. Then let him stay; for rather than my lord
Shall be oppressed with civil mutinies,
I will endure a melancholy life,
And let him frolic with his minion.
Archbish. My lords, to ease all this, but hear me speak:—
We and the rest, that are his counsellors,
Will meet, and with a general consent
Confirm his banishment with our hands and seals.
Lan. What we confirm the king will frustrate.
Y. Mor. Then may we lawfully revolt from him.
War. But say, my lord, where shall this meeting be?
Archbish. At the New Temple.
Y. Mor. Content.
Archbish. And, in the mean time, I'll entreat you all
To cross to Lambeth, and there stay with me.
Lan. Come then, let's away.
Y. Mor. Madam, farewell!
Queen. Farewell, sweet Mortimer; and, for my sake
Forbear to levy arms against the king.
Y. Mor. Aye, if words will serve, if not, I must. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Gaveston *and the* Earl *of* Kent.

Gav. Edmund, the mighty prince of Lancaster,
That hath more earldoms than an ass can bear,
And both the Mortimers, two goodly men,
With Guy of Warwick, that redoubted knight,
Are gone toward London—there let them remain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Nobles, *and the* Archbishop *of* Canterbury.

Lan. Here is the form of Gaveston's exile:
May it please your lordship to subscribe your name.
Archbish. Give me the paper.
[*He subscribes, as the others do after him.*
Lan. Quick, quick, my lord; I long to write my name.
War. But I long more to see him banished hence.
Y. Mor. The name of Mortimer shall fright the king,
Unless he be declined from that base peasant.

Enter the King, Gaveston, *and* Kent.

Edw. What, are you moved that Gaveston sits here?
It is our pleasure, and we will have it so.
Lan. Your grace doth well to place him by your side,
For no where else the new earl is so safe.
E. Mor. What man of noble birth can brook this sight?
Quam male conveniunt!
See what a scornful look the peasant casts!
Pem. Can kingly lions fawn on creeping ants?
War. Ignoble vassal, that like Phaeton
Aspir'st unto the guidance of the sun.
Y. Mor. Their downfall is at hand, their forces down:
We will not thus be faced and over-peered.
Edw. Lay hands on that traitor Mortimer!
E. Mor. Lay hands on that traitor Gaveston!
Kent. Is this the duty that you owe your king?
War. We know our duties—let him know his peers.
Edw. Whither will you bear him? Stay, or ye shall die.
E. Mor. We are no traitors; therefore threaten not.
Gav. No, threaten not, my lord, but pay them home!
Were I a king——
Y. Mor. Thou villain, wherefore talk'st thou of a king,
That hardly art a gentleman by birth?
Edw. Were he a peasant, being my minion,
I'll make the proudest of you stoop to him.
Lan. My lord, you may not thus disparage us.
Away, I say, with hateful Gaveston.
E. Mor. And with the Earl of Kent that favours him.
[Attendants *remove* Kent *and* Gaveston.
Edw. Nay, then, lay violent hands upon your king,
Here, Mortimer, sit thou in Edward's throne:
Warwick and Lancaster, wear you my crown:
Was ever king thus over-ruled as I?

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Lan. Learn then to rule us better, and the realm.
Y. Mor. What we have done, our heart-blood shall maintain.
War. Think you that we can brook this upstart pride?
Edw. Anger and wrathful fury stops my speech.
Archbish. Why are you moved? be patient, my lord,
And see what we your counsellors have done.
Y. Mor. My lords, now let us all be resolute,
And either have our wills or lose our lives.
Edw. Meet you for this? proud overdaring peers!
Ere my sweet Gaveston shall part from me,
This isle shall fleet upon the ocean,
And wander to the unfrequented Inde.
Archbish. You know that I am legate to the pope;
On your allegiance to the see of Rome,
Subscribe, as we have done, to his exile.
Y. Mor. Curse him, if he refuse; and then may we
Depose him and elect another king.
Edw. Aye, there it goes—but yet I will not yield:
Curse me, depose me, do the worst you can.
Lan. Then linger not, my lord, but do it straight.
Archbish. Remember how the bishop was abused!
Either banish him that was the cause thereof,
Or I will presently discharge these lords
Of duty and allegiance due to thee.
Edw. It boots me not to threat—I must speak fair: [*Aside.*
The legate of the pope will be obeyed.
My lord, you shall be Chancellor of the realm;
Thou, Lancaster, High Admiral of the fleet;
Young Mortimer and his uncle shall be earls;
And you, Lord Warwick, President of the North;
And thou of Wales. If this content you not,
Make several kingdoms of this monarchy,
And share it equally amongst you all,
So I may have some nook or corner left,
To frolic with my dearest Gaveston.
Archbish. Nothing shall alter us—we are resolved.
Lan. Come, come, subscribe.
Y. Mor. Why should you love him whom the world hates so?
Edw. Because he loves me more than all the world.
Ah, none but rude and savage-minded men
Would seek the ruin of my Gaveston;
You that are noble born should pity him.
War. You that are princely born should shake him off:
For shame, subscribe, and let the lown depart.
E. Mor. Urge him, my lord.
Archbish. Are you content to banish him the realm?
Edw. I see I must, and therefore am content:
Instead of ink I'll write it with my tears. [*Subscribes.*
Y. Mor. The king is love-sick for his minion.
Edw. 'Tis done—and now, accursed hand! fall off!
Lan. Give it me—I'll have it published in the streets.
Y. Mor. I'll see him presently despatched away.
Archbish. Now is my heart at ease.
War. And so is mine.
Pem. This will be good news to the common sort.
E. Mor. Be it or no, he shall not linger here. [*Exeunt* Nobles.
Edw. How fast they run to banish him I love!
They would not stir, were it to do me good.
Why should a king be subject to a priest?
Proud Rome! that hatchest such imperial grooms,
With these thy superstitious taper-lights,
Wherewith thy antichristian churches blaze,
I'll fire thy crazed buildings, and enforce
The papal towers to kiss the lowly ground!
With slaughtered priests make Tiber's channel swell,
And banks rise higher with their sepulchres!
As for the peers, that back the clergy thus,
If I be king, not one of them shall live.

Enter Gaveston.

Gav. My lord, I hear it whispered everywhere,
That I am banished, and must fly the land.
Edw. 'Tis true, sweet Gaveston—Oh! were it false!
The legate of the Pope will have it so,
And thou must hence, or I shall be deposed.
But I will reign to be revenged of them;
And therefore, sweet friend, take it patiently.
Live where thou wilt, I'll send thee gold enough;

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And long thou shalt not stay, or if thou dost,
I'll come to thee; my love shall ne'er decline.
Gav. Is all my hope turned to this hell of grief?
Edw. Rend not my heart with thy too-piercing words:
Thou from this land, I from myself am banished.
Gav. To go from hence grieves not poor Gaveston;
But to forsake you, in whose gracious looks
The blessedness of Gaveston remains;
For no where else seeks he felicity.
Edw. And only this torments my wretched soul,
That, whether I will or no, thou must depart.
Be governor of Ireland in my stead,
And there abide till fortune call thee home.
Here take my picture, and let me wear thine; [*They exchange pictures.*
O, might I keep thee here as I do this,
Happy were I! but now most miserable!
Gav. 'Tis something to be pitied of a king.
Edw. Thou shalt not hence—I'll hide thee, Gaveston.
Gav. I shall be found, and then 'twill grieve me more.
Edw. Kind words, and mutual talk makes our grief greater:
Therefore, with dumb embracement, let us part—
Stay, Gaveston, I cannot leave thee thus.
Gav. For every look, my love drops down a tear:
Seeing I must go, do not renew my sorrow.
Edw. The time is little that thou hast to stay,
And, therefore, give me leave to look my fill;
But come, sweet friend, I'll bear thee on thy way.
Gav. The peers will frown.
Edw. I pass not for their anger—Come, let's go;
O that we might as well return as go.

Enter Kent *and* Queen Isabel.

Queen. Whither goes my lord?
Edw. Fawn not on me, French strumpet! get thee gone.
Queen. On whom but on my husband should I fawn?
Gav. On Mortimer! with whom, ungentle queen—
I say no more—judge you the rest, my lord.
Queen. In saying this, thou wrong'st me, Gaveston;
Is't not enough that thou corrupt'st my lord,
And art a bawd to his affections,
But thou must call mine honour thus in question?
Gav. I mean not so; your grace must pardon me.
Edw. Thou art too familiar with that Mortimer,
And by thy means is Gaveston exiled;
But I would wish thee reconcile the lords,
Or thou shalt ne'er be reconciled to me.
Queen. Your highness knows it lies not in my power.
Edw. Away then! touch me not—Come, Gaveston.
Queen. Villain! 'tis thou that robb'st me of my lord.
Gav. Madam, 'tis you that rob me of my lord.
Edw. Speak not unto her; let her droop and pine.
Queen. Wherein, my lord, have I deserved these words?
Witness the tears that Isabella sheds,
Witness this heart, that sighing for thee, breaks,
How dear my lord is to poor Isabel.
Edw. And witness heaven how dear thou art to me!
There weep: for till my Gaveston be repealed,
Assure thyself thou com'st not in my sight.
[*Exeunt* Edward *and* Gaveston.
Queen. O miserable and distressèd queen!
Would, when I left sweet France and was embarked,
That charming Circe, walking on the waves,
Had changed my shape, or that the marriage day
The cup of Hymen had been full of poison,
Or with those arms that twined about my neck
I had been stifled, and not lived to see
The king my lord thus to abandon me!
Like frantic Juno will I fill the earth
With ghastly murmur of my sighs and cries;
For never doated Jove on Ganymede
So much as he on cursed Gaveston:
But that will more exasperate his wrath:
I must entreat him, I must speak him fair,
And be a means to call home Gaveston:
And yet he'll ever doat on Gaveston:
And so am I for ever miserable.

Enter the Nobles.

Lan. Look where the sister of the king of France

Sits wringing of her hands, and beats her breast!
War. The king, I fear, hath ill-entreated her.
Pem. Hard is the heart that injures such a saint.
Y. Mor. I know 'tis 'long of Gaveston she weeps.
E. Mor. Why, he is gone.
Y. Mor. Madam, how fares your grace?
Queen. Ah, Mortimer! now breaks the king's hate forth,
And he confesseth that he loves me not.
Y. Mor. Cry quittance, madam, then; and love not him.
Queen. No, rather will I die a thousand deaths:
And yet I love in vain—he'll ne'er love me.
Lan. Fear ye not, madam; now his minion's gone,
His wanton humour will be quickly left.
Queen. Oh never, Lancaster! I am enjoined
To sue upon you all for his repeal;
This wills my lord, and this must I perform,
Or else be banished from his highness' presence.
Lan. For his repeal, madam! he comes not back,
Unless the sea cast up his shipwrecked body.
War. And to behold so sweet a sight as that,
There's none here but would run his horse to death.
Y. Mor. But madam would you have us call him home?
Queen. Aye, Mortimer, for till he be restored,
The angry king hath banished me the court;
And, therefore, as thou lov'st and tender'st me,
Be thou my advocate upon the peers.
Y. Mor. What! would you have me plead for Gaveston?
E. Mor. Plead for him that will, I am resolved.
Lan. And so am I, my lord! dissuade the queen.
Queen. O Lancaster! let him dissuade the king,
For 'tis against my will he should return.
War. Then speak not for him, let the peasant go.
Queen. 'Tis for myself I speak, and not for him.
Pem. No speaking will prevail, and therefore cease.
Y. Mor. Fair queen, forbear to angle for the fish
Which, being caught, strikes him that takes it dead;
I mean that vile torpedo, Gaveston,
That now I hope floats on the Irish seas.
Queen. Sweet Mortimer, sit down by me awhile,
And I will tell thee reasons of such weight,
As thou wilt soon subscribe to his repeal.
Y. Mor. It is impossible; but speak your mind.
Queen. Then thus, but none shall hear it but ourselves.
[*Talks to* Y. Mor. *apart.*
Lan. My lords, albeit the queen win Mortimer,
Will you be resolute, and hold with me?
E. Mor. Not I, against my nephew.
Pem. Fear not, the queen's words cannot alter him.
War. No, do but mark how earnestly she pleads.
Lan. And see how coldly his looks make denial.
War. She smiles, now for my life his mind is changed.
Lan. I'll rather lose his friendship I, than grant.
Y. Mor. Well, of necessity it must be so.
My lords, that I abhor base Gaveston
I hope your honours make no question,
And therefore, though I plead for his repeal,
'Tis not for his sake, but for our avail!
Nay, for the realm's behoof, and for the king's.
Lan. Fie, Mortimer, dishonour not thyself!
Can this be true, 'twas good to banish him?
And is this true, to call him home again?
Such reasons make white black, and dark night day.
Y. Mor. My lord of Lancaster, mark the respect.
Lan. In no respect can contraries be true.
Queen. Yet, good my lord, hear what he can allege.
War. All that he speaks is nothing, we are resolved.
Y. Mor. Do you not wish that Gaveston were dead?
Pem. I would he were.
Y. Mor. Why then, my lord, give me but leave to speak.
E. Mor. But, nephew, do not play the sophister.
Y. Mor. This which I urge is of a burning zeal

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To mend the king, and do our country good.
Know you not Gaveston hath store of gold,
Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends,
As he will front the mightiest of us all?
And whereas he shall live and be beloved,
'Tis hard for us to work his overthrow.

War. Mark you but that, my lord of Lancaster.

Y. Mor. But were he here, detested as he is,
How eas'ly might some base slave be suborned
To greet his lordship with a poniard,
And none so much as blame the murderer,
But rather praise him for that brave attempt,
And in the chronicle enrol his name
For purging of the realm of such a plague?

Pem. He saith true.

Lan. Aye, but how chance this was not done before?

Y. Mor. Because, my lords, it was not thought upon:
Nay, more, when he shall know it lies in us
To banish him, and then to call him home,
'Twill make him vail the top-flag of his pride,
And fear to offend the meanest nobleman.

E. Mor. But how if he do not, nephew?

Y. Mor. Then may we with some colour rise in arms?
For howsoever we have borne it out,
'Tis treason to be up against the king;
So we shall have the people of our side,
Which for his father's sake lean to the king,
But cannot brook a night-grown mushroom,
Such a one as my lord of Cornwall is,
Should bear us down of the nobility.
And when the commons and the nobles join,
'Tis not the king can buckler Gaveston;
We'll pull him from the strongest hold he hath.
My lords, if to perform this I be slack,
Think me as base a groom as Gaveston.

Lan. On that condition, Lancaster will grant.

War. And so will Pembroke and I.

E. Mor. And I.

Y. Mor. In this I count me highly gratified,
And Mortimer will rest at your command.

Queen. And when this favour Isabel forgets,
Then let her live abandoned and forlorn.
But see, in happy time, my lord the king,
Having brought the Earl of Cornwall on his way,
Is new returned; this news will glad him much;
Yet not so much as me; I love him more
Than he can Gaveston; would he loved me
But half so much, then were I treble-blessed!

Enter King Edward, *mourning.*

Edw. He's gone, and for his absence thus I mourn.
Did never sorrow go so near my heart,
As doth the want of my sweet Gaveston!
And could my crown's revenue bring him back,
I would freely give it to his enemies,
And think I gained, having bought so dear a friend.

Queen. Hark! how he harps upon his minion.

Edw. My heart is as an anvil unto sorrow,
Which beats upon it like the Cyclops' hammers,
And with the noise turns up my giddy brain,
And makes me frantic for my Gaveston.
Ah! had some bloodless fury rose from hell,
And with my kingly sceptre struck me dead,
When I was forced to leave my Gaveston!

Lan. Diablo! what passions call you these?

Queen. My gracious lord, I come to bring you news.

Edw. That you have parled with your Mortimer?

Queen. That Gaveston, my lord, shall be repealed.

Edw. Repealed! the news is too sweet to be true!

Queen. But will you love me, if you find it so?

Edw. If it be so, what will not Edward do?

Queen. For Gaveston, but not for Isabel.

Edw. For thee, fair queen, if thou lov'st Gaveston,
I'll hang a golden tongue about thy neck,
Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good success.

Queen. No other jewels hang about my neck
Than these, my lord; nor let me have more wealth
Than I may fetch from this rich treasury—
O how a kiss revives poor Isabel!

Edw. Once more receive my hand; and let this be
A second marriage 'twixt thyself and me.

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Queen. And may it prove more happy than the first!
My gentle lord, bespeak these nobles fair,
That wait attendance for a gracious look,
And on their knees salute your majesty.
Edw. Courageous Lancaster, embrace thy king;
And, as gross vapours perish by the sun,
Even so let hatred with thy sovereign's smile.
Live thou with me as my companion.
Lan. This salutation overjoys my heart.
Edw. Warwick shall be my chiefest counsellor:
These silver hairs will more adorn my court
Than gaudy silks, or rich embroidery.
Chide me, sweet Warwick, if I go astray.
War. Slay me, my lord, when I offend your grace.
Edw. In solemn triumphs, and in public shows,
Pembroke shall bear the sword before the king.
Pem. And with this sword Pembroke will fight for you.
Edw. But wherefore walks young Mortimer aside?
Be thou commander of our royal fleet;
Or if that lofty office like thee not,
I make thee here Lord Marshal of the realm.
Y. Mor. My lord, I'll marshal so your enemies,
As England shall be quiet, and you safe.
Edw. And as for you, Lord Mortimer of Chirke,
Whose great achievements in our foreign war
Deserve no common place, nor mean reward;
Be you the general of the levied troops,
That now are ready to assail the Scots.
E. Mor. In this your grace hath highly honoured me,
For with my nature war doth best agree.
Queen. Now is the king of England rich and strong,
Having the love of his renownèd peers.
Edw. Aye, Isabel, ne'er was my heart so light.
Clerk of the crown, direct our warrant forth
For Gaveston to Ireland: [*Enter* Beaumont *with warrant.*] Beaumont, fly,
As fast as Iris, or Jove's Mercury.
Bea. It shall be done, my gracious lord.
Edw. Lord Mortimer, we leave you to your charge.
Now let us in, and feast it royally.
Against our friend the Earl of Cornwall comes,
We'll have a general tilt and tournament;
And then his marriage shall be solemnized.
For wot you not that I have made him sure
Unto our cousin, the Earl of Gloucester's heir?
Lan. Such news we hear, my lord.
Edw. That day, if not for him, yet for my sake,
Who in the triumph will be challenger,
Spare for no cost; we will requite your love.
War. In this, or aught your highness shall command us.
Edw. Thanks, gentle Warwick: come, let's in and revel.
[*Exeunt. Manent the* Mortimers.
E. Mor. Nephew, I must to Scotland; thou stayest here.
Leave now t' oppose thyself against the king.
Thou seest by nature he is mild and calm,
And, seeing his mind so doats on Gaveston,
Let him without controlment have his will.
The mightiest kings have had their minions:
Great Alexander loved Hephestion;
The conquering Hercules for his Hylas wept;
And for Patroclus stern Achilles drooped.
And not kings only, but the wisest men:
The Roman Tully loved Octavius;
Grave Socrates wild Alcibiades.
Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,
And promiseth as much as we can wish,
Freely enjoy that vain, light-headed earl;
For riper years will wean him from such toys.
Y. Mor. Uncle, his wanton humour grieves not me;
But this I scorn, that one so basely born
Should by his sovereign's favour grow so pert,
And riot it with the treasure of the realm.
While soldiers mutiny for want of pay,
He wears a lord's revenue on his back,
And Midas-like, he jets it in the court,
With base outlandish cullions at his heels,
Whose proud fantastic liveries make such show,
As if that Proteus, god of shapes, appeared.
I have not seen a dapper Jack so brisk;
He wears a short Italian hooded cloak,
Larded with pearl, and, in his Tuscan cap,
A jewel of more value than the crown.
While others walk below, the king and he
From out a window laugh at such as we,
And flout our train, and jest at our attire.
Uncle, 'tis this makes me impatient.
E. Mor. But, nephew, now you see the king is changed.
Y. Mor. Then so am I, and live to do him service:
But whilst I have a sword, a hand, a heart,
I will not yield to any such upstart.
You know my mind; come, uncle, let's away.
[*Exeunt.*

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ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Enter Young Spencer *and* Baldock.

Bald. Spencer,
Seeing that our lord the Earl of Gloucester's dead,
Which of the nobles dost thou mean to serve?
Y. Spen. Not Mortimer, nor any of his side;
Because the king and he are enemies.
Baldock, learn this of me, a factious lord
Shall hardly do himself good, much less us;
But he that hath the favour of a king,
May with one word advance us while we live:
The liberal Earl of Cornwall is the man
On whose good fortune Spencer's hope depends.
Bald. What, mean you then to be his follower?
Y. Spen. No, his companion; for he loves me well,
And would have once preferred me to the king.
Bald. But he is banished; there's small hope of him.
Y. Spen. Aye, for a while; but, Baldock, mark the end.
A friend of mine told me in secresy
That he's repealed, and sent for back again;
And even now a post came from the court
With letters to our lady from the king;
And as she read she smiled, which makes me think
It is about her lover Gaveston.
Bald. 'Tis like enough; for since he was exiled
She neither walks abroad, nor comes in sight.
But I had thought the match had been broke off,
And that his banishment had changed her mind.
Y. Spen. Our lady's first love is not wavering;
My life for thine she will have Gaveston.
Bald. Then hope I by her means to be preferred,
Having read unto her since she was a child.
Y. Spen. Then, Baldock, you must cast the scholar off,
And learn to court it like a gentleman.
'Tis not a black coat and a little band,
A velvet caped cloak, faced before with serge,
And smelling to a nosegay all the day,
Or holding of a napkin in your hand,
Or saying a long grace at a table's end,
Or making low legs to a nobleman,
Or looking downward with your eyelids close,
And saying, "Truly, an't may please your honour,"
Can get you any favour with great men:
You must be proud, bold, pleasant, resolute,
And now and then stab, as occasion serves.
Bald. Spencer, thou know'st I hate such formal toys,
And use them but of mere hypocrisy.
Mine old lord while he lived was so precise,
That he would take exceptions at my buttons,
And being like pins' heads, blame me for the bigness;
Which made me curate-like in mine attire,
Though inwardly licentious enough,
And apt for any kind of villainy.
I am none of these common pedants, I,
That cannot speak without *propterea quod.*
Y. Spen. But one of those that saith, *quandoquidem,*
And hath a special gift to form a verb.
Bald. Leave off this jesting, here my lady comes.

Enter the Lady.

Lady. The grief for his exile was not so much,
As is the joy of his returning home.
This letter came from my sweet Gaveston:
What need'st thou, love, thus to excuse thyself?
I know thou couldst not come and visit me:
I will not long be from thee, though I die.
[*Reads.*
This argues the entire love of my lord;
When I forsake thee, death seize on my heart:
[*Reads.*
But stay thee here where Gaveston shall sleep.
Now to the letter of my lord the king.—
He wills me to repair unto the court,
And meet my Gaveston? why do I stay,
Seeing that he talks thus of my marriage-day?
Who's there? Baldock!
See that my coach be ready, I must hence.
Bald. It shall be done, madam. [*Exit.*
Lady. And meet me at the park-pale presently.
Spencer, stay you and bear me company,
For I have joyful news to tell thee of;
My lord of Cornwall is a coming over,
And will be at the court as soon as we.
Spen. I knew the king would have him home again.

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Lady. If all things sort out, as I hope they will,
Thy service, Spencer, shall be thought upon.
Spen. I humbly thank your ladyship.
Lady. Come, lead the way; I long till I am there. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Edward, *the* Queen, Lancaster, Young Mortimer, Warwick, Pembroke, Kent, *and* Attendants.

Edw. The wind is good, I wonder why he stays;
I fear me he is wrecked upon the sea.
Queen. Look, Lancaster, how passionate he is,
And still his mind runs on his minion!
Lan. My lord.
Edw. How now! what news? is Gaveston arrived?
Y. Mor. Nothing but Gaveston! what means your grace?
You have matters of more weight to think upon;
The King of France sets foot in Normandy.
Edw. A trifle! we'll expel him when we please.
But tell me, Mortimer, what's thy device
Against the stately triumph we decreed?
Y. Mor. A homely one, my lord, not worth the telling.
Edw. Pray thee let me know it.
Y. Mor. But, seeing you are so desirous, thus it is:
A lofty cedar-tree, fair flourishing,
On whose top-branches kingly eagles perch,
And by the bark a canker creeps me up,
And gets into the highest bough of all:
The motto, *Æque tandem.*
Edw. And what is yours, my lord of Lancaster?
Lan. My lord, mine's more obscure than Mortimer's.
Pliny reports there is a flying fish
Which all the other fishes deadly hate,
And therefore, being pursued, it takes the air:
No sooner is it up, but there's a fowl
That seizeth it: this fish, my lord, I bear,
The motto this: *Undique mors est.*
Kent. Proud Mortimer! ungentle Lancaster!
Is this the love you bear your sovereign?
Is this the fruit your reconcilement bears?
Can you in words make show of amity,
And in your shields display your rancorous minds!
What call you this but private libelling
Against the Earl of Cornwall and my brother?
Queen. Sweet husband, be content, they all love you.
Edw. They love me not that hate my Gaveston.
I am that cedar, shake me not too much;
And you the eagles; soar ye ne'er so high,
I have the jesses that will pull you down;
And *Æque tandem* shall that canker cry
Unto the proudest peer of Britainy.
Though thou compar'st him to a flying fish,
And threatenest death whether he rise or fall,
'Tis not the hugest monster of the sea,
Nor foulest harpy that shall swallow him.
Y. Mor. If in his absence thus he favours him,
What will he do whenas he shall be present?
Lan. That shall we see; look where his lordship comes.

Enter Gaveston.

Edw. My Gaveston! welcome to Tynemouth! welcome to thy friend!
Thy absence made me droop and pine away;
For, as the lovers of fair Danae,
When she was locked up in a brazen tower,
Desired her more, and waxed outrageous,
So did it fare with me: and now thy sight
Is sweeter far than was thy parting hence
Bitter and irksome to my sobbing heart.
Gav. Sweet lord and king, your speech preventeth mine,
Yet have I words left to express my joy:
The shepherd nipt with biting winter's rage
Frolics not more to see the painted spring,
Than I do to behold your majesty.
Edw. Will none of you salute my Gaveston?
Lan. Salute him? yes; welcome, Lord Chamberlain!
Y. Mor. Welcome is the good Earl of Cornwall!
War. Welcome, Lord Governor of the Isle of Man!
Pem. Welcome, Master Secretary!
Kent. Brother, do you hear them?
Edw. Still will these earls and barons use me thus.
Gav. My lord, I cannot brook these injuries.
Queen. Ah me! poor soul, when these begin to jar. [*Aside.*
Edw. Return it to their throats, I'll be thy warrant.
Gav. Base, leaden earls, that glory in your birth,
Go sit at home and eat your tenants' beef;
And come not here to scoff at Gaveston,

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Whose mounting thoughts did never creep so low
As to bestow a look on such as you.
Lan. Yet I disdain not to do this for you. [*Draws.*
Edw. Treason! treason! where's the traitor?
Pem. Here! here! king:
Convey hence Gaveston; they'll murder him.
Gav. The life of thee shall salve this foul disgrace.
Y. Mor. Villain! thy life, unless I miss mine aim. [*Offers to stab him.*
Queen. Ah! furious Mortimer, what hast thou done?
Y. Mor. No more than I would answer, were he slain.
[*Exit* Gaveston, *with Attendants.*
Edw. Yes, more than thou canst answer, though he live;
Dear shall you both abide this riotous deed.
Out of my presence! come not near the court.
Y. Mor. I'll not be barred the court for Gaveston.
Lan. We'll hale him by the ears unto the block.
Edw. Look to your heads; his is sure enough.
War. Look to your own crown, if you back him thus.
Kent. Warwick, these words do ill beseem thy years.
Edw. Nay, all of them conspire to cross me thus;
But if I live, I'll tread upon their heads
That think with high looks thus to tread me down.
Come, Edmund, let's away and levy men,
'Tis war that must abate these barons' pride.
[*Exeunt the* King, Queen, *and* Kent.
War. Let's to our castles, for the king is moved.
Y. Mor. Moved may he be, and perish in his wrath!
Lan. Cousin, it is no dealing with him now,
He means to make us stoop by force of arms;
And therefore let us jointly here protest,
To prosecute that Gaveston to the death.
Y. Mor. By heaven, the abject villain shall not live!
War. I'll have his blood, or die in seeking it.
Pem. The like oath Pembroke takes.
Lan. And so doth Lancaster.
Now send our heralds to defy the king;
And make the people swear to put him down.

Enter Messenger.

Y. Mor. Letters! from whence?
Mess. From Scotland, my lord.
[*Giving letters to* Mortimer.
Lan. Why, how now, cousin, how fare all our friends?
Y. Mor. My uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.
Lan. We'll have him ransomed, man; be of good cheer.
Y. Mor. They rate his ransom at five thousand pound.
Who should defray the money but the king,
Seeing he is taken prisoner in his wars?
I'll to the king.
Lan. Do, cousin, and I'll bear thee company.
War. Meantime, my lord of Pembroke and myself
Will to Newcastle here, and gather head.
Y. Mor. About it then, and we will follow you.
Lan. Be resolute and full of secresy.
War. I warrant you.
[*Exit with* Pembroke.
Y. Mor. Cousin, and if he will not ransom him,
I'll thunder such a peal into his ears,
As never subject did unto his king.
Lan. Content, I'll bear my part—Holloa! who's there? [Guard *appears.*

Enter Guard.

Y. Mor. Aye, marry, such a guard as this doth well.
Lan. Lead on the way.
Guard. Whither will your lordships?
Y. Mor. Whither else but to the king.
Guard. His highness is disposed to be alone.
Lan. Why, so he may, but we will speak to him.
Guard. You may not in, my lord.
Y. Mor. May we not?

Enter Edward *and* Kent.

Edw. How now! what noise is this?
Who have we there, is't you? [*Going.*
Y. Mor. Nay, stay, my lord, I come to bring you news;
Mine uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.
Edw. Then ransom him.
Lan. 'Twas in your wars; you should ransom him.
Y. Mar. And you shall ransom him, or else——

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Kent. What! Mortimer, you will not threaten him?
Edw. Quiet yourself, you shall have the broad seal,
To gather for him thoroughout the realm.
Lan. Your minion Gaveston hath taught you this.
Y. Mor. My lord, the family of the Mortimers
Are not so poor, but, would they sell their land,
'Twould levy men enough to anger you.
We never beg, but use such prayers as these.
Edw. Shall I still be haunted thus?
Y. Mor. Nay, now you're here alone, I'll speak my mind.
Lan. And so will I, and then, my lord, farewell.
Y. Mor. The idle triumphs, masks, lascivious shows,
And prodigal gifts bestowed on Gaveston,
Have drawn thy treasury dry, and made thee weak;
The murmuring commons, overstretchèd, break.
Lan. Look for rebellion, look to be deposed;
Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,
And, lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates.
The wild Oneyl, with swarms of Irish kerns,
Lives uncontrolled within the English pale.
Unto the walls of York the Scots make road,
And unresisted drive away rich spoils.
Y. Mor. The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas,
While in the harbour ride thy ships unrigged.
Lan. What foreign prince sends thee ambassadors?
Y. Mor. Who loves thee, but a sort of flatterers?
Lan. Thy gentle queen, sole sister to Valois,
Complains that thou hast left her all forlorn.
Y. Mor. Thy court is naked, being bereft of those
That make a king seem glorious to the world;
I mean the peers, whom thou should'st dearly love:
Libels are cast against thee in the street:
Ballads and rhymes made of thy overthrow.
Lan. The Northern borderers seeing their houses burnt,
Their wives and children slain, run up and down,
Cursing the name of thee and Gaveston.
Y. Mor. When wert thou in the field with banners spread?
But once: and then thy soldiers marched like players,
With garish robes, not armour; and thyself,
Bedaubed with gold, rode laughing at the rest,
Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,
Where women's favours hung like labels down.
Lan. And thereof came it, that the fleering Scots,
To England's high disgrace, have made this jig;

Maids of England, sore may you mourn,
For your lemans you have lost at Bannocksbourn,
With a heave and a ho.
What weeneth the King of England,
So soon to have won Scotland,
With a rombelow?

Y. Mor. Wigmore shall fly, to set my uncle free.
Lan. And when 'tis gone, our swords shall purchase more.
If ye be moved, revenge it if you can;
Look next to see us with our ensigns spread.
[*Exeunt* Nobles.
Edw. My swelling heart for very anger breaks!
How oft have I been baited by these peers,
And dare not be revenged, for their power is great!
Yet, shall the crowing of these cockerels
Affright a lion? Edward, unfold thy paws,
And let their lives' blood slake thy fury's hunger.
If I be cruel and grow tyrannous,
Now let them thank themselves, and rue too late.
Kent. My lord, I see your love for Gaveston
Will be the ruin of the realm and you,
For now the wrathful nobles threaten wars,
And therefore, brother, banish him for ever.
Edw. Art thou an enemy to my Gaveston?
Kent. Aye, and it grieves me that I favoured him.
Edw. Traitor, begone! whine thou with Mortimer.
Kent. So will I, rather than with Gaveston.
Edw. Out of my sight, and trouble me no more!
Kent. No marvel though thou scorn thy noble peers,
When I thy brother am rejected thus.
[*Exit.*

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Edw. Away!
Poor Gaveston, that has no friend but me,
Do what they can, we'll live in Tynemouth here,
And, so I walk with him about the walls,
What care I though the Earls begirt us round—
Here cometh she that's cause of all these jars.

Enter the Queen, *with* King's Niece, *two* Ladies, Gaveston, Baldock, *and* Young Spencer.

Queen. My lord, 'tis thought the Earls are up in arms.
Edw. Aye, and 'tis likewise thought you favour them.
Queen. Thus do you still suspect me without cause?
Lady. Sweet uncle! speak more kindly to the queen.
Gav. My lord, dissemble with her, speak her fair.
Edw. Pardon me, sweet, I had forgot myself.
Queen. Your pardon is quickly got of Isabel.
Edw. The younger Mortimer is grown so brave,
That to my face he threatens civil wars.
Gav. Why do you not commit him to the Tower?
Edw. I dare not, for the people love him well.
Gav. Why then we'll have him privily made away.
Edw. Would Lancaster and he had both caroused
A bowl of poison to each other's health!
But let them go, and tell me what are these.
Lady. Two of my father's servants whilst he liv'd,—
May't please your grace to entertain them now.
Edw. Tell me, where wast thou born?
What is thine arms?
Bald. My name is Baldock, and my gentry
I fetch from Oxford, not from heraldry.
Edw. The fitter art thou, Baldock, for my turn.
Wait on me, and I'll see thou shalt not want.
Bald. I humbly thank your majesty.
Edw. Knowest thou him, Gaveston?
Gav. Aye, my lord; his name is Spencer, he is well allied;
For my sake, let him wait upon your grace;
Scarce shall you find a man of more desert.
Edw. Then, Spencer, wait upon me, for his sake
I'll grace thee with a higher style ere long.
Y. Spen. No greater titles happen unto me,
Than to be favoured of your majesty.
Edw. Cousin, this day shall be your marriage feast.
And, Gaveston, think that I love thee well,
To wed thee to our niece, the only heir
Unto the Earl of Gloucester late deceased.
Gav. I know, my lord, many will stomach me,
But I respect neither their love nor hate.
Edw. The headstrong barons shall not limit me;
He that I list to favour shall be great.
Come, let's away; and when the marriage ends,
Have at the rebels, and their 'complices!
[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lancaster, Young Mortimer, Warwick, Pembroke, *and* Kent.

Kent. My lords, of love to this our native land
I come to join with you and leave the king;
And in your quarrel and the realm's behoof
Will be the first that shall adventure life.
Lan. I fear me, you are sent of policy,
To undermine us with a show of love.
War. He is your brother, therefore have we cause
To cast the worst, and doubt of your revolt.
Kent. Mine honour shall be hostage of my truth:
If that will not suffice, farewell, my lords.
Y. Mor. Stay, Edmund; never was Plantagenet
False of his word, and therefore trust we thee.
Pem. But what's the reason you should leave him now?
Kent. I have informed the Earl of Lancaster.
Lan. And it sufficeth. Now, my lords, know this,
That Gaveston is secretly arrived,
And here in Tynemouth frolics with the king.
Let us with these our followers scale the walls,
And suddenly surprise them unawares.
Y. Mor. I'll give the onset.
War. And I'll follow thee.
Y. Mor. This tottered ensign of my ancestors,
Which swept the desert shore of that dead sea,

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Whereof we got the name of Mortimer,
Will I advance upon this castle's walls.
Drums, strike alarum, raise them from their sport,
And ring aloud the knell of Gaveston!
Lan. None be so hardy as to touch the king;
But neither spare you Gaveston nor his friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter the King *and* Spencer, *to them* Gaveston, *&c.*

Edw. O tell me, Spencer, where is Gaveston?
Spen. I fear me, he is slain, my gracious lord.
Edw. No, here he comes; now let them spoil and kill.

Enter Queen, King's Niece, Gaveston, *and* Nobles.

Fly, fly, my lords, the earls have got the hold,
Take shipping and away to Scarborough,
Spencer and I will post away by land.
Gav. O stay, my lord, they will not injure you.
Edw. I will not trust them; Gaveston, away!
Gav. Farewell, my lord.
Edw. Lady, farewell.
Lady. Farewell, sweet uncle, till we meet again.
Edw. Farewell, sweet Gaveston; and farewell, niece.
Queen. No farewell to poor Isabel thy queen?
Edw. Yes, yes, for Mortimer, your lover's sake. [*Exeunt all but* Isabel.
Queen. Heaven can witness I love none but you:
From my embracements thus he breaks away.
O that mine arms could close this isle about,
That I might pull him to me where I would!
Or that these tears, that drizzle from mine eyes,
Had power to mollify his stony heart,
That when I had him we might never part.

Enter the Barons. *Alarums.*

Lan. I wonder how he scaped!
Y. Mor. Who's this, the queen?
Queen. Aye, Mortimer, the miserable queen,
Whose pining heart her inward sighs have blasted,
And body with continual mourning wasted:
These hands are tired with haling of my lord
From Gaveston, from wicked Gaveston,
And all in vain; for, when I speak him fair,
He turns away, and smiles upon his minion.
Y. Mor. Cease to lament, and tell us where's the king?
Queen. What would you with the king? is't him you seek?
Lan. No, madam, but that cursèd Gaveston.
Far be it from the thought of Lancaster,
To offer violence to his sovereign.
We would but rid the realm of Gaveston:
Tell us where he remains, and he shall die.
Queen. He's gone by water unto Scarborough;
Pursue him quickly, and he cannot scape;
The king hath left him, and his train is small.
War. Forslow no time, sweet Lancaster, let's march.
Y. Mor. How comes it that the king and he is parted?
Queen. That thus your army, going several ways,
Might be of lesser force: and with the power
That he intendeth presently to raise,
Be easily suppressed; therefore be gone.
Y. Mor. Here in the river rides a Flemish hoy;
Let's all aboard, and follow him amain.
Lan. The wind that bears him hence will fill our sails:
Come, come aboard, 'tis but an hour's sailing.
Y. Mor. Madam, stay you within this castle here.
Queen. No, Mortimer, I'll to my lord the king.
Y. Mor. Nay, rather sail with us to Scarborough.
Queen. You know the king is so suspicious,
As if he hear I have but talked with you,
Mine honour will be called in question;
And therefore, gentle Mortimer, be gone.
Y. Mor. Madam, I cannot stay to answer you,
But think of Mortimer as he deserves.
[*Exeunt* Barons.
Queen. So well hast thou deserved, sweet Mortimer,
As Isabel could live with thee for ever.
In vain I look for love at Edward's hand,
Whose eyes are fixed on none but Gaveston:
Yet once more I'll importune him with prayer.

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If he be strange and not regard my words,
My son and I will over into France,
And to the king my brother there complain,
How Gaveston hath robbed me of his love:
But yet I hope my sorrows will have end,
And Gaveston this blessèd day be slain.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Gaveston, *pursued.*

Gav. Yet, lusty lords, I have escaped your hands,
Your threats, your larums, and your hot pursuits;
And though divorcèd from King Edward's eyes.
Yet liveth Pierce of Gaveston unsurprised,
Breathing, in hope (malgrado all your beards,
That muster rebels thus against your king)
To see his royal sovereign once again.

Enter the Nobles.

War. Upon him, soldiers, take away his weapons.
Y. Mor. Thou proud disturber of thy country's peace,
Corrupter of thy king, cause of these broils,
Base flatterer, yield! and were it not for shame,
Shame and dishonour to a soldier's name,
Upon my weapon's point here should'st thou fall,
And welter in thy gore.
Lan. Monster of men!
That, like the Greekish strumpet, trained to arms
And bloody wars so many valiant knights;
Look for no other fortune, wretch, than death!
King Edward is not here to buckler thee.
War. Lancaster, why talk'st thou to the slave?
Go soldiers, take him hence, for by my sword
His head shall off: Gaveston, short warning
Shall serve thy turn. It is our country's cause,
That here severely we will execute
Upon thy person: hang him at a bough.
Gav. My lords!—
War. Soldiers, have him away;—
But for thou wert the favourite of a king,
Thou shalt have so much honour at our hands.
Gav. I thank you all, my lords: then I perceive,
That heading is one, and hanging is the other,
And death is all.

Enter Earl of Arundel.

Lan. How now, my lord of Arundel?
Arun. My lords, King Edward greets you all by me.
War. Arundel, say your message.
Arun. His majesty, hearing you had taken Gaveston,
Intreateth you by me, but that he may
See him before he dies; for why, he says,
And sends you word, he knows that die he shall;
And if you gratify his grace so far,
He will be mindful of the courtesy.
War. How now?
Gav. Renowned Edward, how thy name Revives poor Gaveston!
War. No, it needeth not;
Arundel, we will gratify the king
In other matters; he must pardon us in this.
Soldiers, away with him!
Gav. Why, my lord of Warwick,
Will not these delays beget my hopes?
I know it, lords, it is this life you aim at,
Yet grant King Edward this.
Y. Mor. Shalt thou appoint
What we shall grant? Soldiers, away with him:
Thus we will gratify the king,
We'll send his head by thee; let him bestow
His tears on that, for that is all he gets
Of Gaveston, or else his senseless trunk.
Lan. Not so, my lords, lest he bestow more cost
In burying him, than he hath ever earned.
Arun. My lords, it is his majesty's request,
And on the honour of a king he swears,
He will but talk with him, and send him back.
War. When, can you tell? Arundel, no; we wot,
He that the care of his re-alm remits,
And drives his nobles to these exigents
For Gaveston, will, if he sees him once,
Violate any promise to possess him.
Arun. Then if you will not trust his grace in keep,
My lords, I will be pledge for his return.
Y. Mor. 'Tis honourable in thee to offer this;

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But for we know thou art a noble gentleman,
We will not wrong thee so, to make away
A true man for a thief.

Gav. How mean'st thou, Mortimer? this is over-base.

Y. Mor. Away, base groom, robber of king's renown,
Question with thy companions and mates.

Pem. My Lord Mortimer, and you, my lords, each one,
To gratify the king's request therein,
Touching the sending of this Gaveston,
Because his majesty so earnestly
Desires to see the man before his death,
I will upon mine honour undertake
To carry him, and bring him back again;
Provided this, that you my lord of Arundel,
Will join with me.

War. Pembroke, what wilt thou do?
Cause yet more bloodshed? is it not enough
That we have taken him, but must we now
Leave him on "had I wist," and let him go?

Pem. My lords, I will not over-woo your honours,
But if you dare trust Pembroke with the prisoner,
Upon mine oath, I will return him back.

Arun. My lord of Lancaster, what say you in this?

Lan. Why I say, let him go on Pembroke's word.

Pem. And you Lord Mortimer?

Y. Mor. How say you, my lord of Warwick?

War. Nay, do your pleasures, I know how 'twill prove.

Pem. Then give him me.

Gav. Sweet sovereign, yet I come
To see thee ere I die.

War. Not yet perhaps,
If Warwick's wit and policy prevail. [*Aside.*

Y. Mor. My lord of Pembroke, we deliver him to you;
Return him on your honour. Sound, away.
[*Exeunt all but* Pembroke, Arundel, Gaveston, *and* Pembroke's men.

Pem. My lord [of Arundel], you shall go with me.
My house is not far hence; out of the way
A little, but our men shall go along,
We that have pretty wenches to our wives,
Sir, must not come so near to baulk their lips.

Arun. 'Tis very kindly spoke, my lord of Pembroke;
Your honour hath an adamant of power
To draw a prince.

Pem. So, my lord. Come hither James:
I do commit this Gaveston to thee,
Be thou this night his keeper, in the morning
We will discharge thee of thy charge; be gone.

Gav. Unhappy Gaveston, whither goest thou now?
[*Exit with* Pembroke's men.

Horse-boy. My lord, we'll quickly be at Cobham. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Enter Gaveston *mourning, and the* Earl of Pembroke's Men.

Gav. O treacherous Warwick! thus to wrong thy friend.

James. I see it is your life these arms pursue.

Gav. Weaponless must I fall, and die in bands?
Oh! must this day be period of my life?
Centre of all my bliss! An ye be men,
Speed to the king.

Enter Warwick *and his company.*

War. My lord of Pembroke's men,
Strive you no more—I will have that Gaveston.

James. Your lordship doth dishonour to yourself,
And wrong our lord, your honourable friend.

War. No, James, it is my country's cause I follow.
Go, take the villain; soldiers, come away,
We'll make quick work. Commend me to your master,
My friend, and tell him that I watched it well.
Come, let thy shadow parley with King Edward.

Gav. Treacherous earl, shall I not see the king?

War. The king of heaven perhaps, no other king.
Away! [*Exeunt* Warwick *and his* Men *with* Gaveston.

James. Come, fellows, it booted not for us to strive,
We will in haste go certify our lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter King Edward *and* Young Spencer, Baldock, *and* Nobles *of the king's side, with drums and fifes.*

Edw. I long to hear an answer from the barons,

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Touching my friend, my dearest Gaveston.
Ah! Spencer, not the riches of my realm
Can ransom him! ah, he is marked to die!
I know the malice of the younger Mortimer,
Warwick I know is rough, and Lancaster
Inexorable, and I shall never see
My lovely Pierce of Gaveston again!
The barons overbear me with their pride.
Y. Spen. Were I King Edward, England's sovereign,
Son to the lovely Eleanor of Spain,
Great Edward Longshanks' issue, would I bear
These braves, this rage, and suffer uncontrolled
These barons thus to beard me in my land,
In mine own realm? My lord, pardon my speech,
Did you retain your father's magnanimity,
Did you regard the honour of your name,
You would not suffer thus your majesty
Be counterbuft of your nobility.
Strike off their heads, and let them preach on poles!
No doubt, such lessons they will teach the rest,
As by their preachments they will profit much,
And learn obedience to their lawful king.
Edw. Yea, gentle Spencer, we have been too mild,
Too kind to them; but now have drawn our sword,
And if they send me not my Gaveston,
We'll steel it on their crest, and poll their tops.
Bald. This haught resolve becomes your majesty
Not to be tied to their affection,
As though your highness were a schoolboy still,
And must be awed and governed like a child.

Enter Hugh Spencer, *father to the* Young Spencer, *with his truncheon and* Soldiers.

O. Spen. Long live my sovereign, the noble Edward—
In peace triumphant, fortunate in wars!
Edw. Welcome, old man, com'st thou in Edward's aid?
Then tell thy prince of whence, and what thou art.
O. Spen. Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,
Brown bills and targeteers, four hundred strong,
Sworn to defend King Edward's royal right,
I come in person to your majesty,
Spencer, the father of Hugh Spencer there,
Bound to your highness everlastingly,
For favour done, in him, unto us all.
Edw. Thy father, Spencer?
Y. Spen. True, an it like your grace,
That pours, in lieu of all your goodness shown,
His life, my lord, before your princely feet.
Edw. Welcome ten thousand times, old man, again.
Spencer, this love, this kindness to thy king,
Argues thy noble mind and disposition.
Spencer, I here create thee Earl of Wiltshire,
And daily will enrich thee with our favour,
That, as the sunshine, shall reflect o'er thee.
Besides, the more to manifest our love,
Because we hear Lord Bruce doth sell his land,
And that the Mortimers are in hand withal,
Thou shalt have crowns of us t'outbid the barons:
And, Spencer, spare them not, [but] lay it on.
Soldiers, a largess, and thrice welcome all!
Y. Spen. My lord, here comes the queen.

Enter the Queen *and her* Son, *and* Levune, *a Frenchman.*

Edw. Madam, what news?
Queen. News of dishonour, lord, and discontent.
Our friend Levune, faithful and full of trust,
Informeth us, by letters and by words,
That Lord Valois our brother, King of France,
Because your highness hath been slack in homage,
Hath seized Normandy into his hands.
These be the letters, this the messenger.
Edw. Welcome, Levune. Tush, Sib, if this be all,
Valois and I will soon be friends again.
But to my Gaveston: shall I never see,
Never behold thee more? Madam, in this matter,
We will employ you and your little son;
You shall go parley with the King of France.
Boy, see you bear you bravely to the king,
And do your message with a majesty.
Prince. Commit not to my youth things of more weight
That fits a prince so young as I to bear,
And fear not, lord and father, heaven's great beams
On Atlas' shoulder shall not lie more safe,
Than shall your charge committed to my trust.
Queen. Ah, boy! this towardness makes thy mother fear

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Thou art not marked to many days on earth.
Edw. Madam, we will that you with speed be shipped,
And this our son ; Levune shall follow you
With all the haste we can despatch him hence.
Chuse of our lords to bear you company;
And go in peace, leave us in wars at home.
Queen. Unnatural wars, where subjects brave their king ;
God end them once. My lord, I take my leave,
To make my preparation for France.
[*Exit with* Prince.

Enter Arundel.

Edw. What, Lord Arundel, dost thou come alone?
Arun. Yea, my good lord, for Gaveston is dead.
Edw. Ah, traitors! have they put my friend to death?
Tell me, Arundel, died he ere thou cam'st,
Or didst thou see my friend to take his death?
Arun. Neither, my lord ; for as he was surprised,
Begirt with weapons and with enemies round,
I did your highness' message to them all ;
Demanding him of them, entreating rather,
And said, upon the honour of my name,
That I would undertake to carry him
Unto your highness, and to bring him back.
Edw. And tell me, would the rebels deny me that?
Y. Spen. Proud recreants!
Edw. Yea, Spencer, traitors all.
Arun. I found them at first inexorable ;
The Earl of Warwick would not bide the hearing,
Mortimer hardly, Pembroke and Lancaster
Spake least : and when they flatly had denied,
Refusing to receive me pledge for him,
The Earl of Pembroke mildly thus bespake;
"My lords, because our sovereign sends for him,
And promiseth he shall be safe returned,
I will this undertake to have him hence,
And see him re-delivered to your hands."
Edw. Well, and how fortunes [it] that he came not?
Y. Spen. Some treason, or some villainy was the cause.
Arun. The Earl of Warwick seized him on his way ;
For being delivered unto Pembroke's men,
Their lord rode home thinking his prisoner safe ;
But ere he came, Warwick in ambush lay,
And bare him to his death ; and in a trench
Strake off his head, and marched unto the camp.
Y. Spen. A bloody part, flatly 'gainst law of arms.
Edw. O shall I speak, or shall I sigh and die!
Y. Spen. My lord, refer your vengeance to the sword
Upon these barons ; hearten up your men ;
Let them not unrevenged murder your friends!
Advance your standard, Edward, in the field,
And march to fire them from their starting holes. [Edward *kneels.*
Edw. By earth, the common mother of us all!
By heaven, and all the moving orbs thereof!
By this right hand! and by my father's sword!
And all the honours 'longing to my crown!
I will have heads, and lives for him, as many
As I have manors, castles, towns, and towers. [*Rises.*
Treacherous Warwick! traitorous Mortimer!
If I be England's king, in lakes of gore
Your headless trunks, your bodies will I trail,
That you may drink your fill, and quaff in blood,
And stain my royal standard with the same,
That so my bloody colours may suggest
Remembrance of revenge immortally
On your accursèd traitorous progeny,
You villains, that have slain my Gaveston!
And in his place of honour and of trust,
Spencer, sweet Spencer, I adopt thee here :
And merely of our love we do create thee
Earl of Gloucester, and Lord Chamberlain,
Despite of times, despite of enemies.
Y. Spen. My lord, here's a messenger from the barons
Desires access unto your majesty.
Edw. Admit him near.

Enter the Herald *from the Barons, with his coat of arms.*

Her. Long live King Edward, England's lawful lord!
Edw. So wish not they I wis that sent thee hither.
Thou com'st from Mortimer and his complices,
A ranker rout of rebels never was.
Well, say thy message.
Her. The barons up in arms, by me salute
Your highness with long life and happiness;

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And bid me say, as plainer to your grace,
That if without effusion of blood,
You will this grief have ease and remedy,
That from your princely person you remove
This Spencer, as a putrefying branch,
That deads the royal vine, whose golden leaves
Empale your princely head, your diadem,
Whose brightness such pernicious upstarts dim,
Say they; and lovingly advise your grace,
To cherish virtue and nobility,
And have old servitors in high esteem,
And shake off smooth dissembling flatterers:
This granted, they, their honours, and their lives,
Are to your highness vowed and consecrate.

Y. Spen. Ah, traitors! will they still display their pride?

Edw. Away, tarry no answer, but be gone!
Rebels, will they appoint their sovereign
His sports, his pleasures, and his company?
Yet, ere thou go, see how I do divorce [*Embraces* Spencer.
Spencer from me.—Now get thee to thy lords,
And tell them I will come to chastise them
For murthering Gaveston; hie thee, get thee gone!
Edward with fire and sword follows at thy heels.
My lords, perceive you how these rebels swell?
Soldiers, good hearts, defend your sovereign's right,
For now, even now, we march to make them stoop.
Away! [*Exeunt. Alarums, excursions, a great fight, and a retreat.*

SCENE III.

Enter the King, Old Spencer, Young Spencer, *and the* Noblemen *of the* King's *side.*

Edw. Why do we sound retreat? upon them, lords!
This day I shall pour vengeance with my sword
On those proud rebels that are up in arms,
And do confront and countermand their king.

Y. Spen. I doubt it not, my lord, right will prevail.

O. Spen. 'Tis not amiss, my liege, for either part
To breathe awhile; our men, with sweat and dust
All choked well near, begin to faint for heat;
And this retire refresheth horse and man.

Y. Spen. Here come the rebels.

Enter the Barons, Mortimer, Lancaster, Warwick, Pembroke, *&c.*

E. Mor. Look, Lancaster, yonder is Edward among his flatterers.

Lan. And there let him be
Till he pay dearly for their company.

War. And shall, or Warwick's sword shall smite in vain.

Edw. What, rebels, do you shrink and sound retreat?

Y. Mor. No, Edward, no, thy flatterers faint and fly.

Lan. They'd best betimes forsake thee, and their trains,
For they'll betray thee, traitors as they are.

Y. Spen. Traitor on thy face, rebellious Lancaster!

Pem. Away, base upstart, bravest thou nobles thus?

O. Spen. A noble attempt, and honourable deed,
Is it not, trow ye, to assemble aid,
And levy arms against your lawful king!

Edw. For which ere long their heads shall satisfy,
To appease the wrath of their offended king.

Y. Mor. Then, Edward, thou wilt fight it to the last,
And rather bathe thy sword in subjects' blood,
Than banish that pernicious company?

Edw. Aye, traitors all, rather than thus be braved,
Make England's civil towns huge heaps of stones,
And ploughs to go about our palace-gates.

War. A desperate and unnatural resolution!
Alarum!—to the fight!
St. George for England, and the barons' right.

Edw. St. George for England, and King Edward's right. [*Alarums. Exeunt.*

Re-enter Edward *and his followers, with the* Barons *and* Kent, *captives.*

Edw. Now, lusty lords, now, not by chance of war,
But justice of the quarrel and the cause,
Vailed is your pride; methinks you hang the heads,
But we'll advance them, traitors; now 'tis time
To be avenged on you for all your braves,

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And for the murder of my dearest friend.
To whom right well you knew our soul was knit,
Good Pierce of Gaveston, my sweet favourite.
Ah, rebels! recreants! you made him away.
Kent. Brother, in regard of thee, and of thy land,
Did they remove that flatterer from thy throne.
Edw. So, sir, you have spoke; away, avoid our presence! [*Exit* Kent.
Accursèd wretches, was't in regard of us,
When we had sent our messenger to request
He might be spared to come to speak with us,
And Pembroke undertook for his return,
That thou, proud Warwick, watched the prisoner,
Poor Pierce, and headed him 'gainst law of arms;
For which thy head shall overlook the rest,
As much as thou in rage outwent'st the rest.
War. Tyrant, I scorn thy threats and menaces,
It is but temporal that thou canst inflict.
Lan. The worst is death, and better die to live
Than live in infamy under such a king.
Edw. Away with them, my lord of Winchester!
These lusty leaders, Warwick and Lancaster,
I charge you roundly—off with both their heads;
Away!
War. Farewell, vain world!
Lan. Sweet Mortimer, farewell.
Y. Mor. England, unkind to thy nobility,
Groan for this grief, behold how thou art maimed!
Edw. Go, take that haughty Mortimer to the Tower,
There see him safe bestowed; and for the rest,
Do speedy execution on them all.
Begone!
Y. Mor. What, Mortimer! can ragged stony walls
Immure thy virtue that aspires to heaven?
No, Edward, England's scourge, it may not be,
Mortimer's hope surmounts his fortune far.
[*The captive* Barons *are led off.*
Edw. Sound drums and trumpets! March with me, my friends,
Edward this day hath crowned him king anew. [*Exeunt all except* Young Spencer, Levune, *and* Baldock.
Y. Spen. Levune, the trust that we repose in thee,
Begets the quiet of King Edward's land.
Therefore begone in haste, and with advice
Bestow that treasure on the lords of France,
That, therewith all enchanted, like the guard
That suffered Jove to pass in showers of gold
To Danaë, all aid may be denied
To Isabel, the queen, that now in France
Makes friends, to cross the seas with her young son,
And step into his father's regiment.
Levune. That's it these barons and the subtle queen
Long levelled at.
Bal. Yea, but, Levune, thou seest,
These barons lay their heads on blocks together;
What they intend, the hangman frustrates clean.
Levune. Have you no doubt, my lords, I'll clap so close
Among the lords of France with England's gold,
That Isabel shall make her plaints in vain,
And France shall be obdurate with her tears.
Y. Spen. Then make for France, amain—Levune, away!
Proclaim King Edward's wars and victories.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter Kent.

Kent. Fair blows the wind for France; blow gentle gale,
Till Edmund be arrived for England's good!
Nature, yield to my country's cause in this.
A brother? no, a butcher of thy friends!
Proud Edward, dost thou banish me thy presence?
But I'll to France, and cheer the wrongèd queen,
And certify what Edward's looseness is.
Unnatural king! to slaughter noble men
And cherish flatterers! Mortimer, I stay
Thy sweet escape; stand gracious, gloomy night, to his device.

Enter Young Mortimer, *disguised.*

Y. Mor. Holloa! who walketh there?
Is't you, my lord?
Kent. Mortimer, 'tis I;
But hath thy potion wrought so happily?

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Y. Mor. It hath, my lord; the warders all asleep,
I thank them, gave me leave to pass in peace.
But hath your grace got shipping unto France?
Kent. Fear it not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Queen *and her* Son.

Queen. Ah, boy! our friends do fail us all in France;
The lords are cruel, and the king unkind;
What shall we do?
Prince. Madam, return to England,
And please my father well, and then a fig
For all my uncle's friendship here in France.
I warrant you, I'll win his highness quickly;
He loves me better than a thousand Spencers.
Queen. Ah, boy, thou art deceived, at least in this,
To think that we can yet be tuned together;
No, no, we jar too far. Unkind Valois!
Unhappy Isabel! when France rejects,
Whither, oh! whither dost thou bend thy steps?

Enter Sir John *of* Henault.

Sir J. Madam, what cheer?
Queen. Ah! good Sir John of Henault,
Never so cheerless, nor so far distrest.
Sir J. I hear, sweet lady, of the king's unkindness;
But droop not, madam, noble minds contemn
Despair: will your grace with me to Henault,
And there stay time's advantage with your son?
How say you, my lord, will you go with your friends,
And shake off all our fortunes equally?
Prince. So pleaseth the queen, my mother, me it likes:
The king of England, nor the court of France,
Shall have me from my gracious mother's side,
Till I be strong enough to break a staff;
And then have at the proudest Spencer's head!
Sir J. Well said, my lord.
Queen. Oh, my sweet heart, how do I moan thy wrongs,
Yet triumph in the hope of thee, my joy!
Ah, sweet Sir John! even to the utmost verge
Of Europe, or the shore of Tanais,
We will with thee to Henault—so we will:—
The marquis is a noble gentleman;
His grace, I dare presume, will welcome me.
But who are these?

Enter Kent *and* Young Mortimer.

Kent. Madam, long may you live,
Much happier than your friends in England do!
Queen. Lord Edmund and Lord Mortimer alive!
Welcome to France! the news was here, my lord,
That you were dead, or very near your death.
Y. Mor. Lady, the last was truest of the twain:
But Mortimer, reserved for better hap,
Hath shaken off the thraldom of the Tower,
And lives t' advance your standard, good my lord.
Prince. How mean you an the king, my father, lives!
No, my Lord Mortimer, not I, I trow.
Queen. Not, son; why not? I would it were no worse.
But, gentle lords, friendless we are in France.
Y. Mor. Monsieur le Grand, a noble friend of yours,
Told us, at our arrival, all the news;
How hard the nobles, how unkind the king
Hath showed himself: but, madam, right makes room
Where weapons wont: and, though so many friends
Are made away, as Warwick, Lancaster,
And others of our part and faction;
Yet have we friends, assure your grace, in England
Would cast up caps, and clap their hands for joy,
To see us there, appointed for our foes.
Kent. Would all were well, and Edward well reclaimed,
For England's honour, peace, and quietness.
Y. Mor. But by the sword, my lord, 't must be deserved;
The king will ne'er forsake his flatterers.
Sir J. My lords of England, sith th' ungentle king
Of France refuseth to give aid of arms
To this distressèd queen his sister here,
Go you with her to Henault; doubt ye not,
We will find comfort, money, men and friends
Ere long, to bid the English king a base.
Now say, young prince, what think you of the match?
Prince. I think King Edward will outrun us all.
Queen. Nay, son, not so; and you must not discourage
Your friends, that are so forward in your aid.

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Kent. Sir John of Henault, pardon us, I pray;
These comforts that you give our woful queen
Bind us in kindness all at your command.
Queen. Yea, gentle brother; and the God of heaven
Prosper your happy motion, good Sir John.
Y. Mor. This noble gentleman, forward in arms,
Was born, I see, to be our anchor-hold.
Sir John of Henault, be it thy renown,
That England's queen, and nobles in distress,
Have been by thee restored and comforted.
Sir J. Madam, along, and you my lord, with me,
That England's peers may Henault's welcome see. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter the King, Arundel, *the two* Spencers, *with others.*

Edw. Thus after many threats of wrathful war,
Triumpheth England's Edward with his friends;
And triumph, Edward, with friends uncontrolled!
My lord of Gloucester, do you hear the news?
Y. Spen. What news, my lord?
Edw. Why man, they say there is great execution
Done through the realm; my lord of Arundel,
You have the note, have you not?
Arun. From the lieutenant of the Tower, my lord.
Edw. I pray let us see it. What have we there?
Read it, Spencer.
[Spencer *reads their names.*
Why so; they barked apace a month ago:
Now, on my life, they'll neither bark nor bite,
Now, sirs, the news from France? Gloucester, I trow,
The lords of France love England's gold so well,
As Isabella gets no aid from thence.
What now remains; have you proclaimed, my lord,
Reward for them can bring in Mortimer?
Y. Spen. My lord, we have; and if he be in England,
He will be had ere long, I doubt it not.
Edw. If, dost thou say? Spencer, as true as death,
He is in England's ground; our portmasters
Are not so careless of their king's command.

Enter a Messenger.

How now, what news with thee? from whence come these?
Mes. Letters, my lord, and tidings forth of France,
To you, my lord of Gloucester, from Levune.
Edw. Read.
[Spencer *reads the letter.*]

"*My duty to your honour premised, &c. I have, according to instructions in that behalf, dealt with the King of France his lords, and effected, that the queen, all discontented and discomforted, is gone. Whither, if you ask, with Sir John of Henault, brother to the marquis, into Flanders: with them are gone Lord Edmund, and the Lord Mortimer, having in their company divers of your nation, and others; and, as constant report goeth, they intend to give King Edward battle in England, sooner than he can look for them: this is all the news of import.*
Your honour's in all service, Levune."

Edw. Ah, villains! hath that Mortimer escaped?
With him is Edmund gone associate?
And will Sir John of Henault lead the round?
Welcome, a God's name, madam, and your son;
England shall welcome you and all your rout.
Gallop, apace, bright Phœbus, through the sky,
And dusty night, in rusty iron car,
Between you both shorten the time, I pray,
That I may see that most desirèd day,
When we may meet those traitors in the field.
Ah, nothing grieves me, but my little boy
Is thus misled to countenance their ills.
Come, friends, to Bristow, there to make us strong;
And, winds, as equal be to bring them in,
As you injurious were to bear them forth!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter the Queen, *her* Son, Kent, Mortimer, *and* Sir John.

Queen. Now, lords, our loving friends and countrymen,
Welcome to England all, with prosperous winds;
Our kindest friends in Belgia have we left,

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To cope with friends at home; a heavy case
When force to force is knit, and sword and glaive
In civil broils make kin and countrymen
Slaughter themselves in others, and their sides
With their own weapons gore! But what's the help?
Misgoverned kings are cause of all this wreck;
And, Edward, thou art one among them all,
Whose looseness hath betrayed thy land to spoil,
Who made the channel overflow with blood
Of thine own people; patron shouldst thou be,
But thou——

Y. Mor. Nay, madam, if you be a warrior,
Ye must not grow so passionate in speeches.
Lords, sith we are by sufferance of heaven,
Arrived, and armèd in this prince's right,
Here for our country's cause swear we to him
All homage, fealty, and forwardness;
And for the open wrongs and injuries
Edward hath done to us, his queen and land,
We come in arms to wreak it with the sword;
That England's queen in peace may repossess
Her dignities and honours: and withal
We may remove those flatterers from the king,
That havoc England's wealth and treasury.

Sir J. Sound trumpets, my lord, and forward let us march.
Edward will think we come to flatter him.

Kent. I would he never had been flattered more! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter the King, Baldock, *and Young* Spencer, *flying about the stage.*

Y. Spen. Fly, fly, my lord! the queen is over-strong;
Her friends do multiply, and yours do fail.
Shape we our course to Ireland, there to breathe.

Edw. What! was I born to fly and run away,
And leave the Mortimers conquerors behind?
Give me my horse, let's reinforce our troops:
And in this bed of honour die with fame.

Bald. O no, my lord, this princely resolution
Fits not the time; away, we are pursued.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Kent *alone, with his sword and target.*

Kent. This way he fled, but I am come too late.
Edward, alas! my heart relents for thee.
Proud traitor, Mortimer, why dost thou chase
Thy lawful king, thy sovereign, with thy sword?
Vile wretch! and why hast thou, of all unkind,
Borne arms against thy brother and thy king?
Rain showers of vengeance on thy cursèd head,
Thou God, to whom in justice it belongs
To punish this unnatural revolt!
Edward, this Mortimer aims at thy life:
O fly him then! but Edmund calm this rage,
Dissemble, or thou diest; for Mortimer
And Isabel do kiss, while they conspire:
And yet she bears a face of love forsooth.
Fie on that love that hatcheth death and hate!
Edmund, away; Bristow to Longshanks blood
Is false; be not found single for suspect:
Proud Mortimer pries near into thy walks.

Enter the Queen, Mortimer, *the* Young Prince, *and* Sir John of Henault.

Queen. Successful battle gives the God of kings
To them that fight in right, and fear his wrath.
Since then successfully we have prevailed,
Thankèd be heaven's great architect, and you.
Ere farther we proceed, my noble lords,
We here create our well-belovèd son,
Of love and care unto his royal person,
Lord Warden of the realm, and sith the fates
Have made his father so infortunate,
Deal you, my lords, in this, my loving lords,
As to your wisdoms fittest seems in all.

Kent. Madam, without offence, if I may ask,
How will you deal with Edward in his fall?

Prince. Tell me, good uncle, what Edward do you mean?

Kent. Nephew, your father; I dare not call him king.

Mor. My lord of Kent, what needs these questions?
'Tis not in her controlment, nor in ours,

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But as the realm and parliament shall please,
So shall your brother be disposèd of.
I like not this relenting mood in Edmund.
Madam, 'tis good to look to him betimes.
[*Aside to the* Queen.
Queen. My lord, the mayor of Bristow knows our mind.
Y. Mor. Yea, madam, and they scape not easily
That fled the field.
Queen. Baldock is with the king.
A goodly chancellor is he not, my lord?
Sir J. So are the Spencers, the father and the son.
Kent. This Edward is the ruin of the realm.

Enter Rice ap Howell, *and the* Mayor of Bristow, *with* Old Spencer *prisoner.*

Rice. God save queen Isabel, and her princely son!
Madam, the mayor and citizens of Bristow,
In sign of love and duty to this presence,
Present by me this traitor to the state,
Spencer, the father to that wanton Spencer,
That, like the lawless Catiline of Rome,
Revelled in England's wealth and treasury.
Queen. We thank you all.
Y. Mor. Your loving care in this
Deserveth princely favours and rewards.
But where's the king and the other Spencer fled?
Rice. Spencer the son, created Earl of Gloucester,
Is with that smooth-tongued scholar Baldock gone,
And shipped but late for Ireland with the king.
Y. Mor. Some whirlwind fetch them back or sink them all! [*Aside.*
They shall be started thence, I doubt it not.
Prince. Shall I not see the king my father yet?
Kent. Unhappy Edward, chased from England's bounds.
Sir J. Madam, what resteth, why stand you in a muse?
Queen. I rue my lord's ill-fortune; but alas!
Care of my country called me to this war.
Y. Mor. Madam, have done with care and sad complaint;
Your king hath wronged your country and himself,
And we must seek to right it as we may.
Meanwhile, have hence this rebel to the block.
O. Spen. Rebel is he that fights against the prince;
So fought not they that fought in Edward's right.
Y. Mor. Take him away, he prates; you, Rice ap Howell,
Shall do good service to her majesty,
Being of countenance in your country here,
To follow these rebellious runagates.
We in meanwhile, madam, must take advice,
How Baldock, Spencer, and their complices,
May in their fall be followed to their end.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE VI.

Enter the Abbot, Monks, Edward, Spencer, *and* Baldock.

Abbot. Have you no doubt, my lord; have you no fear;
As silent and as careful we will be,
To keep your royal person safe with us,
Free from suspect, and fell invasion
Of such as have your majesty in chase,
Yourself, and those your chosen company,
As danger of this stormy time requires.
Edw. Father, thy face should harbour no deceit.
O! hadst thou ever been a king, thy heart,
Pierced deeply with a sense of my distress,
Could not but take compassion of my state.
Stately and proud, in riches and in train,
Whilom I was, powerful, and full of pomp:
But what is he whom rule and empery
Have not in life or death made miserable?
Come Spencer, Baldock come, sit down by me;
Make trial now of thy philosophy,
That in our famous nurseries of arts
Thou suck'dst from Plato and from Aristotle.
Father, this life contemplative is heaven.
O that I might this life in quiet lead!
But we, alas! are chased; and you, my friends,
Your lives and my dishonour they pursue.
Yet, gentle monks, for treasure, gold nor fee,
Do you betray us and our company.
Monk. Your grace may sit secure, if none but we
Do wot of your abode.
Y. Spen. Not one alive, but shrewdly I suspect
A gloomy fellow in a mead below.
He gave a long look after us, my lord,
And all the land I know is up in arms,
Arms that pursue our lives with deadly hate.
Bald. We were embarked for Ireland, wretched we!

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With awkward winds and sore tempests driven
To fall on shore, and here to pine in fear
Of Mortimer and his confederates.
Edw. Mortimer! who talks of Mortimer?
Who wounds me with the name of Mortimer?
That bloody man! Good father, on thy lap
Lay I this head, laden with mickle care.
O might I never ope these eyes again!
Never again lift up this drooping head!
O never more lift up this dying heart!
Y. Spen. Look up, my lord.—Baldock, this drowsiness
Betides no good; even here we are betrayed.

Enter, with Welsh hooks, Rice ap Howell, *a* Mower, *and the* Earl of Leicester.

Mow. Upon my life, these be the men ye seek.
Rice. Fellow, enough. My lord, I pray be short,
A fair commission warrants what we do.
Leices. The queen's commission, urged by Mortimer:
What cannot gallant Mortimer with the queen?
Alas! see where he sits, and hopes unseen
To escape their hands that seek to reave his life.
Too true it is, *quem dies vidit veniens superbum,*
Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem.
But, Leicester, leave to grow so passionate.
Spencer and Baldock, by no other names,
I do arrest you of high treason here.
Stand not on titles, but obey the arrest,
'Tis in the name of Isabel the queen.
My lord, why droop you thus?
Edw. O day the last of all my bliss on earth!
Centre of all misfortune! O my stars
Why do you lour unkindly on a king?
Comes Leicester then in Isabella's name,
To take my life, my company from me?
Here man, rip up this panting breast of mine,
And take my heart in rescue of my friends.
Rice. Away with them!
Y. Spen. It may become thee yet,
To let us take our farewell of his grace.
Abbot. My heart with pity yearns to see this sight,
A king to bear these words and proud commands.
Edw. Spencer, sweet Spencer, thus then must we part?
Y. Spen. We must, my lord, so will the angry heavens.
Edw. Nay so will hell and cruel Mortimer;
The gentle heavens have not to do in this.
Bald. My lord, it is in vain to grieve or storm.
Here humbly of your grace we take our leaves;
Our lots are cast, I fear me, so is thine.
Edw. In heaven we may, in earth ne'er shall we meet:
And, Leicester, say, what shall become of us?
Leices. Your majesty must go to Killingworth.
Edw. Must! it is somewhat hard, when kings must go.
Leices. Here is a litter ready for your grace,
That waits your pleasure, and the day grows old.
Rice. As good be gone, as stay and be benighted.
Edw. A litter hast thou? lay me on a hearse,
And to the gates of hell convey me hence;
Let Pluto's bells ring out my fatal knell,
And hags howl for my death at Charon's shore,
For friend hath [hapless] Edward none, but these;
And these must die under a tyrant's sword.
Rice. My lord, be going; care not for these,
For we shall see them shorter by the heads.
Edw. Well, that shall be, shall be: part we must!
Sweet Spencer, gentle Baldock, part we must!
Hence feignèd weeds! unfeignèd are my woes; [*Casts off his disguise.*
Father, farewell! Leicester, thou stay'st for me,
And go I must. Life, farewell, with my friends. [*Exeunt* Edward *and* Leicester.
Y. Spen. Oh, is he gone! is noble Edward gone!
Parted from hence? never to see us more?
Rent, sphere of heaven! and, fire, forsake thy orb!
Earth, melt to air! gone is my sovereign,
Gone, gone, alas! never to make return.
Bald. Spencer, I see our souls are fleeting hence;
We are deprived the sunshine of our life:
Make for a new life, man; throw up thy eyes,
And heart and hands to heaven's immortal throne;
Pay nature's debt with cheerful countenance;
Reduce we all our lessons unto this,
To die, sweet Spencer, therefore live we all;
Spencer, all live to die, and rise to fall.
Rice. Come, come, keep these preachments till you come to the place appointed.

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You, and such as you are, have made wise work in England; will your lordships away?

Mow. Your lordship I trust will remember me?

Rice. Remember thee, fellow! what else? Follow me to the town. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Enter the King, Leicester, *the* Bishop of Winchester, *and* Trussel.

Leices. Be patient, good my lord, cease to lament,
Imagine Killingworth castle were your court,
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
Not of compulsion or necessity.

Edw. Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,
Thy speeches long ago had eased my sorrows;
For kind and loving hast thou always been.
The griefs of private men are soon allayed,
But not of kings. The forest deer, being struck,
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds;
But, when the imperial lion's flesh is gored,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
And highly scorning that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air.
And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind
The ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb,
And that unnatural queen, false Isabel,
That thus hath pent and mewed me in a prison;
For such outrageous passions cloy my soul,
As with the wings of rancour and disdain,
Full often am I soaring up to heaven,
To plain me to the gods against them both.
But when I call to mind I am a king,
Methinks I should revenge me of my wrongs,
That Mortimer and Isabel have done.
But what are kings, when regiment is gone,
But perfect shadows in a sunshine day?
My nobles rule, I bear the name of king;
I wear the crown but am controlled by them,
By Mortimer, and my unconstant queen,
Who spots my nuptial bed with infamy;
Whilst I am lodged within this cave of care,
Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,
To company my heart with sad laments,
That bleeds within me for this strange exchange.
But tell me, must I now resign my crown,
To make usurping Mortimer a king?

Winch. Your grace mistakes, it is for England's good,
And princely Edward's right we crave the crown.

Edw. No, 'tis for Mortimer, not Edward's head;
For he's a lamb, encompassèd by wolves,
Which in a moment will abridge his life.
But if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,
Heaven turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire!
Or like the snaky wreath of Tisiphon,
Engirt the temples of his hateful head;
So shall not England's vine be perished,
But Edward's name survive, though Edward dies.

Leices. My lord, why waste you thus the time away?
They stay your answer; will you yield your crown?

Edw. Ah, Leicester, weigh how hardly I can brook
To lose my crown and kingdom without cause;
To give ambitious Mortimer my right,
That like a mountain overwhelms my bliss,
In which extremes my mind here murthered is.
But what the heavens appoint, I must obey!
Here, take my crown; the life of Edward too; [*Taking off the crown.*
Two kings in England cannot reign at once.
But stay awhile, let me be king till night,
That I may gaze upon this glittering crown;
So shall my eyes receive their last content,
My head, the latest honour due to it,
And jointly both yield up their wishèd right.
Continue ever thou celestial sun;
Let never silent night possess this clime:
Stand still you watches of the element;
All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,
That Edward may be still fair England's king;
But day's bright beam doth vanish fast away,
And needs I must resign my wishèd crown.
Inhuman creatures! nursed with tiger's milk!
Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow!
My diadem I mean, and guiltless life.

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See, monsters, see, I'll wear my crown again! [*He puts on the crown.*
What, fear you not the fury of your king?
But, hapless Edward, thou art fondly led,
They pass not for thy frowns as late they did,
But seek to make a new-elected king;
Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,
Which thoughts are martyrèd with endless torments,
And in this torment comfort find I none,
But that I feel the crown upon my head,
And therefore let me wear it yet awhile.
Trus. My lord, the parliament must have present news,
And therefore say will you resign or no?
[*The* King *rageth.*
Edw. I'll not resign! not whilst I live!
Traitors, be gone! join you with Mortimer!
Elect, conspire, install, do what you will:—
Their blood and yours shall seal these treacheries!
Winch. This answer we'll return, and so farewell.
Leices. Call them again, my lord, and speak them fair;
For if they go, the prince shall lose his right.
Edw. Call thou them back, I have no power to speak.
Leices. My lord, the king is willing to resign.
Winch. If he be not, let him choose.
Edw. O would I might! but heavens and earth conspire
To make me miserable! Here receive my crown;
Receive it? no, these innocent hands of mine
Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime.
He of you all that most desires my blood,
And will be called the murtherer of a king,
Take it. What, are you moved? pity you me?
Then send for unrelenting Mortimer,
And Isabel, whose eyes, being turned to steel,
Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear.
Yet stay, for rather than I'll look on them,
Here, here! Now, sweet God of heaven,
[*He gives them the crown.*
Make me despise this transitory pomp,
And sit for ever enthronized in heaven!
Come, death, and with thy fingers clóse my eyes,
Or if I live, let me forget myself.
Winch. My lord.
Edw. Call me not lord; away—out of my sight:
Ah, pardon me: grief makes me lunatic!
Let not that Mortimer protect my son;
More safety is there in a tiger's jaws,
Than his embracements—bear this to the queen,
Wet with my tears, and dried again with sighs; [*Gives a handkerchief.*
If with the sight thereof she be not moved,
Return it back and dip it in my blood.
Commend me to my son, and bid him rule
Better than I. Yet how have I transgrest,
Unless it be with too much clemency?
Trus. And thus most humbly do we take our leave.
[*Exeunt* Bishop *and* Attendants.
Edw. Farewell; I know the next news that they bring
Will be my death; and welcome shall it be;
To wretched men, death is felicity.

Enter Berkeley, *who gives a paper to* Leicester.

Leices. Another post! what news brings he?
Edw. Such news as I expect — come, Berkeley, come
And tell thy message to my naked breast.
Berk. My lord, think not a thought so villainous
Can harbour in a man of noble birth.
To do your highness service and devoir,
And save you from your foes, Berkeley would die.
Leices. My lord, the council of the queen commands
That I resign my charge.
Edw. And who must keep me now? Must you, my lord?
Berk. Aye, my most gracious lord—so 'tis decreed.
Edw. [*taking the paper*]. By Mortimer, whose name is written here!
Well may I rent his name that rends my heart! [*Tears it.*
This poor revenge hath something eased my mind.
So may his limbs be torn, as is this paper!
Hear me, immortal Jove, and grant it too!
Berk. Your grace must hence with me to Berkeley straight.
Edw. Whither you will, all places are alike,
And every earth is fit for burial.
Leices. Favour him, my lord, as much as lieth in you.
Berk. Even so betide my soul as I use him.
Edw. Mine enemy hath pitied my estate,
And that's the cause that I am now removed.

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Berk. And thinks your grace that Berkeley will be cruel?
Edw. I know not; but of this am I assured,
That death ends all, and I can die but once.
Leicester, farewell!
Leices. Not yet, my lord; I'll bear you on your way. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.

Enter Mortimer *and* Queen Isabel.

Y. Mor. Fair Isabel, now have we our desire,
The proud corrupters of the light-brained king
Have done their homage to the lofty gallows,
And he himself lies in captivity.
Be ruled by me, and we will rule the realm.
In any case take heed of childish fear,
For now we hold an old wolf by the ears,
That if he slip will seize upon us both,
And gripe the sorer, being gript himself.
Think therefore, madam, it imports us much
To erect your son with all the speed we may,
And that I be protector over him;
For our behoof, 'twill bear the greater sway
Whenas a king's-name shall be under writ.
Queen. Sweet Mortimer, the life of Isabel,
Be thou persuaded that I love thee well,
And therefore, so the prince my son be safe,
Whom I esteem as dear as these mine eyes,
Conclude against his father what thou wilt,
And I myself will willingly subscribe.
Y. Mor. First would I hear news [that] he were deposed,
And then let me alone to handle him.

Enter Messenger.

Letters! from whence?
Mess. From Killingworth, my lord.
Queen. How fares my lord the king?
Mess. In health, madam, but full of pensiveness.
Queen. Alas, poor soul, would I could ease his grief!

Enter Winchester *with the Crown.*

Thanks, gentle Winchester, [*To the Messenger.*] Sirrah, be gone.
[*Exit Messenger.*
Winch. The king hath willingly resigned his crown.
Queen. O happy news! send for the prince, my son.
Winch. Further, ere this was sealed, Lord Berkeley came,
So that he now is gone from Killingworth;
And we have heard that Edmund laid a plot
To set his brother free; no more but so.
The lord of Berkeley is as pitiful
As Leicester that had charge of him before.
Queen. Then let some other be his guardian.
Y. Mor. Let me alone, here is the privy seal.
Who's there?—call hither Gurney and Matrevis.
To dash the heavy-headed Edmund's drift,
Berkeley shall be discharged, the king removed,
And none but we shall know where he lieth.
Queen. But, Mortimer, as long as he survives,
What safety rests for us, or for my son?
Y. Mor. Speak, shall he presently be despatched and die?
Queen. I would he were, so't were not by my means.

Enter Matrevis *and* Gurney.

Y. Mor. Enough; Matrevis, write a letter presently
Unto the lord of Berkeley from ourself
That he resign the king to thee and Gurney;
And when 'tis done, we will subscribe our name.
Mat. It shall be done, my lord.
Y. Mor. Gurney.
Gur. My lord.
Y. Mor. As thou intend'st to rise by Mortimer,
Who now makes Fortune's wheel turn as he please,
Seek all the means thou canst to make him droop,
And neither give him kind word nor good look.
Gur. I warrant you, my lord.
Y. Mor. And this above the rest, because we hear
That Edmund casts to work his liberty,
Remove him still from place to place by night,
Till at the last he come to Killingworth,
And then from thence to Berkeley back again?
And by the way, to make him fret the more,
Speak curstly to him; and in any case

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Let no man comfort him if he chance to weep,
But amplify his grief with bitter words.
Mat. Fear not, my lord, we'll do as you command.
Y. Mor. So now away; post thitherwards amain.
Queen. Whither goes this letter? to my lord the king?
Commend me humbly to his majesty,
And tell him that I labour all in vain
To ease his grief, and work his liberty;
And bear him this as witness of my love.
[*Gives a ring.*]
Mat. I will, madam.
[*Exeunt all but* Isabel *and* Mortimer.

Enter the Young Prince, *and the* Earl of Kent *talking with him.*

Y. Mor. Finely dissembled? Do so still, sweet queen.
Here comes the young prince, with the Earl of Kent.
Queen. Something he whispers in his childish ears.
Y. Mor. If he have such access unto the prince,
Our plots and stratagems will soon be dashed.
Queen. Use Edmund friendly as if all were well.
Y. Mor. How fares my honourable lord of Kent?
Kent. In health, sweet Mortimer: how fares your grace?
Queen. Well, if my lord your brother were enlarged.
Kent. I hear of late he hath deposed himself.
Queen. The more my grief.
Y. Mor. And mine.
Kent. Ah, they do dissemble? [*Aside.*
Queen. Sweet son, come hither, I must talk with thee.
Y. Mor. You being his uncle, and the next of blood,
Do look to be protector o'er the prince.
Kent. Not I, my lord; who should protect the son,
But she that gave him life; I mean the queen?
Prince. Mother, persuade me not to wear the crown:
Let him be king—I am too young to reign.
Queen. But be content, seeing 't is his highness' pleasure.
Prince. Let me but see him first, and then I will.
Kent. Ay, do, sweet nephew.
Queen. Brother, you know it is impossible.
Prince. Why, is he dead?
Queen. No, God forbid.
Kent. I would those words proceeded from your heart.
Y. Mor. Inconstant Edmund, dost thou favour him,
That wast a cause of his imprisonment?
Kent. The more cause have I now to make amends.
Y. Mor. I tell thee, 'tis not meet that one so false
Should come about the person of a prince.
My lord, he hath betrayed the king his brother,
And therefore trust him not.
Prince. But he repents, and sorrows for it now,
Queen. Come son, and go with this gentle lord and me.
Prince. With you I will, but not with Mortimer.
Y. Mor. Why, youngling, 'sdain'st thou so of Mortimer?
Then I will carry thee by force away.
Prince. Help, uncle Kent, Mortimer will wrong me.
Queen. Brother Edmund, strive not; we are his friends;
Isabel is nearer than the Earl of Kent.
Kent. Sister, Edward is my charge, redeem him.
Queen. Edward is my son, and I will keep him.
Kent. Mortimer shall know that he hath wronged me!—
Hence will I haste to Killingworth castle,
And rescue aged Edward from his foes,
To be revenged on Mortimer and thee.
[*Aside. Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III.

Enter Matrevis *and* Gurney, *with the* King.

Mat. My lord, be not pensive, we are your friends;
Men are ordained to live in misery,
Therefore come,—dalliance dangereth our lives.
Edw. Friends, whither must unhappy Edward go?
Will hateful Mortimer appoint no rest?
Must I be vexèd like the nightly bird,
Whose sight is loathsome to all wingèd fowls?
When will the fury of his mind assuage?
When will his heart be satisfied with blood?
If mine will serve, unbowel straight this breast,

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And give my heart to Isabel and him;
It is the chiefest mark they level at.
Gur. Not so, my liege, the queen hath given this charge
[Only] to keep your grace in safety:
Your passions make your dolours to increase.
Edw. This usage makes my misery increase.
But can my air of life continue long
When all my senses are annoyed with stench?
Within a dungeon England's king is kept,
Where I am starved for want of sustenance.
My daily diet is heart-breaking sobs,
That almost rent the closet of my heart;
Thus lives old Edward not relieved by any,
And so must die, though pitiéd my many.
Oh, water, gentle friends, to cool my thirst,
And clear my body from foul excrements!
Mat. Here's channel water, as our charge is given;
Sit down, for we'll be barbers to your grace.
Edw. Traitors, away! what, will you murder me,
Or choke your sovereign with puddle water?
Gur. No, but wash your face, and shave away your beard,
Lest you be known, and so be rescued.
Mat. Why strive you thus? your labour is in vain?
Edw. The wren may strive against the lion's strength,
But all in vain: so vainly do I strive
To seek for mercy at a tyrant's hand.
[*They wash him with puddle water, and shave his beard away.*
Immortal powers! that know the painful cares
That wait upon my poor distressèd soul!
O level your looks upon these daring men,
That wrong their liege and sovereign, England's king.
O Gaveston, 'tis for thee that I am wronged,
For me, both thou and both the Spencers died!
And for your sakes a thousand wrongs I'll take.
The Spencers' ghosts, wherever they remain,
Wish well to mine; then tush, for them I'll die.
Mat. 'Twixt theirs and yours shall be no enmity.
Come, come away; now put the torches out,
We'll enter in by darkness to Killingworth.

Enter Kent.

Gur. How now, who comes there?
Mat. Guard the king sure: it is the Earl of Kent.
Edw. O, gentle brother, help to rescue me!
Mat. Keep them asunder; thrust in the king.
Kent. Soldiers, let me but talk to him one word.
Gur. Lay hands upon the earl for his assault.
Kent. Lay down your weapons, traitors; yield the king.
Mat. Edmund, yield thou thyself, or thou shalt die.
Kent. Base villains, wherefore do you gripe me thus!
Gur. Bind him and so convey him to the court.
Kent. Where is the court but here? here is the king,
And I will visit him; why stay you me?
Mat. The court is where Lord Mortimer remains;
Thither shall your honour go; and so farewell. [*Exeunt* Matrevis *and* Gurney, *with the* King. Kent *and the* Soldiers *remain.*
Kent. O miserable is that commonweal,
Where lords keep courts, and kings are locked in prison!
Sol. Wherefore stay we? on, sirs, to the court.
Kent. Aye, lead me whither you will, even to my death,
Seeing that my brother cannot be released.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Young Mortimer.

Y. Mor. The king must die, or Mortimer goes down.
The commons now begin to pity him.
Yet he that is the cause of Edward's death,
Is sure to pay for it when his son's of age;
And therefore will I do it cunningly.
This letter, written by a friend of ours,
Contains his death, yet bids them save his life. [*Reads.*
Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est
Fear not to kill the king 'tis good he die.
But read it thus, and that's another sense:
Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est
Kill not the king 'tis good to fear the worst.
Unpointed as it is, thus shall it go,
That, being dead, if it chance to be found,

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Matrevis and the rest may bear the blame,
And we be quit that caused it to be done.
Within this room is locked the messenger,
That shall convey it, and perform the rest:
And by a secret token that he bears,
Shall he be murdered when the deed is done.
Lightborn, come forth;

Enter Lightborn.

Art thou so resolute as thou wast?
Light. What else, my lord? and far more resolute.
Y. Mor. And hast thou cast how to accomplish it?
Light. Aye, aye, and none shall know which way he died.
Y. Mor. But at his looks, Lightborn, thou wilt relent.
Light. Relent! ha, ha! I use much to relent.
Y. Mor. Well, do it bravely, and be secret.
Light. You shall not need to give instructions;
'Tis not the first time I have killed a man.
I learned in Naples how to poison flowers;
To strangle with a lawn thrust down the throat;
To pierce the windpipe with a needle's point;
Or whilst one is asleep, to take a quill
And blow a little powder in his ears;
Or open his mouth, and pour quicksilver down.
But yet I have a braver way than these.
Y. Mor. What's that?
Light. Nay, you shall pardon me; none shall know my tricks.
Y. Mor. I care not how it is, so it be not spied.
Deliver this to Gurney and Matrevis.
At every ten mile end thou hast a horse.
Take this, away, and never see me more.
Light. No!
Y. Mor. No; unless thou bring me news of Edward's death.
Light. That will I quickly do; farewell, my lord. [*Exit.*
Y. Mor. The prince I rule, the queen do I command,
And with a lowly congé to the ground,
The proudest lords salute me as I pass:
I seal, I cancel, I do what I will;
Feared am I more than loved—let me be feared;
And when I frown, make all the court look pale.
I view the prince with Aristarchus' eyes,
Whose looks were as a breeching to a boy.
They thrust upon me the protectorship,
And sue to me for that that I desire.
While at the council-table, grave enough,
And not unlike a bashful puritan,
First I complain of imbecility,
Saying it is *onus quam gravissimum;*
Till being interrupted by my friends,
Suscepi that *provinciam* as they term it;
And to conclude, I am Protector now.
Now is all sure, the queen and Mortimer
Shall rule the realm, the king; and none rule us.
Mine enemies will I plague, my friends advance;
And what I list command who dare control?
Major sum quàm cui possit fortuna nocere.
And that this be the coronation-day,
It pleaseth me, and Isabel the queen.
[*Trumpets within.*
The trumpets sound, I must go take my place.

Enter the Young King, Archbishop, Champion, Nobles, Queen.

Archbishop. Long live King Edward, by the grace of God,
King of England, and Lord of Ireland!
Cham. If any Christian, Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
Dare but affirm, that Edward's not true king,
And will avouch his saying with the sword,
I am the champion that will combat him.
Y. Mor. None comes, sound trumpets.
King. Champion, here's to thee.
[*Gives a purse.*
Queen. Lord Mortimer, now take him to your charge.

Enter Soldiers *with the* Earl of Kent, *prisoner.*

Y. Mor. What traitor have we there with blades and bills?
Sol. Edmund, the Earl of Kent.
King. What hath he done?
Sol. He would have taken the king away perforce,
As we were bringing him to Killingworth.
Y. Mor. Did you attempt his rescue, Edmund? speak.
Kent. Mortimer, I did; he is our king,
And thou compell'st this prince to wear the crown.
Y. Mor. Strike off his head, he shall have martial law.
Kent. Strike off my head! base traitor, I defy thee.
King. My lord, he is my uncle, and shall live.

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Y. Mor. My lord, he is your enemy, and shall die.
Kent. Stay, villains!
King. Sweet mother, if I cannot pardon him,
Entreat my Lord Protector for his life.
Queen. Son, be content; I dare not speak a word.
King. Nor I, and yet methinks I should command;
But, seeing I cannot, I'll entreat for him—
My lord, if you will let my uncle live,
I will requite it when I come to age.
Y. Mor. 'Tis for your highness' good, and for the realm's.
How often shall I bid you bear him hence?
Kent. Art thou king? must I die at thy command?
Y. Mor. At our command! once more, away with him.
Kent. Let me but stay and speak; I will not go.
Either my brother or his son is king,
And none of both them thirst for Edmund's blood.
And therefore, soldiers, whither will you hale me? [*They hale* Kent *away, and carry him to be beheaded.*
King. What safety may I look for at his hands,
If that my uncle shall be murdered thus?
Queen. Fear not, sweet boy, I'll guard thee from thy foes;
Had Edmund lived, he would have sought thy death.
Come, son, we'll ride a hunting in the park.
King. And shall my uncle Edmund ride with us?
Queen. He is a traitor, think not on him; come. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE V.

Enter Matrevis *and* Gurney.

Mat. Gurney, I wonder the king dies not,
Being in a vault up to the knees in water,
To which the channels of the castle run,
From whence a damp continually ariseth,
That were enough to poison any man,
Much more a king, brought up so tenderly.
Gur. And so do I, Matrevis: yesternight
I opened but the door to throw him meat,
And I was almost stifled with the savour.
Mat. He hath a body able to endure
More than we can inflict: and therefore now
Let us assail his mind another while.
Gur. Send for him out thence, and I will anger him.
Mat. But stay, who's this?

Enter Lightborn.

Light. My Lord Protector greets you.
Gur. What's here? I know not how to construe it.
Mat. Gurney, it was left unpointed for the nonce;
Edwardum occidere nolite timere,
That's his meaning.
Light. Know ye this token? I must have the king.
Mat. Ay, stay awhile, thou shalt have answer straight.
This villain's sent to make away the king.
Gur. I thought as much.
Mat. And, when the murder's done,
See how he must be handled for his labour.
Pereat iste! Let him have the king.
What else? here is the keys, this is the lake,
Do as you are commanded by my lord.
Light. I know what I must do; get you away.
Yet be not far off, I shall need your help;
See that in the next room I have a fire,
And get me a spit, and let it be red hot.
Mat. Very well.
Gur. Need you anything besides?
Light. A table and a feather-bed.
Gur. That's all?
Light. Aye, aye; so, when I call you, bring it in.
Mat. Fear not thou that.
Gur. Here's a light; go into the dungeon. [*Gives light, and exit with* Matrevis.
Light. So now
Must I about this gear; ne'er was there any
So finely handled as this king shall be.
Foh, here's a place indeed, with all my heart!
Edw. Who's there? what light is that? wherefore com'st thou?
Light. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.
Edw. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks.
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.
Light. To murder you, my most gracious lord!
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
The queen sent me to see how you were used,
For she relents at this your misery:
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state?
Edw. Weep'st thou already? list awhile to me.

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And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
Or as Matrevis', hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me is the sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.
Light. O villains!
Edw. And there, in mire and puddle have I stood
This ten days' space; and, lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum.
They give me bread and water, being a king;
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distempered, and my body's numbed,
And whether I have limbs or no I know not.
O, would my blood dropped out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tattered robes.
Tell Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhorsed the Duke of Cleremont.
Light. O speak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed and rest yourself awhile.
Edw. These looks of thine can harbour nought but death:
I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay; awhile forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.
Light. What means your highness to mistrust me thus?
Edw. What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?
Light. These hands were never stained with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.
Edw. Forgive my thought for having such a thought.
One jewel have I left, receive thou this.
[*Giving jewel.*
Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
Oh, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul!
Know, that I am a king: oh! at that name
I feel a hell of grief; where is my crown?
Gone, gone; and do I remain?
Light. You're overwatched, my lord; lie down and rest.
Edw. But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;
For not these ten days have these eyelids closed.
Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear
Open again. O wherefore sitt'st thou here?
Light. If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.
Edw. No, no, for if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again, and therefore stay.
[*Sleeps.*
Light. He sleeps.
Edw. [*awakes*]. O let me not die; yet stay, oh stay a while.
Light. How now, my lord?
Edw. Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me, if I sleep I never wake;
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?
Light. To rid thee of thy life; Matrevis, come.

Enter Matrevis *and* Gurney.

Edw. I am too weak and feeble to resist:
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul.
Light. Run for the table.
Edw. O spare me, or despatch me in a trice.
Light. So, lay the table down, and stamp on it,
But not too hard, lest thou bruise his body.
[King Edward *is murdered.*
Mat. I fear me that this cry will raise the town,
And therefore let us take horse and away.
Light. Tell me, sirs, was it not bravely done?
Gur. Excellent well; take this for thy reward. [Gurney *stabs* Lightborn.
Come, let us cast the body in the moat,
And bear the king's to Mortimer our lord:
Away! [*Exeunt with the bodies.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Mortimer *and* Matrevis.

Y. Mor. Is't done, Matrevis, and the murderer dead?
Mat. Aye, my good lord; I would it were undone.
Y. Mor. Matrevis, if thou now growest penitent
I'll be thy ghostly father; therefore chuse,
Whether thou wilt be secret in this,
Or else die by the hand of Mortimer.
Mat. Gurney, my lord, is fled, and will, I fear,
Betray us both, therefore let me fly.

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Y. Mor. Fly to the savages.
Mat. I humbly thank your honour.
Y. Mor. As for myself, I stand as Jove's huge tree;
And others are but shrubs compared to me.
All tremble at my name, and I fear none;
Let's see who dare impeach me for his death.

Enter the Queen.

Queen. Ah, Mortimer, the king my son hath news
His father's dead, and we have murdered him.
Y. Mor. What if he have? the king is yet a child.
Queen. Aye, but he tears his hair, and wrings his hands,
And vows to be revenged upon us both.
Into the council-chamber he is gone,
To crave the aid and succour of his peers.
Ah me! see where he comes, and they with him;
Now, Mortimer, begins our tragedy.

Enter the King, *with the* Lords.

First Lord. Fear not, my lord, know that you are a king.
King. Villain!
Y. Mor. How now, my lord?
King. Think not that I am frighted with thy words!
My father's murdered through thy treachery;
And thou shalt die, and on his mournful hearse
Thy hateful and accursèd head shall lie,
To witness to the world, that by thy means
His kingly body was too soon interred.
Queen. Weep not, sweet son!
King. Forbid not me to weep, he was my father;
And, had you loved him half so well as I,
You could not bear his death thus patiently.
But you, I fear, conspired with Mortimer.
Lords. Why speak you not unto my lord the king?
Y. Mor. Because I think scorn to be accused.
Who is the man dare say I murdered him?
King. Traitor! in me my loving father speaks,
And plainly saith, 'twas thou that murder'dst him.
Y. Mor. But hath your grace no other proof than this?
King. Yes, if this be the hand of Mortimer.
Y. Mor. False Gurney hath betrayed me and himself. [*Aside.*
Queen. I feared as much; murder cannot be hid. [*Aside.*
Y. Mor. 'Tis my hand; what gather you by this?
King. That thither thou didst send a murderer.
Y. Mor. What murderer? Bring forth the man I sent.
King. Aye, Mortimer, thou know'st that he is slain;
And so shalt thou be too. Why stays he here?
Bring him unto a hurdle, drag him forth,
Hang him I say, and set his quarters up.
But bring his head back presently to me.
Queen. For my sake, sweet son, pity Mortimer.
Y. Mor. Madam, entreat not, I will rather die,
Than sue for life unto a paltry boy.
King. Hence with the traitor! with the murderer!
Y. Mor. Base Fortune, now I see, that in thy wheel
There is a point, to which when men aspire,
They tumble headlong down: that point I touched,
And, seeing there was no place to mount up higher,
Why should I grieve at my declining fall?
Farewell, fair queen; weep not for Mortimer,
That scorns the world, and, as a traveller,
Goes to discover countries yet unknown.
King. What! suffer you the traitor to delay? [Mortimer *is taken away.*
Queen. As thou receivedest thy life from me,
Spill not the blood of gentle Mortimer.
King. This argues that you spilt my father's blood,
Else would you not entreat for Mortimer.
Queen. I spill his blood? no.
King. Aye, madam, you; for so the rumour runs.
Queen. That rumour is untrue; for loving thee,
Is this report raised on poor Isabel?
King. I do not think her so unnatural.
Second Lord. My lord, I fear me it will prove too true.
King. Mother, you are suspected for his death,
And therefore we commit you to the Tower,
Till farther trial may be made thereof;
If you be guilty, though I be your son,
Think not to find me slack or pitiful.

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Queen. Nay, to my death, for too long have I lived,
Whenas my son thinks to abridge my days.
King. Away with her, her words enforce these tears,
And I shall pity her if she speak again.
Queen. Shall I not mourn for my beloved lord,
And with the rest accompany him to his grave?
Lord. Thus, madam, 'tis the king's will you shall hence.
Queen. He hath forgotten me; stay, I am his mother.
Lord. That boots not; therefore, gentle madam, go.
Queen. Then come, sweet death, and rid me of this grief. [*Exit.*

Re-enter a Lord, *with the head of* Mortimer.

Lord. My lord, here is the head of Mortimer.
King. Go fetch my father's hearse, where it shall lie;
And bring my funeral robes. Accursèd head,
Could I have ruled thee then, as I do now,
Thou had'st not hatched this monstrous treachery.
Here comes the hearse; help me to mourn, my lords.
Sweet father, here unto thy murdered ghost
I offer up this wicked traitor's head;
And let these tears, distilling from mine eyes,
Be witness of my grief and innocency.
[*Exeunt.*

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The Massacre at Paris.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Charles IX. *King of France.*
Duke of Anjou.
King of Navarre.
Prince of Condé.
Duke Joyeux.
Duke of Guise.
Duke Dumaine,
Son to the Duke of Guise.
Cardinal of Lorraine.
The Lord High Admiral.
Epernoune.
Mugeron.
Pleshe.
Bartus.
Gonzago.
Retes.
Mountsorrell.
Ramus.
Talæus.
Lorcine.
Seroune.
The Cut-purse.
Friar.
Surgeon.
English Agent.
Apothecary.
Captain of the Guard.
Soldiers, Protestants, Schoolmasters, Attendants, Murderers, &c.

Catherine, *the Queen Mother of France.*
Old Queen of Navarre.
Margaret le Valois, *Sister to Charles IX.*
Duchess of Guise.
Seroune's Wife.
Maid to the Duchess of Guise.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Enter Charles, *the French King; the* Queen Mother; King *of* Navarre; Margaret; *the* Prince *of* Condé; *the* Lord High Admiral; *the* Old Queen *of* Navarre, *and others.*

Char. Prince of Navarre, my honourable brother,
Prince Condé, and my good Lord Admiral,
I wish this union and religious league,
Knit in these hands, thus joined in nuptial rites,
May not dissolve, till death dissolve our lives;
And that the native sparks of princely love,
That kindled first this motion in our hearts,
May still be fuelled in our progeny.
Nav. The many favours which your grace hath shown,
From time to time, but specially in this,
Shall bind me ever to your highness' will,
In what Queen Mother or your grace commands.
Q. Mo. Thanks, son Navarre; you see we love you well,
That link you in marriage with our daughter here;
And, as you know, our difference in religion
Might be a means to cross you in your love——
Char. Well, madam, let that rest.—
And now, my lords, the marriage rites performed,
We think it good to go and consummate
The rest with hearing of an holy mass.
Sister, I think yourself will bear us company.
Mar. I will, my good lord.
Char. The rest that will not go, my lords, may stay.—
Come, mother, let us go to honour this solemnity.
Q. Mo. Which I'll dissolve with blood and cruelty. [*Aside.*
[*Exeunt all but* Navarre, Condé, *and the* Lord High Admiral.
Nav. Prince Condé and my good Lord Admiral,
Now Guise may storm, but do us little hurt,
Having the king-Queen Mother on our sides
To stop the malice of his envious heart,
That seeks to murder all the Protestants.
Have you not heard of late, how he decreed
(If that the king had given consent thereto,)
That all the Protestants that are in Paris

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Should have been murdered the other night?
Adm. My lord, I marvel that the aspiring Guise,
Dares once adventure, without the king's assent,
To meddle or attempt such dangerous things.
Con. My lord, you need not marvel at the Guise,
For what he doth the Pope will ratify,
In murder, mischief, or in tyranny.
Nav. But he that sits and rules above the clouds
Doth hear and see the prayers of the just,
And will revenge the blood of innocents,
That Guise hath slain by treason of his heart,
And brought by murder to their timeless ends.
Adm. My lord, but did you mark the cardinal,
The Guise's brother, and the Duke Dumaine,
How they did storm at these your nuptial rites,
Because the house of Bourbon now comes in,
And joins your lineage to the crown of France?
Nav. And that's the cause that Guise so frowns at us,
And beats his brains to catch us in his trap,
Which he hath pitched within his deadly toil.
Come, my lords, let's go to the church and pray
That God may still defend the right of France,
And make His Gospel flourish in this land.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Guise.

Guise. If ever Hymen loured at marriage rites,
And had his altars decked with dusky lights;
If ever sun stained heaven with bloody clouds,
And made it look with terror on the world;
If ever day were turned to ugly night,
And night made semblance of the hue of hell;
This day, this hour, [and] this fatal night,
Shall fully show the fury of them all.—
Apothecary!

Enter the Apothecary.

Apoth. My lord.
Guise. Now shall I prove, and guerdon to the full
The love thou bear'st unto the house of Guise.
Where are those perfumed gloves, which late I sent
To be poisoned? Hast thou done them? Speak.
Will every savour breed a pang of death?
Apoth. See where they be, my lord; and he that smells
But to them, dies.
Guise. Then thou remainest resolute?
Apoth. I am, my lord, in what your grace commands,
Till death.
Guise. Thanks, my good friend, I will requite thy love.
Go then, present them to the Queen Navarre,
For she is that huge blemish in our eye,
That makes these upstart heresies in France.
Begone, my friend, present them to her straight.—
Soldier! [*Exit* Apoth.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My lord.
Guise. Now come thou forth, and play thy tragic part.
Stand in some window, opening near the street,
And, when thou see'st the Admiral ride by,
Discharge thy musket, and perform his death;
And then I'll guerdon thee with store of crowns.
Sol. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Guise. Now, Guise, begin those deep-engendered thoughts
To burst abroad those never-dying flames,
Which cannot be extinguished but by blood.
Oft have I levelled, and at last have learned
That peril is the chiefest way to happiness;
And resolution, honour's fairest aim.
What glory is there in a common good,
That hangs for every peasant to achieve?
That like I best, that flies beyond my reach.
Set me to scale the high Pyramides,
And thereon set the diadem of France;
I'll either rend it with my nails to naught,
Or mount the top with my aspiring wings,
Although my downfall be the deepest hell.
For this, I wake, when others think I sleep;
For this, I wait, that scorn attendance else;
For this, my quenchless thirst, whereon I build,
Hath often pleaded kindred to the king;

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For this, this head, this heart, this hand and sword,
Contrives, imagines, fully executes
Matters of import aimèd at by many,
Yet understood by none.
For this, hath heaven engendered me of earth;
For this, the earth sustains my body's weight;
And with this weight I'll counterpoise a crown,
Or with seditions weary all the world.
For this, from Spain the stately Catholic
Sends Indian gold to coin me French *ecus;*
For this, have I a largess from the Pope;
A pension, and a dispensation too;
And by that privilege to work upon,
My policy had framed religion.
Religion! O *Diabole!*
Fie, I am ashamed, however that I seem,
To think a word of such a simple sound,
Of so great matter should be made the ground.
The gentle king, whose pleasure uncontrolled
Weakeneth his body, and will waste his realm,
If I repair not what he ruinates,—
Him, as a child, I daily win with words,
So that for proof he barely bears the name:—
I execute, and he sustains the blame.
The Mother-Queen works wonders for my sake,
And in my love entombs the hope of France;
Rifling the bowels of her treasury,
To supply my wants and necessity.
Paris hath full five hundred colleges,
As monasteries, priories, abbeys, and halls,
Wherein are thirty thousand able men,
Besides a thousand sturdy student Catholics:
And more,—of my knowledge, in one cloister keep
Five hundred fat Franciscan friars and priests.
All this, and more, if more may be comprised,
Do bring the will of our desires to end.
Then, Guise,
Since thou hast all the cards within thy hands,
To shuffle or cut, take this as surest thing,
That, right or wrong, thou deal'st thyself a king.—
Aye, but Navarre,—'tis but a nook of France,
Sufficient yet for such a petty king,
That with a rabblement of his heretics
Blinds Europe's eyes, and troubleth our estate.
Him will we— [*Pointing to his sword.*
But first let's follow those in France,
That hinder our possession to the crown.
As Cæsar to his soldiers, so say I;
Those that hate me will I learn to loathe.
Give me a look, that when I bend the brows,
Pale death may walk in furrows of my face:
A hand, that with a grasp may gripe the world:
An ear to hear what my detractors say;
A royal seat, a sceptre, and a crown,
That those which do behold them may become
As men that stand and gaze against the sun.
The plot is laid, and things shall come to pass,
Where resolution strives for victory. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter the King *of* Navarre, Margaret, *the Old* Queen *of* Navarre, *the* Prince *of* Condé, *and the* Admiral. *They are met by the* Apothecary, *with the gloves, which he gives to the Old* Queen.

Apoth. Madam,
I beseech your grace to accept this simple gift.
Old Queen. Thanks, my good friend; hold, take thou this reward.
Apoth. I humbly thank your majesty. [*Exit.*
Old Queen. Methinks the gloves have a very strong perfume,
The scent whereof doth make my head to ache.
Nav. Doth not your grace know the man that gave them you?
Old Queen. Not well, but do remember such a man.
Adm. Your grace was ill-advised to take them then,
Considering of these dangerous times.
Old Queen. Help, son Navarre! I am poisoned!
Mar. The heavens forbid your highness such mishap!
Nav. The late suspicion of the Duke of Guise
Might well have moved your highness to beware
How you did meddle with such dangerous gifts.
Mar. Too late it is, my lord, if that be true,
To blame her highness; but I hope it be
Only some natural passion makes her sick.

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Old Queen. Oh! no, sweet Margaret; the fatal poison
Worketh within my heart; my brain-pan breaks;
My heart doth faint; I die! [*Dies.*
Nav. My mother poisoned here before my face!
Oh gracious God, what times are these!
Oh, grant, sweet God, my days may end with hers,
That I with her may die, and live again.
Mar. Let not this heavy chance, my dearest lord,
(For whose effects my soul is massacred)
Infect thy gracious breast with fresh supply,
To aggravate our sudden misery.
Adm. Come, my lords, let us bear her body hence,
And see it honourèd with just solemnity.
[*As they are going the* Soldier *discharges his musket at the* Admiral.
Con. What, are you hurt, my Lord High Admiral?
Adm. Ay, my good lord, shot through the arm.
Nav. We are betrayèd! come, my lords, and let us
Go tell the king of this.
Adm. These are the cursed Guisians, that do seek our death.
Oh! fatal was this marriage to us all!
[*They bear away the* Queen's *body, and exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter King Charles, Queen Mother, Guise, Anjou, *and* Dumaine.

Q. Mo. My noble son, and princely Duke of Guise,
Now have we got the fatal straggling deer,
Within the compass of a deadly toil;
And as we late decreed, we may perform.
Char. Madam, it will be noted through the world,
An action bloody and tyrannical;
Chiefly, since under safety of our word
They justly challenge their protection.
Besides, my heart relents that noble men,
Only corrupted in religion,
Ladies of honour, knights, and gentlemen,
Should, for their conscience, taste such ruthless ends.
Anj. Though gentle minds should pity other's pains,
Yet will the wisest note their proper griefs;
And rather seek to scourge their enemies,
Than be themselves base subjects to the whip.
Guise. Methinks, my lord Anjou hath well advised
Your highness to consider of the thing;
And rather choose to seek your country's good,
Than pity or relieve these upstart heretics.
Q. Mo. I hope these reasons may serve my princely son
To have some care for fear of enemies.
Char. Well, madam, I refer it to your majesty,
And to my nephew here, the Duke of Guise:
What you determine I will ratify.
Q. Mo. Thanks to my princely son. Then tell me, Guise,
What order will you set down for the massacre?
Guise. Thus, madam:—
They that shall be actors in this massacre,
Shall wear white crosses on their burgonets,
And tie white linen scarfs about their arms.
He that wants these, and is suspect of heresy,
Shall die, be he king or emperor. Then I'll have
A peal of ordnance shot from the tower, at which
They all shall issue out, and 'set the streets;
And then—
The watchword being given, a bell shall ring,
Which when they hear, they shall begin to kill,
And never cease until that bell shall cease;
Then breathe awhile.

Enter the Admiral's Serving Man.

Char. How now, fellow, what news?
Serv. M. An it please your grace, the Lord High Admiral,
Riding the streets, was traitorously shot;
And most humbly entreats your majesty
To visit him, sick in his bed.
Char. Messenger, tell him I will see him straight [*Exit* Serv. Man.
What shall we do now with the Admiral?
Q. Mo. Your majesty had best go visit him,
And make a show as if all were well.
Char. Content; I will go visit the Admiral.
Guise. And I will go take order for his death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Admiral *discovered in bed. To him enter* King Charles, *and others.*

Char. How fares it with my Lord High Admiral?
Hath he been hurt with villains in the street?—
I vow and swear, as I am King of France,

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To find and to repay the man with death,
With death delayed and torments never used,
That durst presume, for hope of any gain,
To hurt the nobleman his sovereign loves.
Adm. Ah! my good lord, these are the Guisians,
That seek to massacre our guiltless lives.
Char. Assure yourself, my good Lord Admiral,
I deeply sorrow for your treacherous wrong;
And that I am not more secure myself,
Than I am careful you should be preserved.
Cousin, take twenty of our strongest guard,
And, under your direction, see they keep
All treacherous violence from our noble friend;
Repaying all attempts with present death,
Upon the cursed breakers of our peace.
And so be patient, good Lord Admiral,
And every hour I'll visit you.
Adm. I humbly thank your royal majesty.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Guise, Anjou, Dumaine, Gonzago, Retes, Mountsorrel, *and* Soldiers, *to the massacre.*

Guise. Anjou, Dumaine, Gonzago, Retes, swear
By the argent crosses on your burgonets,
To kill all that you suspect of heresy.
Dum. I swear by this, to be unmerciful.
Anj. I am disguised, and none knows who I am,
And therefore mean to murder all I meet.
Gon. And so will I.
Retes. And I.
Guise. Away, then! break into the Admiral's house!
Retes. Ay, let the Admiral be first despatched.
Guise. The Admiral,
Chief standard-bearer to the Lutherans,
Shall, in the entrance of this massacre,
Be murdered in his bed.
Gonzago, conduct them thither; and then
Beset his house, that not a man may live.
Anj. That charge is mine. Switzers, keep you the streets,
And at each corner shall the king's guard stand.
Gon. Come, sirs, follow me.
[*Exit* Gonzago, *with others.*
Anj. Cousin, the captain of the Admiral's guard,
Placed by my brother, will betray his lord.
Now, Guise, shall Catholics flourish once again;
The head being off, the members cannot stand.
Retes. But look, my lord, there's some in the Admiral's house.
[*They enter into the house of the* Admiral, *who is in bed.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Guise, Anjou, Dumaine, Gonzago, Retes, Mountsorrel, *and others, to the* Admiral.

Anj. In lucky time; come, let us keep this lane,
And slay his servants that shall issue out.
Gon. Where is the Admiral?
Adm. Oh! let me pray before I die.
Gon. Then pray unto our Lady; kiss this cross. [*Stabs him.*
Adm. O God, forgive my sins!
Guise. What, is he dead, Gonzago?
Gon. Aye, my lord.
Guise. Then throw him down.
Anj. Now, cousin, view him well.
It may be 'tis some other, and he escaped.
Guise. Cousin, 'tis he, I know him by his look;
See where my soldier shot him through the arm;
He missed him near, but we have struck him now.
Ah! base Chatillon, and degenerate,
Chief standard-bearer to the Lutherans,
Thus, in despite of thy religion,
The Duke of Guise stamps on thy lifeless bulk.
Anj. Away with him: cut off his head and hands,
And send them for a present to the Pope;
And when this just revenge is finished,
Unto Montfaucon will we drag his corse;
And he, that living hated so the cross,
Shall, being dead, be hanged thereon in chains.
Guise. Anjou, Gonzago, Retes, if that you three
Will be as resolute as I and Dumaine,
There shall not a Huguenot breathe in France.
Anj. I swear by this cross, we'll not be partial,
But slay as many as we can come near.
Guise. Mountsorrell, go shoot the ordnance off;
That they, which have already 'set the street,

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May know their watchword; then go toll the bell,
And so let's forward to the massacre.
Mount. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Guise. And now, my lord, let's closely to our business.
Anj. Anjou will follow thee.
Dum. And so will Dumaine.
[*The ordnance being shot off, the bell tolls.*
Guise. Come then, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Guise *enters again, with all the rest, with their swords drawn, chasing the* Protestants.

Guise. Tues! tues! tues!
Let none escape; murder the Huguenots.
Anj. Kill them! kill them! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Loreine, *running;* Guise *and the rest pursuing him.*

Guise. Loreine! Loreine! follow Loreine! —Sirrah,
Are you a preacher of these heresies?
Lor. I am a preacher of the word of God;
And thou a traitor to thy soul and him.
Guise. "Dearly beloved brother"—thus 'tis written. [*Stabs him.*
Anj. Stay, my lord, let me begin the psalm.
Guise. Come, drag him away, and throw him in a ditch. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mountsorrell, *and knocks at* Seroune's *door.*

Ser. Wife. [*Within.*] Who is that which knocks there?
Mount. Mountsorrell, from the Duke of Guise.
Ser. Wife. Husband, come down; here's one would speak with you
From the Duke of Guise.

Enter Seroune.

Ser. To speak with me, from such a man as he?
Mount. Aye, aye, for this, Seroune; and thou shalt ha't. [*Showing his dagger.*
Ser. Oh! let me pray before I take my death!
Mount. Despatch then quickly.
Ser. O Christ, my Saviour!
Mount. Christ, villain!
Why darest thou presume to call on Christ,
Without the intercession of some saint?
Sanctus Jacobus, he was my saint; pray to him.
Ser. Oh! let me pray unto my God!
Mount. Then take this with you.
[*Stabs him, and exit.*

Enter Ramus, *in his study.*

Ramus. What fearful cries come from the river Seine
That fright poor Ramus sitting at his book!
I fear the Guisians have passed the bridge,
And mean once more to menace me.

Enter Talæus.

Tal. Fly, Ramus, fly, if thou wilt save thy life!
Ramus. Tell me, Talæus, wherefore should I fly?
Tal. The Guisians are
Hard at thy door, and mean to murder us;
Hark, hark, they come! I'll leap out at the window.
Ramus. Sweet Talæus, stay.

Enter Gonzago *and* Retes.

Gon. Who goes there?
Retes. It is Talæus, Ramus' bedfellow.
Gon. What art thou?
Tal. I am, as Ramus is, a Christian.
Retes. Oh, let him go, he is a Catholic.
[*Exit* Talæus.
Gon. Come, Ramus, more gold, or thou shalt have the stab.
Ramus. Alas, I am a scholar! how should I have gold?
All that I have is but my stipend from the king,
Which is no sooner received but it is spent.

Enter Guise, Anjou, *and the rest.*

Anj. Whom have you there?
Retes. 'Tis Ramus, the king's professor of logic.
Guise. Stab him!
Ramus. Oh! good my lord,
Wherein hath Ramus been so offencious?
Guise. Marry, sir, in having a smack in all,
And yet did'st never sound anything to the depth.
Was it not thou that scoff'dst the Organon,
And said it was a heap of vanities?
He that will be a flat dichotomist,
And seen in nothing but epitomes,
Is in your judgment thought a learned man.
And he, forsooth, must go and preach in Germany;
Excepting against doctors' actions,
And *ipse dixi* with this quiddity,

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Argumentum testimonii est inartificiale.
To contradict which, I say Ramus shall die;
How answer you that?—your *nego argumentum*
Cannot serve, sirrah. Kill him!
Ramus. Oh, good my lord, let me but speak a word.
Anj. Well, say on.
Ramus. Not for my life do I desire this pause,
But in my latter hour to purge myself,
In that I know the things that I have wrote,
Which as I hear one Sheckius takes it ill,
Because my places, being but three, contain all his.
I knew the *Organon* to be confused,
And I reduced it into better form.
And this for Aristotle will I say,
That he that despiseth him can never
Be good in logic or philosophy.
And that's because the blockish Sorbonnists
Attribute as much unto their [own] works
As to the service of the eternal God.
Guise. Why suffer you that peasant to declaim?
Stab him, I say, and send him to his friends in hell.
Anj. Ne'er was there collier's son so full of pride. [*Stabs him.*
Guise. My Lord Anjou, there are a hundred Protestants,
Which we have chased into the river Seine,
That swim about, and so preserve their lives:—
How may we do? I fear me they will live.
Dum. Go, place some men upon the bridge,
With bows and darts, to shoot at them they see,
And sink them in the river as they swim.
Guise. 'Tis well advised; go see it straight be done. [*Exit* Dumaine.
In the meantime, my lord, could we devise
To get those pedants from the King Navarre,
That are tutors to him and the Prince of Condé.
Anj. For that, let me alone; cousin, stay here,
And when you see me in, then follow hard.

He knocketh at the door, and enter the King *of* Navarre, *and the* Prince *of* Condé, *with their* Schoolmasters.

How now, my lords, how fare you?
Nav. My lord, they say
That all the Protestants are massacred.
Anj. Aye, so they are, but yet, what remedy?
I have done all I could to stay this broil.
Nav. But yet, my lord, the report doth run,
That you were one that made this massacre.
Anj. Who, I? you are deceived; I rose but now. [Guise, &c., *come forward.*
Guise. Murder the Huguenots! Take those pedants hence!
Nav. Thou traitor, Guise! lay off thy bloody hands.
Cond. Come, let us go tell the king.
[*Exeunt* Navarre *and* Condé.
Guise. Come, sirs, I'll whip you to death with my poniard's point.
[*Stabs the* Schoolmasters.
Anj. Away with them both.
[*Exeunt* Anjou *and* Soldiers *with the bodies.*
Guise. And now for this night let our fury stay.
Yet will we not the massacre shall end:
Gonzago post you to Orleans,
Retes to Dieppe, Mountsorrell unto Rouen,
And spare not one that you suspect of heresy.
And, now, stay that bell
That to the devil's [midnight] matins rings.
Now every man put off his burgonet,
And so convey him closely to his bed.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Enter Anjou, *with two* Lords *of* Poland.

Anj. My lords of Poland, I must needs confess,
The offer of your Prince Elector's far
Beyond the reach of my deserts;
For Poland is, as I have been informed,
A martial people worthy such a king
As hath sufficient counsel in himself
To lighten doubts, and frustrate subtle foes.
And such a king, whom practice long hath taught
To please himself with manage of the wars,
The greatest wars within our Christian bounds,—
I mean our wars against the Muscovite
And on the other side against the Turk;
Rich princes both, and mighty emperors:
Yet, by my brother Charles our King of France,
And by his grace's council, it is thought,
That if I undertake to wear the crown
Of Poland, it may prejudice their hope
Of my inheritance to the crown of France.
For if the Almighty take my brother hence,

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By due descent the regal seat is mine.
With Poland, therefore, must I covenant thus,—
That if, by death of Charles, the diadem
Of France be cast on me, then, with your leaves,
I may retire me to my native home.
If your commission serve to warrant this,
I thankfully shall undertake the charge
Of you and yours; and carefully maintain
The wealth and safety of your kingdom's right.

1 *Lord.* All this, and more your highness shall command,
For Poland's crown and kingly diadem.

Anj. Then come, my lord, let's go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter two Men, *with the* Admiral's *body.*

1 *Man.* Now, sirrah, what shall we do with the Admiral?

2 *Man.* Why, let us burn him for a heretic.

1 *Man.* Oh no, his body will infect the fire, and the fire the air, and so we shall be poisoned with him.

2 *Man.* What shall we do then?

1 *Man.* Let's throw him into the river.

2 *Man.* Oh! 'twill corrupt the water, and the water the fish, and the fish ourselves, when we eat them.

1 *Man.* Then throw him into the ditch.

2 *Man.* No, no; to decide all doubts, be ruled by me. Let's hang him here upon this tree.

1 *Man.* Agreed. [*They hang him up, and exeunt.*

Enter Guise, *the* Queen Mother, *and the* Cardinal, *with* Attendants.

Guise. Now, madam, how do you like our lusty Admiral?

Q. Mo. Believe me, Guise, he becomes the place so well,
That I could long ere this have wished him there.
But come, let's walk aside; the air's not sweet.

Guise. No, by my faith, madam.
Sirs, take him away, and throw him in some ditch. [*The* Attendants *bear off the* Admiral's *body.*
And now, madam, as I understand,
There are an hundred Huguenots and more,
Which in the woods do hold their synagogue,
And daily meet about this time of day:
Thither will I, to put them to the sword.

Q. Mo. Do so, sweet Guise; let us delay no time;
For if these stragglers gather head again,
And disperse themselves throughout the realm of France,
It will be hard for us to work their deaths.
Be gone, delay no time, sweet Guise.

Guise. Madam,
I go, as whirlwinds rage before a storm. [*Exit.*

Q. Mo. My lord of Lorraine, have you marked of late,
How Charles, our son, begins for to lament
For the late night's-work, which my lord of Guise
Did make in Paris 'mongst the Huguenots?

Card. Madam, I have heard him solemnly vow,
With the rebellious King of Navarre,
For to revenge their deaths upon us all.

Q. Mo. Aye, but, my lord, let me alone for that,
For Catherine must have her will in France.
As I do live, so surely shall he die,
And Henry then shall wear the diadem;
And if he grudge or cross his mother's will,
I'll disinherit him and all the rest;
For I'll rule France, but they shall wear the crown:
And, if they storm, I then may pull them down.
Come, my lord, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter five or six Protestants, *with books, and kneel together. Enter also* Guise, *and others.*

Guise. Down with the Huguenots! murder them!

1 *Pro.* O Monsieur de Guise, hear me but speak!

Guise. No, villain, no! that tongue of thine,
That hath blasphemed the holy Church of Rome,
Shall drive no plaints into the Guise's ears,
To make the justice of my heart relent.
Tuex! tuex! tuex! let none escape. [*They kill them.*
So, drag them away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King Charles, *supported by* Navarre *and* Epernoune; *the* Queen Mother, *the* Cardinal, *and* Pleshé.

Char. Oh! let me stay, and rest me here awhile;
A griping pain hath seized upon my heart;
A sudden pain, the messenger of death.

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Q. Mo. Oh, say not so, thou kill'st thy mother's heart.
Char. I must say so, pain forceth me complain.
Nav. Comfort yourself, my lord, and have no doubt
But God will sure restore you to your health.
Char. Oh no, my loving brother of Navarre,
I have deserved a scourge, I must confess;
Yet is their patience of another sort,
Than to misdo the welfare of their king:
God grant my nearest friends may prove no worse!
Oh! hold me up, my sight begins to fail,
My sinews shrink, my brain turns upside down,
My heart doth break, I faint and die. [*Dies.*
Q. Mo. What, art thou dead, sweet son? speak to thy mother!
Oh no, his soul is fled from out his breast,
And he nor hears nor sees us what we do!
My lords, what resteth now for to be done,
But that we presently despatch ambassadors
To Poland, to call Henry back again,
To wear his brother's crown and dignity?
Epernoune, go, see it presently be done,
And bid him come without delay to us.
Eper. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Q. Mo. And now, my lords, after these funerals be done,
We will, with all the speed we can, provide
For Henry's coronation from Polonia.
Come, let us take his body hence.
[*The* King's *body is borne out, and exeunt all but* Navarre *and* Pleshé.
Nav. And now, Pleshé, whilst that these broils do last,
My opportunity may serve me fit
To steal from France, and hie me to my home;
For here's no safety in the realm for me.
And now that Henry is called from Poland,
It is my due, by just succession;
And therefore, as speedily as I can perform,
I'll muster up an army secretly,
For fear that Guise, joined with the King of Spain,
Might seek to cross me in my enterprise.
But God, that always doth defend the right,
Will show his mercy, and preserve us still.
Pleshé. The virtues of our true religion,
Cannot but march, with many graces more,
Whose army shall discomfort all your foes,
And at the length, in Pampelonia crown
(In spite of Spain, and all the popish power,
That holds it from your highness wrongfully)
Your majesty her rightful lord and sovereign.
Nav. Truth, Pleshé, and God so prosper me in all,
As I intend to labour for the truth,
And true profession of his holy word,
Come, Pleshé, let us away, while time doth serve. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Trumpets sounded within, and a cry of "Vive le Roi," two or three times.

Enter Henry, *crowned;* Queen Mother, Cardinal, Guise, Epernoune, Mugeron, *the* Cutpurse, *and others.*
All. Vive le Roi, Vive le Roi.
[*A flourish of trumpets.*
Q. Mo. Welcome from Poland, Henry, once again!
Welcome to France, thy father's royal seat!
Here hast thou a country void of fears;
A warlike people to maintain thy right;
A watchful senate for ordaining laws;
A loving mother to preserve thy state;
And all things that a king may wish besides:
All this, and more, hath Henry with his crown.
Card. And long may Henry enjoy all this, and more.
All. Vive le Roi, Vive le Roi.
[*A flourish of trumpets.*
King. Thanks to you all. The guider of all crowns
Grant that our deeds may well deserve your loves;
And so they shall, if fortune speed my will,
And yield your thoughts to height of my deserts.
What say our minions? Think they Henry's heart
Will not both harbour love and majesty?
Put off that fear, they are already joined;
No person, place, or time, or circumstance,
Shall slack my love's affection from his bent;
As now you are, so shall you still persist;
Removeless from the favours of your king.
Muge. We know that noble minds change not their thoughts
For wearing of a crown, in that your grace
Hath worn the Poland diadem before
You were invested in the crown of France.
King. I tell thee, Mugeron, we will be friends,
And fellows too, whatever storms arise.
Muge. Then may it please your majesty to give me leave

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To punish those that do profane this holy feast.

King. How mean'st thou that?

[Mugeron *cuts off the* Cutpurse's *ear for cutting the gold buttons off his cloak.*

Cutp. O Lord, mine ear!

Muge. Come, sir, give me my buttons, and here's your ear.

Guise. Sirrah, take him away.

King. Hands off, good fellow, I will be his bail

For this offence. Go, sirrah, work no more
Till this our coronation day be past.
And now,
Our solemn rites of coronation done,
What now remains but for awhile to feast,
And spend some days in barriers, tournay, tilt,
And like disports, such as do fit the court?
Let's go, my lords, our dinner stays for us.

[*Exeunt all but the* Queen Mother *and* Cardinal.

Q. Mo. My lord cardinal of Lorraine, tell me,
How likes your grace my son's pleasantness?
His mind, you see, runs on his minions,
And all his heaven is to delight himself;
And, whilst he sleeps securely thus in ease,
Thy brother Guise and we may now provide
To plant ourselves with such authority,
That not a man may live without our leaves.
Then shall the Catholic faith of Rome
Flourish in France, and none deny the same.

Card. Madam, as I in secresy was told,
My brother Guise hath gathered a power of men
Which are he saith to kill the Puritans,
But 'tis the House of Bourbon that he means;
Now, madam, must you insinuate with the king,
And tell him that 'tis for his country's good,
And common profit of religion.

Q. Mo. Tush, man, let me alone with him,
To work the way to bring this thing to pass;
And if he do deny what I do say,
I'll despatch him with his brother presently,
And then shall Monsieur wear the diadem.
Tush, all shall die unless I have my will;
For while she lives Catherine will be queen.
Come, my lord, let us go seek the Guise,
And then determine of this enterprise.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter the Duchess *of* Guise *and her* Maid.

Duch. Go fetch me pen and ink——

Maid. I will, madam. [*Exit.*

Duch. That I may write unto my dearest lord,
Sweet Mugeron, 'tis he that hath my heart,
And Guise usurps it 'cause I am his wife.
Fain would I find some means to speak with him,
But cannot, and therefore am enforced to write,
That he may come and meet me in some place,
Where we may one enjoy the other's sight.

Re-enter the Maid, *with ink and paper.*

So, set it down, and leave me to myself.

[*Exit* Maid. *She writes.*

Oh! would to God this quill, that here doth write,
Had late been plucked from out fair Cupid's wing,
That it might print these lines within his heart.

Enter Guise.

Guise. What, all alone, my love, and writing too?
I pr'ythee say to whom thou writ'st.

Duch. To such a one, as when she reads my lines,
Will laugh, I fear me, at their good array.

Guise. I pray thee let me see.

Duch. Oh no, my lord, a woman only must
Partake the secrets of my heart.

Guise. But, madam, I must see—

[*Snatches the paper, and reads it.*

Are these your secrets that no man must know?

Duch. Oh! pardon me, my lord.

Guise. Thou trothless and unjust! what lines are these?
Am I grown old, or is thy lust grown young,
Or hath my love been so obscured in thee,
That others need to comment on my text?
Is all my love forgot, which held thee dear,
Aye, dearer than the apple of mine eye?
Is Guise's glory but a cloudy mist,
In sight and judgment of thy lustful eye?
Mort Dieu! were not the fruit within thy womb,
On whose increase I set some longing hope,
This wrathful hand should strike thee to the heart!

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Hence, strumpet! hide thy head for shame;
And fly my presence, if thou look'st to live.
[*Exit* Duchess.
O wicked sex, perjùrèd and unjust!
Now do I see that from the very first
Her eyes and looks sowed seeds of perjury.
But villain, he, to whom these lines should go,
Shall buy her love e'en with his dearest blood. [*Exit.*

Enter Navarre, Pleshé, *and* Bartus, *and their Train, with drums and trumpets.*

Nav. My lords, since in a quarrel just and right
We undertake to manage these our wars
Against the proud disturbers of the faith,
(I mean the Guise, the Pope, and King of Spain,
Who set themselves to tread us under foot,
And rent our true religion from this land;
But for you know our quarrel is no more,
But to defend their strange inventions,
Which they will put us to with sword and fire;)
We must with resolute minds resolve to fight
In honour of our God and country's good.
Spain is the council-chamber of the Pope,
Spain is the place where he makes peace and war,
And Guise for Spain hath now incensed the king
To send his power to meet us in the field.
Bar. Then in this bloody brunt they may behold
The sole endeavour of your princely care,
To plant the true succession of the faith,
In spite of Spain and all his heresies.
Nav. The power of vengeance now implants itself
Upon the haughty mountains of my breast;
Plays with her gory colours of revenge,
Whom I respect as leaves of boasting green,
That change their colour when the winter comes,
When I shall vaunt as victor in revenge.

Enter a Messenger.

How now, sirrah, what news?
Mes. My lord, as by our scouts we understand,
A mighty army comes from France with speed;
Which are already mustered in the land,
And mean to meet your highness in the field.
Nav. In God's name let them come.
This is the Guise that hath incensed the king
To levy arms, and make these civil broils.
But can'st thou tell me who is their general?
Mes. Not yet, my lord, for thereon do they stay;
But, as report doth go, the Duke Joyeux
Hath made great suit unto the king therefore.
Nav. It will not countervail his pains, I hope.
I would the Guise in his stead might have come;
But he doth lurk within his drowsy couch,
And makes his footstool on security:
So he be safe, he cares not what becomes
Of king or country; no, not for them both.
But come, my lords, let us away with speed,
And place ourselves in order for the fight.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter the King *of* France, Guise, Epernoune, *and* Duke Joyeux.

King. My sweet Joyeux, I make thee general
Of all my army, now in readiness
To march against the rebellious king, Navarre;
At thy request I am content thou go,
Although my love to thee can hardly suffer it,
Regarding still the danger of thy life.
Joyeux. Thanks to your majesty; and so I take my leave.
Farewell my lord of Guise, and Epernoune.
Guise. Health and hearty farewell to my Lord Joyeux. [*Exit* Joyeux.
King. So kindly, cousin Guise, you and your wife
Do both salute our lovely minions.
Remember you the letter, gentle sir,
Which your wife writ
To my dear minion, and her chosen friend?
[*Makes horns at* Guise.
Guise. How now, my lord? faith, this is more than need.
Am I to be thus jested at and scorned?
'Tis more than kingly or emperious.
And, sure, if all the proudest kings beside
In Christendom should bear me such derision,
They should know how I scorned them and their mocks.
I love your minions! doat on them yourself;
I know none else but holds them in disgrace.
And here, by all the saints in heaven I swear
That villain for whom I bear this deep disgrace,
E'en for your words that have incensed me so,
Shall buy that strumpet's favour with his blood.

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Whether he have dishonoured me or no,
Par la mort de Dieu il mourra! [*Exit.*
King. Believe me, Epernoune, this jest bites sore.
Eper. My lord, 'twere good to make them friends,
For his oaths are seldom spent in vain.

Enter Mugeron.

King. How now, Mugeron, met'st thou not the Guise at the door?
Muge. Not I, my lord; what if I had?
King. Marry, if thou had'st, thou might'st have had the stab,
For he hath solemnly sworn thy death.
Muge. I may be stabbed, and live till he be dead.
But wherefore bears he me such deadly hate?
King. Because his wife bears thee such kindly love.
Muge. If that be all, the next time that I meet her,
I'll make her shake off love with her heels.
But which way is he gone? I'll go take a walk
On purpose from the court to meet with him.
[*Exit.*
King. I like not this; come, Epernoune,
Let's go seek the duke, and make them friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Alarums, and a cry within—"The Duke Joyeux is slain."

Enter Navarre, Bartus, *and his train.*

Nav. The duke is slain, and all his power dispersed,
And we are graced with wreaths of victory.
Thus God we see doth ever guide the right,
To make his glory great upon the earth.
Bar. The terror of this happy victory,
I hope will make the king surcease his hate;
And either never manage army more,
Or else employ them in some better cause.
Nav. How many noblemen have lost their lives,
In prosecution of these cruel arms,
Is ruth, and almost death, to call to mind.
But God we know will always put them down,
That lift themselves against the perfect truth,
Which I'll maintain as long as life doth last;
And with the Queen of England join my force
To beat the papal monarch from our lands,
And keep those relics from our countries' coasts.
Come, my lords, now this storm is overpast,
Let us away with triumph to our tents.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. Sir, to you, sir, that dares make the duke a cuckold, and use a counterfeit key to his privy-chamber door. And although you take out nothing but your own, yet you put in that which displeaseth him; and so forestall his market, and set up your standing where you should not. And whereas he is your landlord, you will take upon you to be his; and till the ground that he himself should occupy, which is his own free land: if it be not too free—there's the question. And though I come not to take possession, (as I would I might,) yet I mean to keep you out; which I will, if this gear hold——

Enter Mugeron.

What! are ye come so soon? have at ye, sir.
[*Shoots at* Mugeron *and kills him.*

Enter Guise *and* Attendants.

Guise. Hold thee, tall soldier, take thou this, and fly.— [*Exit* Soldier.
Lie there, the king's delight, and Guise's scorn;
Revenge it, Henry, as thou list or dare,
I did it only in despite of thee.
[*The* Attendants *bear off* Mugeron's *body.*

Enter the King *and* Epernoune.

King. My lord of Guise, we understand
That you have gathered a power of men;
What your intent is yet we cannot learn,
But we presume it is not for our good,
Guise. Why, I'm no traitor to the crown of France;
What I have done 'tis for the Gospel's sake.
Eper. Nay, for the Pope's sake, and thine own benefit.
What peer in France but thou, aspiring Guise,
Durst be in arms without the king's consent?
I challenge thee for treason in the cause.
Guise. Oh! base Epernoune, were not his highness here,
Thou should'st perceive the Duke of Guise is moved.
King. Be patient, Guise, and threat not Epernoune,
Lest thou perceive the King of France be moved.
Guise. Why?
I am a prince of the Valois's line,
Therefore an enemy to the Bourbonites.
I am a juror in the holy league,

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And therefore hated of the Protestants.
What should I do but stand upon my guard?
And, being able, I'll keep an host in pay.
Eper. Thou able to maintain an host in pay,
That livest by foreign exhibition!
The Pope and King of Spain are thy good friends,
Else all France knows how poor a duke thou art.
King. Aye, those are they that feed him with their gold,
To countermand our will, and check our friends.
Guise. My lord, to speak more plainly, thus it is,—
Being animated by religious zeal,
I mean to muster all the power I can,
To overthrow those factious Puritans.
And know, my lord, the Pope will sell his triple crown.
Aye, and the Catholic Philip, King of Spain,
Ere I shall want, will cause his Indians
To rip the golden bowels of America.
Navarre, that cloaks them underneath his wings,
Shall feel the house of Lorraine is his foe.
Your highness need not fear mine army's force,
'Tis for your safety, and your enemies' wreck.
King. Guise, wear our crown, and be thou king of France,
And, as dictator, make or war, or peace,
Whilst I cry *placet*, like a senator.
I cannot brook thy haughty insolence.
Dismiss thy camp, or else by our edict
Be thou proclaimed a traitor throughout France.
Guise. The choice is hard, I must dissemble. [*Aside.*
My lord, in token of my true humility,
And simple meaning to your majesty,
I kiss your grace's hand, and take my leave,
Intending to dislodge my camp with speed.
King. Then farewell, Guise, the king and thou are friends. [*Exit* Guise.
Eper. But trust him not, my lord, for had your highness
Seen with what a pomp he entered Paris,
And how the citizens
With gifts and shows did entertain him,
And promised to be at his command—
Nay, they feared not to speak in the streets,
That the Guise durst stand in arms against the king,
For not effecting of his holiness' will.
King. Did they of Paris entertain him so?
Then means he present treason to our state.
Well, let me alone.—Who's within there?

Enter an Attendant.

Make a discharge of all my council straight,
And I'll subscribe my name, and seal it straight.
My head shall be my council; they are false;
And, Epernoune, I will be ruled by thee.
Eper. My lord, I think, for safety of your person,
It would be good the Guise were made away,
And so to quit your grace of all suspect.
King. First let us set our hand and seal to this,
And then I'll tell thee what I mean to do. [*Writes.*
So, convey this to the council presently. [*Exit* Attendant.
And Epernoune, though I seem mild and calm,
Think not but I am tragical within.
I'll secretly convey me unto Blois;
For now that Paris takes the Guise's part,
Here is not staying for the King of France,
Unless he means to be betrayed and die;
But, as I live, so sure the Guise shall die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Enter Navarre, *reading a letter*, and Bartus.

Nav. My lord, I am advertised from France,
That Guise hath taken arms against the king,
And that Paris is revolted from his grace.
Bar. Then hath your grace fit opportunity,
To show your love unto the King of France,
Offering him aid against his enemies,
Which cannot but be thankfully received.
Nav. Bartus, it shall be so; post then to France,
And there salute his highness in our name;
Assure him all the aid we can provide,
Against the Guisians and their complices.
Bartus, begone; commend me to his grace,
And tell him, ere 't be long, I'll visit him.
Bar. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Pleshé.

Nav. Pleshé.
Pleshé. My lord.

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Nav. Pleshé, go muster up our men with speed,
And let them march away to France amain,
For we must aid the king against the Guise.
Begone, I say, 'tis time that we were there.
Pleshé. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*
Nav. That wicked Guise, I fear me much, will be
The ruin of that famous realm of France;
For his aspiring thoughts aim at the crown.
He takes his vantage on religion,
To plant the Pope and popelings in the realm,
And bind it wholly to the see of Rome:
But if that God do prosper mine attempts,
And send us safely to arrive in France,
We'll beat him back, and drive him to his death,
That basely seeks the ruin of his realm.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Captain *of the* Guard, *and three* Murderers.

Cap. Come on, sirs: what, are you resolutely bent,
Hating the life and honour of the Guise?
What, will you not fear, when you see him come?
1 *Murd.* Fear him, said you? tush! were he here, we would kill him presently.
2 *Murd.* O that his heart were leaping in my hand!
1 *Murd.* But when will he come, that we may murther him?
Cap. Well then, I see you are resolute.
1 *Murd.* Let us alone, I warrant you.
Cap. Then, sirs, take your standings within this chamber; for anon the Guise will come.
All three Murderers. You'll give us our money?
Cap. Aye, aye, fear not; stand close; be resolute. [*Exeunt* Murderers.
Now falls the star whose influence governs France,
Whose light was deadly to the Protestants:
Now must he fall, and perish in his height.

Enter the King *and* Epernoune.

King. Now, captain of my guard, are these murderers ready?
Cap. They be, my good lord.
King. But are they resolute, and armed to kill,
Hating the life and honour of the Guise?
Cap. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*
King. Then come, proud Guise, and here disgorge thy breast,
Surcharged with surfeit of ambitious thoughts;
Breathe out that life, wherein my death was hid;
And end thy endless treasons with thy death.

Guise *knocks without.*

Guise. Holloa, varlet, hey! Epernoune, where's the king?
Eper. Mounted his royal cabinet.
Guise. I pr'ythee tell him that the Guise is here.
Eper. An't please your grace, the Duke of Guise doth crave
Access unto your highness.
King. Let him come in.—
Come, Guise, and see thy traitorous guile outreached,
And perish in the pit thou mad'st for me.
[*Aside.*

Enter Guise.

Guise. Good morrow to your majesty.
King. Good morrow to my loving cousin of Guise:
How fares it this morning with your excellence?
Guise. I heard your majesty was scarcely pleased,
That in the court I bear so great a train.
King. They were to blame, that said I was displeased;
And you, good cousin, to imagine it.
'Twere hard with me, if I should doubt my kin,
Or be suspicious of my dearest friends.
Cousin, assure you I am resolute,
Whatever any whisper in mine ears,
Not to suspect disloyalty in thee;
And so, sweet coz, farewell.
[*Exeunt* King *and* Epernoune.
Guise. So!
Now sues the king for favour to the Guise,
And all his minions stoop when I command:
Why, this 'tis to have an army in the field.
Now, by the holy sacrament, I swear,
As ancient Romans o'er their captive lords,
So will I triumph o'er this wanton king;
And he shall follow my proud chariot's wheels.
Now do I but begin to look about,
And all my former time was spent in vain.
Hold, sword, for in thee is the Guise's hope.

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Enter one of the Murderers.

Villain, why dost thou look so ghastly? speak!

Murd. O pardon me, my lord of Guise.

Guise. Pardon thee! why, what hast thou done?

Murd. O my lord, I am one of them that is set to murder you.

Guise. To murder me, villain?

Murd. Aye, my lord; the rest have ta'en their standings in the next room; therefore, good my lord, go not forth.

Guise. Yet Cæsar shall go forth.
Let mean conceits, and baser men fear death:
Tut, they are peasants; I am Duke of Guise;
And princes with their looks engender fear.

2 *Murd.* [*Without.*] Stand close; he's coming; I know him by his voice.

Guise. As pale as ashes! nay, then 'tis time to look about. [Murderers *enter.*

All. Down with him! down with him! [*They stab him.*

Guise. Oh! I've my death-wound! give me leave to speak!

2 *Murd.* Then pray to God, and ask
Forgiveness of the king.

Guise. Trouble me not, I ne'er offended him,
Nor will I ask forgiveness of the king.
O that I have not power to stay my life,
Nor immortality to be revenged!
To die by peasants, what a grief is this!
Ah! Sextus, be revenged upon the king!
Philip and Parma, I am slain for you!
Pope, excommunicate, Philip, depose
The wicked branch of curst Valois his line!
Vive la messe! perish Huguenots!
Thus Cæsar did go forth, and thus he dies. [*Dies*

Enter the Captain *of the* Guard.

Cap. What, have you done?
Then stay awhile, and I'll go call the king;
But see where he comes.—

Enter King *and* Epernoune.

My lord, see where the Guise is slain.

King. Ah! this sweet sight is physic to my soul;
Go, fetch his son for to behold his death.—
Surcharged with guilt of thousand massacres,
Monsieur of Lorraine, sink away to hell!
In just remembrance of those bloody broils,
To which thou didst allure me, being alive.
And here, in presence of you all, I swear
I ne'er was King of France until this hour.
This is the traitor that hath spent my gold,
In making foreign wars, and cruel broils.
Did he not draw a sort of English priests,
From Douay to the seminary at Rheims,
To hatch forth treason 'gainst their natural queen?
Did he not cause the King of Spain's huge fleet
To threaten England, and to menace me?
Did he not injure Monsieur that's deceas'd?
Hath he not made me, in the Pope's defence,
To spend the treasure that should strength my land,
In civil broils between Navarre and me?
Tush! to be short, he meant to make me monk;
Or else to murder me, and so be king.
Let Christian princes, that shall hear of this,
(As all the world shall know our Guise is dead,)
Rest satisfied with this, that here I swear,
Ne'er was there King of France so yoked as I!

Eper. My lord, here is his son.

Enter Guise's Son.

King. Boy, look where your father lies.

Boy. My father slain! Who hath done this deed?

King. Sirrah, 'twas I that slew him, and will slay
Thee too, an thou prove such a traitor.

Boy. Art thou king, and hast done this bloody deed?
I'll be revenged. [*He offers to throw his dagger.*

King. Away to prison with him! I'll clip his wings
Or e'er he pass my hands. Away with him. [*The* Attendants *bear off the* Boy.
But what availeth that this traitor's dead,
When Duke Dumaine, his brother, is alive,
And that young cardinal that's grown so proud?
Go to the governor of Orleans,
And will him, in my name, to kill the duke. [*To the* Captain *of the* Guard,
Get you away, and strangle the cardinal. [*To the Murderers.*

[*Exeunt* Captain *of the* Guard, *and* Murderers.

These two will make one entire Duke of Guise;
Especially with our old mother's help.

Eper. My lord, see where she comes, as if she drooped
To hear the news.

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King. And let her droop; my heart is light enough.

Enter the Queen Mother *and* Attendants.

Mother, how like you this device of mine?
I slew the Guise, because I would be king.
Q. Mo. King! why so thou wert before;
Pray God thou be a king now this is done!
King. Nay, he was king, and countermanded me;
But now I will be king, and rule myself,
And make the Guisians stoop that are alive.
Q. Mo. I cannot speak for grief.—When thou wast born,
I would that I had murdered thee, my son!
My son!—Thou art a changeling—not my son!
I curse thee, and exclaim thee miscreant,
Traitor to God, and to the realm of France.
King. Cry out, exclaim, howl till thy throat be hoarse!
The Guise is slain, and I rejoice therefore.
And now will I to arms. Come, Epernoune,
And let her grieve her heart out if she will.
[*Exeunt* King *and* Epernoune.
Q. Mo. Away! leave me alone to meditate! [*Exeunt* Attendants.
Sweet Guise, would he had died, so thou wert here!
To whom shall I bewray my secrets now,
Or who will help to build religion?
The Protestants will glory and insult;
Wicked Navarre will get the crown of France;
The Popedom cannot stand; all goes to wrack;
And all for thee my Guise; what may I do?
But sorrow seize upon my toiling soul!
For since the Guise is dead, I will not live.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter two Murderers, *dragging in the* Cardinal.

Card. Murder me not, I am a Cardinal.
1 *Murd.* Wert thou the Pope, thou might'st not scape from us.
Card. What, will you 'file your hands with churchmen's blood?
2 *Murd.* Shed your blood? O Lord no; for we intend to strangle you.
Card. Then there's no remedy but I must die.
1 *Murd.* No remedy; therefore prepare yourself.
Card. Yet lives my brother Duke Dumaine, and many more,
To revenge our death upon that cursèd king;
Upon whose heart may all the Furies gripe,
And with their paws drench his black soul in hell.
1 *Murd.* Yours, my lord Cardinal, you should have said.
[*They strangle him.*
So pluck amain: he is hard-hearted; therefore pull with violence! Come, take him away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dumaine, *reading a letter; with others.*

Dum. My noble brother murdered by the king!
Oh! what may I do to revenge thy death?
The king's alone, it cannot satisfy.
Sweet Duke of Guise, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art dead, here is no stay for us.
I am thy brother, and I'll revenge thy death,
And root Valois his line from forth of France;
And beat proud Bourbon to his native home,
That basely seeks to join with such a king,
Whose murderous thoughts will be his overthrow.
He willed the governor of Orleans, in his name,
That I with speed should have been put to death;
But that's prevented for to end his life,
And all those traitors to the church of Rome,
That durst attempt to murder noble Guise.

Enter a Friar.

Fri. My lord, I come to bring you news that your brother the cardinal of Lorraine, by the king's consent, is lately strangled unto death.
Dum. My brother the Cardinal slain, and I alive!
O words of power to kill a thousand men!
Come, let us [straight] away, and levy men;
'Tis war that must assuage this tyrant's pride.
Fri. My lord, hear me but speak—I am
A Friar of the order of the Jacobins
That for my conscience' sake will kill the king.
Dum. But what
Doth move thee, 'bove the rest to do the deed?
Fri. Oh, my lord,
I have been a great sinner in my days;
And the deed is meritorious.

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Dum. But how wilt thou get opportunity?
Fri. Tush, my lord, let me alone for that.
Dum. Friar, come with me;
We will go talk more of this within.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter the Kings *of* France *and* Navarre, Epernoune, Bartus, Pleshé, *and* Soldiers.

Drums and Trumpets.

King. Brother of Navarre, I sorrow much,
That ever I was proved your enemy;
And that the sweet and princely mind you bear,
Was ever troubled with injurious wars.
I vow, as I am lawful King of France,
To recompense your reconcilèd love
With all the honours and affections
That ever I vouchsafed my dearest friends.
Nav. It is enough if that Navarre may be
Esteemèd faithful to the King of France,
Whose service he may still command to death.
King. Thanks to my kingly brother of Navarre!
Then there we'll lie before Lutetia's walls,
Girting this strumpet city with our siege,
Till, surfeiting with our afflicting arms,
She cast her hateful stomach to the earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. An it please your majesty, here is a friar of the order of the Jacobins, sent from the President of Paris, that craves access unto your grace.
King. Let him come in.

Enter the Friar, *with a letter.*

Eper. I like not this friar's look; 'twere not amiss,
My lord, if he were searched.
King. Sweet Epernoune, our friars are holy men,
And will not offer violence to their king,
For all the wealth and treasure of the world.
Friar, thou dost acknowledge me thy king!
Fri. Ay, my good lord, and will die therein.
King. Then come thou near, and tell what news thou bring'st.
Fri. My lord,
The President of Paris greets your grace,
And sends his duty by these speedy lines,
Humbly craving your gracious reply.
King. I'll read them, friar, and then I'll answer thee.
Fri. Sancte Jacobe, now have mercy on me!
[*He stabs the king with a knife as he reads the letter; and then the king gets the knife, and kills him.*
Eper. Oh, my lord, let him live awhile!
King. No, let the villain die, and feel in hell
Just torments for his treachery.
Nav. What, is your highness hurt?
King. Yes, Navarre, but not to death, I hope.
Nav. God shield your grace from such a sudden death!
Go, call a surgeon hither straight.
[*Exit an* Attendant.
King. What irreligious pagans' parts be these,
Of such as hold them of the holy church!
Take hence that damnèd villain from my sight.
[Attendants *carry out the* Friar's *body.*
Eper. Ah! had your highness let him live,
We might have punished him for his deserts.
King. Sweet Epernoune, all rebels under heaven
Shall take example by his punishment,
How they bear arms against their sovereign.
Go, call the English agent hither straight;
I'll send my sister England news of this,
And give her warning of her treacherous foes.

Enter a Surgeon.

Nav. Pleaseth your grace to let the surgeon search your wound?
King. The wound, I warrant you, is deep, my lord:
Search, surgeon, and resolve me what thou see'st. [*The* Surgeon *searches.*

Enter the English Agent.

Agent for England, send thy mistress word
What this detested Jacobin hath done.
Tell her, for all this, that I hope to live;
Which, if I do, the papal monarch goes
To wrack, and th' antichristian kingdom falls.
These bloody hands shall tear his triple crown,
And fire accursèd Rome about his ears;

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I'll fire his crazèd buildings, and enforce
The papal towers to kiss the lowly earth.
Navarre, give me thy hand; I here do swear
To ruinate this wicked Church of Rome,
That hatcheth up such bloody practices:
And here protest eternal love to thee,
And to the Queen of England specially,
Whom God hath blest for hating popery.

Nav. These words revive my thoughts, and comfort me,
To see your highness in this virtuous mind.

King. Tell me, surgeon, shall I live?

Surg. Alas, my lord, the wound is dangerous,
For you are stricken with a poisoned knife.

King. A poisoned knife!—What, shall the French king die,
Wounded and poisoned both at once?

Eper. O that
That damnèd villain were alive again,
That we might torture him with some new-found death!

Bar. He died a death too good;
The devil of hell torture his wicked soul!

King. Oh! curse him not, sith he is dead.
Oh, the fatal poison works within my breast.
Tell me, surgeon, and flatter not—may I live?

Surg. Alas! my lord, your highness cannot live.

Nav. Surgeon, why say'st thou so? The king may live.

King. Oh no, Navarre, thou must be King of France.

Nav. Long may you live, and still be King of France.

Eper. Or else, die Epernoune.

King. Sweet Epernoune, thy king must die. My lords,
Fight in the quarrel of this valiant prince,
For he's your lawful king, and my next heir;
Valois's line ends in my tragedy.
Now let the House of Bourbon wear the crown,
And may't ne'er end in blood, as mine hath done.
Weep not, sweet Navarre, but revenge my death.
Ah! Epernoune, is this thy love to me?
Henry, thy king, wipes off these childish tears,
And bids thee whet thy sword on Sextus' bones,
That it may keenly slice the Catholics.
He loves me not the most that sheds most tears,
But he that makes most lavish of his blood.
Fire Paris, where these treacherous rebels lurk.
I die, Navarre! come bear me to my sepulchre:
Salute the Queen of England in my name,
And tell her Henry dies her faithful friend.
[*Dies.*

Nav. Come, lords, take up the body of the king,
That we may see it honourably interred:
And then I vow so to revenge his death,
As Rome, and all those popish prelates there,
Shall curse the time that e'er Navarre was king,
And ruled in France by Henry's fatal death.

[*They march out, with the body of the king lying on four men's shoulders, with a dead march, drawing weapons on the ground.*

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Dido, Queen of Carthage.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Jupiter.
Ganymede.
Hermes.
Cupid.

Juno.
Venus.

Æneas.
Ascanius.
Achates.

Ilioneus.
Cloanthus.
Sergestus.
Other Trojans.
Iarbas.
Carthaginian Lords.

Dido.
Anna.
Nurse.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Here the curtains draw :—there is discovered Jupiter *dandling* Ganymede *upon his knee, and* Hermes *lying asleep.*

Jup. Come, gentle Ganymede, and play with me;
I love thee well, say Juno what she will.
Gan. I am much better for your worthless love,
That will not shield me from her shrewish blows:
To-day, whenas I filled into your cups,
And held the cloth of pleasance whiles you drank,
She reached me such a rap for that I spilled,
As made the blood run down about mine ears.
Jup. What! dares she strike the darling of my thoughts?
By Saturn's soul, and this earth threatening hair,
That, shaken thrice, makes nature's buildings quake,
I vow, if she but once frown on thee more,
To hang her, meteor-like, 'twixt heaven and earth,
And bind her hand and foot with golden cords,
As once I did for harming Hercules!
Gan. Might I but see that pretty sport afoot,
O how would I with Helen's brother laugh,
And bring the Gods to wonder at the game:
Sweet Jupiter! if e'er I pleased thine eye,
Or seemèd fair, walled in with eagle's wings,
Grace my immortal beauty with this boon,
And I will spend my time in thy bright arms.
Jup. What is't, sweet wag, I should deny thy youth?
Whose face reflects such pleasure to mine eyes,
As I, exhaled with thy fire-darting beams,
Have oft driven back the horses of the night.
Whenas they would have haled thee from my sight.
Sit on my knee, and call for thy content,
Control proud Fate, and cut the thread of Time:
Why, are not all the gods at thy command,
And heaven and earth the bounds of thy delight?
Vulcan shall dance to make thee laughing sport,
And my nine daughters sing when thou art sad;
From Juno's bird I'll pluck her spotted pride,
To make thee fans wherewith to cool thy face;
And Venus' swans shall shed their silver down,
To sweeten out the slumbers of thy bed:
Hermes no more shall show the world his wings,
If that thy fancy in his feathers dwell,
But as this one I'll tear them all from him,
[*Plucks a feather from* Hermes' *wing.*
Do thou but say, "their colour pleaseth me."

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Hold here, my little love, these linked gems,
My Juno ware upon her marriage day,
[*Gives jewels.*
Put thou about thy neck, my own sweet heart,
And trick thy arms and shoulders with my theft.
Gan. I would have a jewel for mine ear,
And a fine brooch to put into my hat,
And then I'll hug with you a hundred times.
Jup. And shalt have, Ganymede, if thou wilt be my love.

Enter Venus.

Ven. Aye, this is it; you can sit toying there,
And playing with that female wanton boy,
Whiles my Æneas wanders on the seas,
And rests a prey to every billow's pride.
Juno, false Juno, in her chariot's pomp,
Drawn through the heavens by steeds of Boreas' brood,
Made Hebe to direct her airy wheels
Into the windy country of the clouds;
Where, finding Æolus entrenched with storms,
And guarded with a thousand grisly ghosts,
She humbly did beseech him for our bane,
And charged him drown my son with all his train.
Then 'gan the winds break ope their brazen doors,
And all Æolia to be up in arms;
Poor Troy must now be sacked upon the sea,
And Neptune's waves be envious men of war;
Epeus' horse to Ætna's hill transformed,
Preparèd stands to wreck their wooden walls;
And Æolus, like Agamemnon, sounds
The surges, his fierce soldiers, to the spoil:
See how the night, Ulysses-like, comes forth,
And intercepts the day as Dolon erst!
Ah me! the stars surprised, like Rhesus' steeds,
Are drawn by darkness forth Astræa's tents.
What shall I do to save thee, my sweet boy?
Whenas the waves do threat our crystal world,
And Proteus, raising hills of floods on high,
Intends, ere long, to sport him in the sky.
False Jupiter! reward'st thou virtue so?
What! is not piety exempt from woe?
Then die, Æneas, in thy innocence,
Since that religion hath no recompense.
Jup. Content thee, Cytherea, in thy care,
Since thy Æneas' wandering fate is firm,
Whose weary limbs shall shortly make repose
In those fair walls I promised him of yore:
But first in blood must his good fortune bud,
Before he be the lord of Turnus' town,
Or force her smile, that hitherto hath frowned:
Three winters shall he with the Rutiles war,
And, in the end, subdue them with his sword;
And full three summers likewise shall he waste,
In managing those fierce barbarian minds;
Which once performed, poor Troy, so long suppressed,
From forth her ashes shall advance her head,
And flourish once again, that erst was dead:
But bright Ascanius, beauty's better work,
Who with the sun divides one radiant shape,
Shall build his throne amidst those starry towers,
That earth-born Atlas, groaning, underprops:
No bounds, but heaven, shall bound his empery,
Whose azured gates, enchasèd with his name,
Shall make the morning haste her grey uprise,
To feed her eyes with his engraven fame.
Thus, in stout Hector's race, three hundred years
The Roman sceptre royal shall remain,
Till that a princess-priest conceived by Mars,
Shall yield to dignity a double birth,
Who will eternise Troy in their attempts.
Ven. How may I credit these thy flattering terms,
When yet both sea and sands beset their ships,
And Phœbus, as in Stygian pools, refrains
To taint his tresses in the Tyrrhene main?
Jup. I will take order for that presently:—
Hermes, awake! and haste to Neptune's realm;
Whereas the wind-gods, warring now with fate,
Besiege the offspring of our kingly loins,
Charge him from me to turn his stormy powers,
And fetter them in Vulcan's sturdy brass,
That durst thus proudly wrong our kinsman's peace. [*Exit* Hermes.
Venus, farewell! thy son shall be our care;
Come, Ganymede, we must about this gear.
[*Exeunt* Jupiter *and* Ganymede.
Ven. Disquiet seas, lay down your swelling looks,
And court Æneas with your calmy cheer,
Whose beauteous burden well might make you proud,
Had not the heavens, conceived with hell-born clouds,
Veiled his resplendent glory from your view;
For my sake, pity him, Oceanus,

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That erst-while issued from thy wat'ry loins,
And had my being from thy bubbling froth:
Triton, I know, hath filled his trump with Troy,
And, therefore, will take pity on his toil,
And call both Thetis and Cymodoce,
To succour him in this extremity.

Enter Æneas, Ascanius, Achates, *and one or two more.*

What do I see? my son now come on shore?
Venus, how art thou compassed with content,
The while thine eyes attract their sought-for joys:
Great Jupiter! still honoured may'st thou be,
For this so friendly aid in time of need!
Here in this bush disguisèd will I stand,
Whiles my Æneas spends himself in plaints,
And heaven and earth with his unrest acquaints.

Æn. You sons of care, companions of my course,
Priam's misfortune follows us by sea,
And Helen's rape doth haunt ye at the heels.
How many dangers have we overpast?
Both barking Scylla, and the sounding rocks,
The Cyclops' shelves, and grim Ceraunia's seat,
Have you o'ergone, and yet remain alive.
Pluck up your hearts, since fate still rests our friend,
And changing heavens may those good days return,
Which Pergama did vaunt in all her pride.

Acha. Brave Prince of Troy, thou only art our god,
That, by thy virtues, free'st us from annoy,
And mak'st our hopes survive to coming joys!
Do thou but smile, and cloudy heaven will clear,
Whose night and day descendeth from thy brows:
Though we be now in extreme misery,
And rest the map of weather-beaten woe,
Yet shall the agèd sun shed forth his hair,
To make us live unto our former heat,
And every beast the forest doth send forth,
Bequeath her young ones to our scanted food.

Asca. Father, I faint; good father, give me meat.

Æn. Alas! sweet boy, thou must be still awhile,
Till we have fire to dress the meat we killed;
Gentle Achates, reach the tinder-box,
That we may make a fire to warm us with,
And roast our new found victuals on this shore.

Ven. See what strange arts necessity finds out;
How near, my sweet Æneas, art thou driven. [*Aside.*

Æn. Hold; take this candle, and go light a fire;
You shall have leaves and windfall boughs enow
Near to these woods, to roast your meat withal:
Ascanius, go and dry thy drenchèd limbs,
While I with my Achates roam abroad,
To know what coast the wind hath driven us on,
Or whether men or beasts inhabit it.

Acha. The air is pleasant, and the soil most fit
For cities, and society's supports;
Yet much I marvel that I cannot find
No steps of men imprinted in the earth.

Ven. Now is the time for me to play my part: [*Aside.*
Ho, young men! saw you, as you came [along],
Any of all my sisters wandering here,
Having a quiver girded to her side,
And clothèd in a spotted leopard's skin?

Æn. I neither saw nor heard of any such;
But what may I, fair virgin, call your name?
Whose looks set forth no mortal form to view,
Nor speech betrays aught human in thy birth;
Thou art a goddess that delud'st our eyes,
And shroud'st thy beauty in this borrowed shape;
But whether thou the Sun's bright sister be,
Or one of chaste Diana's fellow nymphs,
Live happy in the height of all content,
And lighten our extremes with this one boon,
As to instruct us under what good heaven
We breathe as now, and what this world is called
On which, by tempests' fury, we are cast?
Tell us, O tell us, that are ignorant;
And this right hand shall make thy altars crack
With mountain heaps of milk-white sacrifice.

Ven. Such honour, stranger, do I not affect;
It is the use for Tyrian maids to wear
Their bow and quiver in this modest sort,
And suit themselves in purple for the nonce,
That they may trip more lightly o'er the lawns,
And overtake the tuskèd boar in chase.
But for the land whereof thou dost inquire,
It is the Punic kingdom, rich and strong,
Adjoining on Agenor's stately town,

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The kingly seat of Southern Libya,
Whereas Sidonian Dido rules as queen.
But what are you that ask of me these things?
Whence may you come, or whither will you go?

Æn. Of Troy am I, Æneas is my name;
Who, driven by war from forth my native world,
Put sails to sea to seek out Italy;
And my divine descent, from sceptered Jove:
With twice twelve Phrygian ships I ploughed the deep,
And made that way my mother Venus led;
But of them all scarce seven do anchor safe,
And they so wracked and weltered by the waves,
As every tide tilts 'twixt their oaken sides;
And all of them, unburthened of their load,
Are ballassed with billows' watery weight.
But hapless I, God wot, poor and unknown,
Do trace these Libyan deserts all despised,
Exiled forth Europe and wide Asia both,
And have not any coverture but heaven.

Ven. Fortune hath favoured thee, what-e'er thou be,
In sending thee unto this courteous coast:
In God's name, on! and haste thee to the court,
Where Dido will receive ye with her smiles;
And for thy ships, which thou supposest lost,
Not one of them hath perished in the storm,
But are arrivèd safe, not far from hence;
And so I leave thee to thy fortune's lot,
Wishing good luck unto thy wandering steps.
[*Exit.*

Æn. Achates, 'tis my mother that is fled;
I know her by the movings of her feet:
Stay, gentle Venus, fly not from thy son!
Too cruel! why wilt thou forsake me thus,
Or in these shades deceive mine eyes so oft?
Why walk we not together hand in hand,
And tell our griefs in more familiar terms?
But thou art gone, and leav'st me here alone,
To dull the air with my discoursive moan.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Iarbas, *followed by* Ilioneus, Cloanthus, *and* Sergestus.

Ilio. Follow, ye Trojans! follow this rave lord,
And 'plain to him the sum of your distress.

Iar. Why, what are you, or wherefore do you sue?

Ilio. Wretches of Troy, envied of the winds,
That crave such favour at your honour's feet
As poor distressèd misery may plead:
Save, save, O save our ships from cruel fire,
That do complain the wounds of thousand waves,
And spare our lives, whom every spite pursues.
We come not, we, to wrong your Libyan gods,
Or steal your household Lares from their shrines:
Our hands are not prepared to lawless spoil
Nor armèd to offend in any kind;
Such force is far from our unweaponed thoughts,
Whose fading weal, of victory forsook,
Forbids all hope to harbour near our hearts.

Iar. But tell me, Trojans, Trojans if you be,
Unto what fruitful quarters were ye bound,
Before that Boreas buckled with your sails?

Cloan. There is a place, Hesperia termed by us,
An ancient empire, famousèd for arms,
And fertile in fair Ceres' furrowed wealth,
Which now we call Italia, of his name
That in such peace long time did rule the same.
Thither made we;
When, suddenly, gloomy Orion rose,
And led our ships into the shallow sands;
Whereas the southern wind, with brackish breath,
Dispersed them all amongst the wreckful rocks;
From thence a few of us escaped to land;
The rest we fear are folded in the floods.

Iar. Brave men-at-arms, abandon fruitless fears,
Since Carthage knows to entertain distress.

Serg. Aye, but the barbarous sort do threat our ships,
And will not let us lodge upon the sands;
In multitudes they swarm unto the shore,
And from the first earth interdict our feet.

Iar. Myself will see they shall not trouble ye:
Your men and you shall banquet in our court,
And every Trojan be as welcome here
As Jupiter to silly Baucis' house.
Come in with me, I'll bring you to my queen,
Who shall confirm my words with further deeds.

Serg. Thanks, gentle lord, for such unlooked-for grace;
Might we but once more see Æneas' face,
Then would we hope to 'quite such friendly turns,
As shall surpass the wonder of our speech.
[*Exeunt.*

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ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Enter Æneas, Achates, *and* Ascanius.

Æn. Where am I now? these should be Carthage walls.
Acha. Why stands my sweet Æneas thus amazed?
Æn. Oh, my Achates, Theban Niobe,
Who for her sons' death wept out life and breath,
And dry with grief was turned into a stone,
Had not such passions in her head as I.
Methinks
That town there should be Troy, yon Ida's hill,
There Xanthus' stream, because here's Priamus,
And when I know it is not, then I die.
Acha. And in this humour is Achates too;
I cannot choose but fall upon my knees,
And kiss his hand; oh, where is Hecuba?
Here she was wont to sit, but saving air
Is nothing here; and what is this but stone?
Æn. Oh, yet this stone doth make Æneas weep;
And, would my prayers (as Pygmalion's did)
Could give it life, that under his conduct
We might sail back to Troy, and be revenged
On these hard-hearted Grecians, which rejoice
That nothing now is left of Priamus!
Oh, Priamus is left, and this is he:
Come, come aboard; pursue the hateful Greeks.
Acha. What means Æneas?
Æn. Achates, though mine eyes say this is stone,
Yet thinks my mind that this is Priamus;
And when my grievèd heart sighs and says no,
Then would it leap out to give Priam life:
O were I not at all, so thou might'st be!
Achates, see, King Priam wags his hand;
He is alive; Troy is not overcome!
Acha. Thy mind, Æneas, that would have it so,
Deludes thy eyesight; Priamus is dead.
Æn. Ah, Troy is sacked, and Priamus is dead;
And why should poor Æneas be alive?
Asca. Sweet father, leave to weep, this is not he:
For were it Priam, he would smile on me.
Acha. Æneas, see, here comes the citizens;
Leave to lament, lest they laugh at our fears.

Enter Cloanthus, Sergestus, Ilioneus, *and the others.*

Æn. Lords of this town, or whatsoever style
Belongs unto your name, vouchsafe of ruth
To tell us who inhabits this fair town,
What kind of people, and who governs them:
For we are strangers driven on this shore,
And scarcely know within what clime we are.
Ilio. I hear Æneas' voice, but see him not,
For none of these can be our general.
Acha. Like Ilioneus speaks this nobleman,
But Ilioneus goes not in such robes.
Serg. You are Achates, or I am deceived.
Acha. Æneas, see Sergestus, or his ghost.
Ilio. He names Æneas; let us kiss his feet.
Cloan. It is our captain; see Ascanius!
Serg. Live long Æneas and Ascanius!
Æn. Achates, speak, for I am overjoyed.
Acha. O Ilioneus, art thou yet alive!
Ilio. Blest be the time I see Achates' face.
Cloan. Why turns Æneas from his trusty friends?
Æn. Sergestus, Ilioneus, and the rest,
Your sight amazed me: oh, what destinies
Have brought my sweet companions in such plight?
Oh, tell me, for I long to be resolved.
Ilio. Lovely Æneas, these are Carthage walls,
And here Queen Dido wears the imperial crown;
Who, for Troy's sake, hath entertained us all,
And clad us in these wealthy robes we wear.
Oft has she asked us under whom we served,
And when we told her, she would weep for grief,
Thinking the sea had swallowed up thy ships;
And now she sees thee, how will she rejoice.
Serg. See, where her servitors pass through the hall
Bearing a banquet; Dido is not far.

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Ilio. Look where she comes: Æneas, view her well.
Æn. Well may I view her, but she sees not me.

Enter Dido *and her* Train.

Dido. What stranger art thou, that dost eye me thus?
Æn. Sometime I was a Trojan, mighty queen:
But Troy is not;—what shall I say I am?
Ilio. Renownèd Dido, 'tis our general, warlike Æneas.
Dido. Warlike Æneas! and in these base robes?
Go, fetch the garment which Sichæus ware:
Brave prince, welcome to Carthage and to me,
Both happy that Æneas is our guest:
Sit in this chair, and banquet with a queen;
Æneas is Æneas, were he clad
In weeds as bad as ever Irus wore.
Æn. This is no seat for one that's comfortless:
May it please your grace to let Æneas wait;
For though my birth be great my fortune's mean,
Too mean to be companion to a queen.
Dido. Thy fortune may be greater than thy birth:
Sit down, Æneas, sit in Dido's place,
And if this be thy son, as I suppose,
Here let him sit; be merry, lovely child.
Æn. This place beseems me not; oh, pardon me.
Dido. I'll have it so; Æneas be content.
Asca. Madam, you shall be my mother.
Dido. And so I will, sweet child; be merry, man,
Here's to thy better fortune and good stars. [*Drinks.*
Æn. In all humility, I thank your grace.
Dido. Remember who thou art, speak like thyself;
Humility belongs to common grooms.
Æn. And who so miserable as Æneas is?
Dido. Lies it in Dido's hands to make thee blest?
Then be assured thou art not miserable.
Æn. O Priamus, O Troy, O Hecuba!
Dido. May I entreat thee to discourse at large,
And truly too, how Troy was overcome?
For many tales go of that city's fall,
And scarcely do agree upon one point:
Some say Antenor did betray the town;
Others report 'twas Sinon's perjury;
But all in this, that Troy is overcome,
And Priam dead; yet how, we hear no news.
Æn. A woful tale bids Dido to unfold,
Whose memory, like pale Death's stony mace,
Beats forth my senses from this troubled soul,
And makes Æneas sink at Dido's feet.
Dido. What! faints Æneas to remember Troy,
In whose defence he fought so valiantly?
Look up, and speak.
Æn. Then speak, Æneas, with Achilles' tongue!
And Dido, and you Carthaginian peers,
Hear me; but yet with Myrmidons' harsh ears,
Daily inured to broils and massacres,
Lest you be moved too much with my sad tale.
The Grecian soldiers, tired with ten years' war,
Began to cry, "Let us unto our ships,
Troy is invincible, why stay we here?"
With whose outcries Atrides being appalled,
Summoned the captains to his princely tent;
Who, looking on the scars we Trojans gave,
Seeing the number of their men decreased,
And the remainder weak, and out of heart,
Gave up their voices to dislodge the camp,
And so in troops all marched to Tenedos;
Where, when they came, Ulysses on the sand
Assayed with honey words to turn them back:
And as he spoke, to further his intent,
The winds did drive huge billows to the shore,
And heaven was darkened with tempestuous clouds:
Then he alleged the gods would have them stay,
And prophesied Troy should be overcome:
And therewithal he called false Sinon forth,
A man compact of craft and perjury,
Whose ticing tongue was made of Hermes' pipe,
To force an hundred watchful eyes to sleep:
And him, Epeus having made the horse,
With sacrificing wreaths upon his head,
Ulysses sent to our unhappy town,
Who, grovelling in the mire of Xanthus' banks,
His hands bound at his back, and both his eyes
Turned up to heaven, as one resolved to die,
Our Phrygian shepherds haled within the gates,
And brought unto the court of Priamus:

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To whom he used action so pitiful,
Looks so remorseful, vows so forcible,
As therewithal the old man, overcome,
Kissed him, embraced him, and unloosed his bands,
And then,—O Dido, pardon me.

Dido. Nay, leave not here; resolve me of the rest.

Æn. Oh! the enchanting words of that base slave,
Made him to think Epeus' pine-tree horse
A sacrifice to appease Minerva's wrath;
The rather, for that one Laocoon,
Breaking a spear upon his hollow breast,
Was with two wingèd serpents stung to death.
Whereat, aghast, we were commanded straight,
With reverence, to draw it into Troy;
In which unhappy work was I employed:
These hands did help to hale it to the gates,
Through which it could not enter, 'twas so huge.
Oh, had it never entered, Troy had stood.
But Priamus, impatient of delay,
Enforced a wide breach in that rampired wall,
Which thousand battering rams could never pierce,
And so came in this fatal instrument:
At whose accursèd feet, as overjoyed,
We banqueted, till, overcome with wine,
Some surfeited, and others soundly slept.
Which Sinon viewing, caused the Greekish spies
To haste to Tenedos, and tell the camp:
Then he unlocked the horse, and suddenly
From out his entrails, Neoptolemus,
Setting his spear upon the ground, leapt forth,
And after him a thousand Grecians more,
In whose stern faces shined the quenchless fire,
That after burnt the pride of Asia.
By this the camp was come unto the walls,
And through the breach did march into the streets,
Where, meeting with the rest, "kill! kill!" they cried.
Frighted with this confusèd noise, I rose,
And looking from a turret, might behold
Young infants swimming in their parents' blood!
Headless carcases pilèd up in heaps!
Virgins half dead, dragged by their golden hair,
And with main force flung on a ring of pikes!
Old men, with swords thrust through their agèd sides,
Kneeling for mercy to a Greekish lad,
Who, with steel pole-axes dashed out their brains.
Then buckled I mine armour, drew my sword,
And thinking to go down, came Hector's ghost,
With ashy visage, bluish sulphur eyes,
His arms torn from his shoulders, and his breast
Furrowed with wounds, and, that which made me weep,
Thongs at his heels, by which Achilles' horse
Drew him in triumph through the Greekish camp,
Burst from the earth, crying, "Æneas, fly,
Troy is afire! the Grecians have the town!"

Dido. Oh, Hector! who weeps not to hear thy name?

Æn. Yet flung I forth, and, desperate of my life,
Ran in the thickest throngs, and, with this sword,
Sent many of their savage ghosts to hell.
At last came Pyrrhus, fell and full of ire,
His harness dropping blood, and on his spear
The mangled head of Priam's youngest son;
And, after him, his band of Myrmidons,
With balls of wildfire in their murdering paws,
Which made the funeral-flame that burnt fair Troy;
All which hemmed me about, crying "This is he!"

Dido. Ha! how could poor Æneas scape their hands?

Æn. My mother, Venus, jealous of my health,
Conveyed me from their crooked nets and bands;
So I escaped the furious Pyrrhus' wrath:
Who then ran to the palace of the king,
And, at Jove's altar, finding Priamus,
About whose withered neck hung Hecuba,
Folding his hand in hers, and jointly both
Beating their breasts, and falling on the ground,
He with his falchion's point raised up at once,
And with Megæra's eyes stared in their face,
Threatening a thousand deaths at every glance;
To whom the agèd king thus trembling spoke:—
"Achilles' son, remember what I was,

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Father of fifty sons, but they are slain;
Lord of my fortune, but my fortune's turned!
King of this city, but my Troy is fired!
And now am neither father, lord, nor king!
Yet who so wretched but desires to live?
Oh, let me live, great Neoptolemus!"
Not moved at all, but smiling at his tears,
This butcher, whilst his hands were yet held up,
Treading upon his breast, struck off his hands.

Dido. O end, Æneas, I can hear no more.

Æn. At which the frantic queen leaped on his face,
And in his eyelids hanging by the nails,
A little while prolonged her husband's life.
At last, the soldiers pulled her by the heels,
And swung her howling in the empty air,
Which sent an echo to the wounded king:
Whereat, he lifted up his bed-rid limbs,
And would have grappled with Achilles' son,
Forgetting both his want of strength and hands;
Which he, disdaining, whisked his sword about,
And with the wind thereof the king fell down;
Then from the navel to the throat at once
He ripped old Priam, at whose latter gasp,
Jove's marble statue 'gan to bend the brow,
As loathing Pyrrhus for this wicked act.
Yet he, undaunted, took his father's flag,
And dipp'd it in the old king's chill-cold blood,
And then in triumph ran into the streets,
Through which he could not pass for slaughtered men;
So, leaning on his sword, he stood stone still,
Viewing the fire wherewith rich Ilion burnt.
By this, I got my father on my back,
This young boy in mine arms, and by the hand
Led fair Creusa, my belovèd wife;
When thou, Achates, with thy sword mad'st way,
And we were round environed with the Greeks,
O there I lost my wife! and had not we
Fought manfully, I had not told this tale.
Yet manhood would not serve; of force we fled;
And as we went unto our ships, thou know'st
We saw Cassandra sprawling in the streets,
Whom Ajax ravished in Diana's fane,
Her cheeks swollen with sighs, her hair all rent,
Whom I took up to bear unto our ships;
But suddenly the Grecians followed us,
And I, alas! was forced to let her lie.
Then got we to our ships, and, being aboard,
Polyxena cried out, "Æneas! stay!
The Greeks pursue me! stay, and take me in!"
Moved with her voice, I leaped into the sea,
Thinking to bear her on my back aboard,
For all our ships were launched into the deep,
And, as I swam, she, standing on the shore,
Was by the cruel Myrmidons surprised,
And after by that Pyrrhus sacrificed.

Dido. I die with melting ruth; Æneas, leave!

Anna. O what became of aged Hecuba?

Iar. How got Æneas to the fleet again?

Dido. But how scaped Helen, she that caused this war?

Æn. Achates, speak, sorrow hath tired me quite.

Acha. What happened to the queen we cannot show;
We hear they led her captive into Greece:
As for Æneas, he swam quickly back,
And Helena betrayed Deiphobus,
Her lover, after Alexander died,
And so was reconciled to Menelaus.

Dido. Oh, had that ticing strumpet ne'er been born!
Trojan, thy ruthful tale hath made me sad.
Come, let us think upon some pleasing sport,
To rid me from these melancholy thoughts.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Venus *and* Cupid, Venus *takes* Ascanius *by the sleeve.*

Ven. Fair child, stay thou with Dido's waiting-maid;
I'll give thee sugar-almonds, sweet conserves,
A silver girdle, and a golden purse,
And this young prince shall be thy play-fellow.

Asc. Are you Queen Dido's son?

Cup. Aye, and my mother gave me this fine bow.

Asc. Shall I have such a quiver and a bow?

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Ven. Such bow, such quiver, and such golden shafts,
Will Dido give to sweet Ascanius.
For Dido's sake I take thee in my arms,
And stick these spangled feathers in thy hat;
Eat comfits in mine arms, and I will sing.
Now is he fast asleep, and in this grove,
Amongst green brakes I'll lay Ascanius,
And strew him with sweet-smelling violets,
[With] blushing roses, purple hyacinths.
These milk-white doves shall be his centronels,
Who, if that any seek to do him hurt,
Will quickly fly to Cytherea's fist.
Now, Cupid, turn thee to Ascanius' shape,
And go to Dido, who, instead of him,
Will set thee on her lap, and play with thee:
Then touch her white breast with this arrow head,
That she may dote upon Æneas' love,
And by that means repair his broken ships,
Victual his soldiers, give him wealthy gifts,
And he, at last, depart to Italy,
Or else in Carthage make his kingly throne.
Cup. I will, fair mother, and so play my part
As every touch shall wound Queen Dido's heart. [*Exit.*
Ven. Sleep, my sweet nephew, in these cooling shades,
Free from the murmur of these running streams,
The cry of beasts, the rattling of the winds,
Or whisking of these leaves; all shall be still,
And nothing interrupt thy quiet sleep,
Till I return and take thee hence again.
[*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Now, Cupid, cause the Carthaginian queen
To be enamoured of thy brother's looks.
Convey this golden arrow in thy sleeve,
Lest she imagine thou art Venus' son;
And when she strokes thee softly on the head,
Then shall I touch her breast and conquer her.

Enter Iarbas, Anna, *and* Dido.

Iar. How long, fair Dido, shall I pine for thee?
'Tis not enough that thou dost grant me love,
But that I may enjoy what I desire:
That love is childish which consists in words.
Dido. Iarbas, know, that thou, of all my wooers,
And yet have I had many mightier kings,
Hast had the greatest favours I could give.
I fear me Dido hath been counted light,
In being too familiar with Iarbas;
Albeit the gods do know no wanton thought
Had ever residence in Dido's breast.
Iar. But Dido is the favour I request.
Dido. Fear not, Iarbas, Dido may be thine.
Anna. Look, sister, how Æneas' little son
Plays with your garments and embraceth you.
Cup. No, Dido will not take me in her arms.
I shall not be her son, she loves me not.
Dido. Weep not, sweet boy, thou shalt be Dido's son;
Sit in my lap, and let me hear thee sing.
[Cupid *sings.*
No more, my child, now talk another while,
And tell me where learn'dst thou this pretty song.
Cup. My cousin Helen taught it me in Troy.
Dido. How lovely is Ascanius when he smiles!
Cup. Will Dido let me hang about her neck?
Dido. Aye, wag, and give thee leave to kiss her too.
Cup. What will you give me? Now, I'll have this fan.
Dido. Take it, Ascanius, for thy father's sake.
Iar. Come, Dido, leave Ascanius, let us walk.
Dido. Go thou away, Ascanius shall stay.
Iar. Ungentle queen! is this thy love to me?
Dido. O stay, Iarbas, and I'll go with thee.
Cup. And if my mother go, I'll follow her.
Dido. Why stay'st thou here? thou art no love of mine!
Iar. Iarbas, die, seeing she abandons thee.
Dido. No: live Iarbas: what hast thou deserved,
That I should say thou art no love of mine?
Something thou hast deserved. Away, I say;
Depart from Carthage—come not in my sight.
Iar. Am I not king of rich Gætulia?
Dido. Iarbas, pardon me, and stay awhile.
Cup. Mother, look here.
Dido. What tell'st thou me of rich Gætulia?
Am not I queen of Libya? then depart.
Iar. I go to feed the humour of my love,
Yet not from Carthage for a thousand worlds.
Dido. Iarbas!

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Iar. Doth Dido call me back?
Dido. No; but I charge thee never look on me.
Iar. Then pull out both mine eyes, or let me die. [*Exit* Iarbas.
Anna. Wherefore doth Dido bid Iarbas go?
Dido. Because his loathsome sight offends mine eyes,
And in my thoughts is shrined another love.
O Anna! didst thou know how sweet love were,
Full soon would'st thou abjure this single life.
Anna. Poor soul! I know too well the sour of love.
O that Iarbas could but fancy me!
Dido. Is not Æneas fair and beautiful?
Anna. Yes, and Iarbas foul and favourless.
Dido. Is he not eloquent in all his speech?
Anna. Yes, and Iarbas rude and rustical.
Dido. Name not Iarbas; but, sweet Anna, say,
Is not Æneas worthy Dido's love?
Anna. O sister! were you empress of the world,
Æneas well deserves to be your love.
So lovely is he, that, where'er he goes,
The people swarm to gaze him in the face.
Dido. But tell them, none shall gaze on him but I,
Lest their gross eye-beams taint my lover's cheeks.
Anna, good sister Anna, go for him,
Lest with these sweet thoughts I melt clean away.
Anna. Then, sister, you'll abjure Iarbas' love?
Dido. Yet must I hear that loathsome name again?
Run for Æneas, or I'll fly to him. [*Exit* Anna.
Cup. You shall not hurt my father when he comes.
Dido. No, for thy sake, I'll love thy father well.
O dull conceited Dido! that till now
Didst never think Æneas beautiful!
But now, for quittance of this oversight,
I'll make me bracelets of his golden hair;
His glistering eyes shall be my looking-glass,
His lips an altar, where I'll offer up
As many kisses as the sea hath sands.
Instead of music I will hear him speak,—
His looks shall be my only library,—
And thou Æneas, Dido's treasury,
In whose fair bosom I will lock more wealth
Than twenty thousand Indias can afford.
O here he comes: Love, love, give Dido leave
To be more modest than her thoughts admit,
Lest I be made a wonder to the world,

Enter Æneas, Achates, Sergestus, Ilioneus, *and* Cloanthus.

Achates, how doth Carthage please your lord?
Acha. That will Æneas show your majesty.
Dido. Æneas, art thou there?
Æn. I understand your highness sent for me.
Dido. No; but now thou art here, tell me in sooth
In what might Dido highly pleasure thee.
Æn. So much have I received at Dido's hands,
As, without blushing, I can ask no more:
Yet, queen of Afric, are my ships unrigged,
My sails all rent in sunder with the wind,
My oars broken, and my tackling lost,
Yea, all my navy split with rocks and shelves;
Nor stern nor anchor have our maimèd fleet;
Our masts the furious winds struck overboard:
Which piteous wants if Dido will supply,
We will account her author of our lives.
Dido. Æneas, I'll repair thy Trojan ships,
Conditionally that thou wilt stay with me,
And let Achates sail to Italy:
I'll give thee tackling made of rivelled gold,
Wound on the barks of odoriferous trees,
Oars of massy ivory, full of holes,
Through which the water shall delight to play;
Thy anchors shall be hewed from crystal rocks,
Which, if thou loose, shall shine above the waves;
The masts, whereon thy swelling sails shall hang,
Hollow pyramides of silver plate;
The sails of folded lawn, where shall be wrought
The wars of Troy, but not Troy's overthrow;
For ballace, empty Dido's treasury:
Take what ye will, but leave Æneas here.
Achates, thou shalt be so newly clad,
As sea-born nymphs shall swarm about thy ships,
And wanton mermaids court thee with sweet songs,

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Flinging in favours of more sovereign worth
Than Thetis hangs about Apollo's neck,
So that Æneas may but stay with me.
Æn. Wherefore would Dido have Æneas stay?
Dido. To war against my bordering enemies.
Æneas, think not Dido is in love:
For if that any man could conquer me,
I had been wedded ere Æneas came:
See where the pictures of my suitors hang;
And are not these as fair as fair may be?
Acha. I saw this man at Troy, ere Troy was sacked.
Æn. I this in Greece, when Paris stole fair Helen.
Ilio. This man and I were at Olympia's games.
Serg. I know this face; he is a Persian born:
I travelled with him to Ætolia.
Cloan. And I in Athens, with this gentleman,
Unless I be deceived, disputed once.
Dido. But speak, Æneas; know you none of these?
Æn. No, madam; but it seems that these are kings.
Dido. All these, and others which I never saw,
Have been most urgent suitors for my love;
Some came in person, others sent their legates,
Yet none obtained me: I am free from all;
And yet, God knows, entangled unto one.
This was an orator, and thought, by words,
To compass me: but yet he was deceived:
And this a Spartan courtier, vain and wild;
But his fantastic humours pleased not me:
This was Alcion, a musician;
But, played he ne'er so sweet, I let him go:
This was the wealthy King of Thessaly;
But I had gold enough, and cast him off:
This, Meleager's son, a warlike prince;
But weapons 'gree not with my tender years:
The rest are such as all the world well knows;
Yet here I swear, by heaven and him I love,
I was as far from love as they from hate.
Æn. O happy shall he be whom Dido loves!
Dido. Then never say that thou art miserable:
Because, it may be, thou shalt be my love:
Yet boast not of it, for I love thee not,
And yet I hate thee not. Oh, if I speak
I shall betray myself: [*Aside.*] Æneas, speak;
We two will go a hunting in the woods:
But not so much for thee,—thou art but one,—
As for Achates, and his followers. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Juno *to* Ascanius, *asleep.*

Juno. Here lies my hate, Æneas' cursed brat,
The boy wherein false destiny delights,
The heir of Troy, the favourite of the Fates,
That ugly imp that shall outwear my wrath,
And wrong my deity with high disgrace:
But I will take another order now,
And raze the eternal register of time.
Troy shall no more call him her second hope,
Nor Venus triumph in his tender youth;
For here, in spite of heaven, I'll murder him,
And feed infection with his let-out life:
Say, Paris, now shall Venus have the ball?
Say, vengeance, now shall her Ascanius die?
Oh no, God wot, I cannot watch my time,
Nor quit good turns with double fee down told.
Tut! I am simple without mind to hurt,
And have no gall at all to grieve my foes;
But lustful Jove and his adulterous child
Shall find it written on confusion's front,
That only Juno rules in Rhamnus town.

Enter Venus.

Ven. What should this mean? My doves are back returned,
Who warn me of such danger prest at hand,
To harm my sweet Ascanius' lovely life.
Juno, my mortal foe, what make you here?
Avaunt, old witch! and trouble not my wits.
Juno. Fie, Venus! that such causeless words of wrath
Should e'er defile so fair a mouth as thine.
Are not we both sprung of celestial race,
And banquet, as two sisters, with the gods?
Why is it, then, displeasure should disjoin,
Whom kindred and acquaintance co-unites?
Ven. Out, hateful hag! thou would'st have slain my son,
Had not my doves discovered thy intent;
But I will tear thy eyes from forth thy head,
And feast the birds with their bloodshotten balls,
If thou but lay thy fingers on my boy!
Juno. Is this then all the thanks that I shall have
For saving him from snakes' and serpents' stings,

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That would have killed him, sleeping, as he lay?
What, though I was offended with thy son,
And wrought him mickle woe on sea and land,
When, for the hate of Trojan Ganymede,
That was advanced by my Hebe's shame,
And Paris' judgment of the heavenly ball,
I muster'd all the winds unto his wreck,
And urged each element to his annoy:
Yet now I do repent me of his ruth,
And wish that I had never wronged him so.
Bootless I saw it was to war with fate,
That hath so many unresisted friends:
Wherefore I changed my counsel with the time,
And planted love where envy erst had sprung.

Ven. Sister of Jove! if that thy love be such
As these thy protestations do paint forth,
We two, as friends, one fortune will divide:
Cupid shall lay his arrows in thy lap,
And to a sceptre change his golden shafts;
Fancy and modesty shall live as mates;
And thy fair peacocks by my pigeons perch:
Love my Æneas, and desire is thine;
The day, the night, my swans, my sweets, are thine.

Juno. More than melodious are these words to me,
That overcloy my soul with their content:
Venus, sweet Venus! how may I deserve
Such amorous favours at thy beauteous hand?
But, that thou may'st more easily perceive
How highly I do prize this amity,
Hark to a motion of eternal league,
Which I will make in quittance of thy love.
Thy son, thou know'st, with Dido now remains,
And feeds his eyes with favours of her court;
She, likewise, in admiring spends her time,
And cannot talk, nor think, of aught but him:
Why should not they then join in marriage,
And bring forth mighty kings to Carthage town,
Whom casualty of sea hath made such friends?
And, Venus, let there be a match confirmed
Betwixt these two, whose loves are so alike;
And both our deities, conjoined in one,
Shall chain felicity unto their throne.

Ven. Well could I like this reconcilement's means;
But, much I fear, my son will ne'er consent;
Whose armèd soul, already on the sea,
Darts forth her light unto Lavinia's shore.

Juno. Fair queen of love! I will divorce these doubts,
And find the way to weary such fond thoughts.
This day they both a hunting forth will ride
Into the woods, adjoining to these walls;
When, in the midst of all their gamesome sports,
I'll make the clouds dissolve their watery works,
And drench Silvanus' dwellings with their showers;
Then, in one cave, the queen and he shall meet
And interchangeably discourse their thoughts,
Whose short conclusion will seal up their hearts
Unto the purpose which we now propound.

Ven. Sister, I see you savour of my wiles:
Be it as you will have it for this once.
Meantime, Ascanius shall be my charge;
Whom I will bear to Ida in mine arms,
And couch him in Adonis' purple down.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Dido, Æneas, Anna, Iarbas, Achates, *and followers.*

Dido. Æneas, think not but I honour thee,
That thus in person go with thee to hunt:
My princely robes, thou seest, are laid aside,
Whose glittering pomp Diana's shroud supplies.
All follow us now, disposed alike to sport;
The woods are wide, and we have store of game.
Fair Trojan, hold my golden bow awhile,
Until I gird my quiver to my side:
Lords, go before; we two must talk alone.

Iar. Ungentle! can she wrong Iarbas so?
I'll die before a stranger have that grace.
"We two will talk alone;"—what words be these?

Dido. What makes Iarbas here of all the rest?
We could have gone without your company.

Æn. But love and duty led him on perhaps
To press beyond acceptance to your sight.

Iar. Why, man of Troy, do I offend thine eyes?
Or art thou grieved thy betters press so nigh?

Dido. How now, Gætulian! are ye grown so brave
To challenge us with your comparisons?

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Peasant! go seek companions like thyself,
And meddle not with any that I love:
Æneas, be not moved at what he says;
For, otherwhile, he will be out of joint.
Iar. Women may wrong, by privilege of love;
But, should that man of men, Dido except,
Have taunted me in these opprobrious terms,
I would have either drunk his dying blood,
Or else I would have given my life in gage.
Dido. Huntsmen, why pitch you not your toils apace,
And rouse the light-foot deer from forth their lair?
Anna. Sister, see! see Ascanius in his pomp,
Bearing his hunt-spear bravely in his hand.
Dido. Yea, little son, are you so forward now?
Cup. Aye, mother; I shall one day be a man,
And better able unto other arms;
Mean time, these wanton weapons serve my war,
Which I will break betwixt a lion's jaws.
Dido. What! darest thou look a lion in the face?
Cup. Aye, and outface him too, do what he can.
Anna. How like his father speaketh he in all.
Æn. And mought I live to see him sack rich Thebes,
And load his spear with Grecian princes' heads,
Then would I wish me with Anchises' tomb,
And dead to honour that hath brought me up.
Iar. And might I live to see thee shipped away,
And hoist aloft on Neptune's hideous hills,
Then would I wish me in fair Dido's arms,
And dead to scorn that hath pursued me so. [*Aside.*
Æn. Stout friend Achates, dost thou know this wood?
Acha. As I remember, here you shot the deer
That saved your famished soldiers lives from death,
When first you set your foot upon the shore;
And here we met fair Venus, virgin like,
Bearing her bow and quiver at her back.
Æn. O how these irksome labours now delight
And overjoy my thoughts with their escape!
Who would not undergo all kind of toil,
To be well stored with such a winter's tale?
Dido. Æneas, leave these dumps, and let's away,
Some to the mountains, some unto the soil,
You to the valleys, thou unto the house.
[*Exeunt all but* Iarbas.
Iar. Aye, this it is which wounds me to the death,
To see a Phrygian, far fet o'er the sea,
Preferred before a man of majesty.
O love! O hate! O cruel women's hearts
That imitate the moon in every change!
And, like the planets, ever love to range:
What shall I do, thus wrongèd with disdain,
Revenge me on Æneas, or on her?
On her! fond man, that were to war 'gainst heaven,
And with one shaft provoke ten thousand darts:
This Trojan's end will be thy envy's aim,
Whose blood will reconcile thee to content,
And make love drunken with thy sweet desire;
But Dido, that now holdeth him so dear,
Will die with very tidings of his death:
But time will discontinue her content,
And mould her mind unto new fancies' shapes.
Oh, God of heaven, turn the hand of Fate
Unto that happy day of my delight!
And then,—what then?—Iarbas shall but love;
So doth he now, though not with equal gain,
That resteth in the rival of thy pain,
Who ne'er will cease to soar till he be slain.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A storm.—Enter Æneas *and* Dido *in the cave, at several times.*

Dido. Æneas!
Æn. Dido!
Dido. Tell me, dear love! how found you out this cave?
Æn. By chance, sweet queen! as Mars and Venus met.
Dido. Why, that was in a net, here we are loose.
And yet I am not free: oh, would I were!
Æn. Why, what is that Dido may desire,
And not obtain, be it in human power!
Dido. The thing that I will die before I ask,
And yet desire to have before I die.
Æn. It is not aught Æneas may achieve!

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Dido. Æneas, no; although his eyes do pierce.
Æn. What, hath Iarbas angered her in aught?
And will she be revengèd on his life?
Dido. Not angered me except in angering thee.
Æn. Who then, of all so cruel, may he be,
That should detain thine eye in his defects?
Dido. The man that I do eye where'er I am;
Whose amorous face, like Pæan, sparkles fire,
When as he butts his beams on Flora's bed.
Prometheus hath put on Cupid's shape,
And I must perish in his burning arms:
Æneas, O Æneas! quench these flames.
Æn. What ails my queen? Is she fallen sick of late?
Dido. Not sick, my love: but sick I must conceal
The torment that it boots me not reveal;
And yet I'll speak, and yet I'll hold my peace:
Do shame her worst, I will disclose my grief:
Æneas, thou art he! what did I say?
Something it was that now I have forgot.
Æn. What means fair Dido by this doubtful speech!
Dido. Nay, nothing, but Æneas loves me not.
Æn. Æneas' thoughts dare not ascend so high
As Dido's heart, which monarchs might not scale.
Dido. It was because I saw no king like thee,
Whose golden crown might balance my content;
But now, that I have found what to affect,
I follow one that loveth fame fore me,
And rather had seem fair to Sirens' eyes,
Than to the Carthage queen, that dies for him.
Æn. If that your majesty can look so low
As my despisèd worths, that shun all praise,
With this my hand I give to you my heart,
And vow, by all the gods of hospitality,
By heaven and earth, and my fair brother's bow,
By Paphos, Capys, and the purple sea,
From whence my radiant mother did descend,
And by this sword, that saved me from the Greeks,
Never to leave these new uprearèd walls,
While Dido lives and rules in Juno's town,—
Never to like or love any but her.
Dido. What more than Delian music do I hear,
That calls my soul from forth his living seat
To move unto the measures of delight?
Kind clouds! that sent forth such a courteous storm,
As made disdain to fly to fancy's lap:
Stout love, in mine arms make thy Italy,
Whose crown and kingdom rest at thy command:
Sichæus, not Æneas, be thou called;
The King of Carthage, not Anchises' son.
Hold; take these jewels at thy lover's hand,
These golden bracelets, and this wedding ring,
Wherewith my husband wooed me yet a maid,
And be thou king of Libya by my gift.
[*Exeunt to the Cave.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter Achates, Cupid *as* Ascanius, Iarbas, *and* Anna.

Acha. Did ever men see such a sudden storm?
Or day so clear, so suddenly o'ercast?
Iar. I think some fell enchantress dwelleth here,
That can call them forth whenas she please,
And dive into black tempests' treasury,
Whenas she means to mask the world with clouds.
Anna. In all my life I never knew the like;
It hailed, it snowed, it lightened, all at once.
Acha. I think it was the devil's revelling night,
There was such hurly-burly in the heavens:
Doubtless, Apollo's axle-tree is cracked,
Or agèd Atlas' shoulder out of joint,
The motion was so over violent.
Iar. In all this coil, where have ye left the queen?
Cup. Nay, where's my warlike father, can you tell?
Anna. Behold, where both of them come forth the cave!
Iar. Come forth the cave! can heaven endure this sight?
Iarbas, curse that unrevenging Jove,
Whose flinty darts slept in Tiphœus' den,

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Whiles these adulterers surfeited with sin:
Nature, why mad'st me not some poisonous beast,
That with the sharpness of my edged sting
I might have staked them both unto the earth,
Whilst they were sporting in this darksome cave?

Enter Æneas *and* Dido.

Æn. The air is clear, and southern winds are whist,
Come, Dido, let us hasten to the town,
Since gloomy Æolus doth cease to frown.
Dido. Achates and Ascanius, well met.
Æn. Fair Anna, how escaped you from the shower?
Anna. As others did,—by running to the wood.
Dido. But where were you, Iarbas, all this while?
Iar. Not with Æneas in the ugly cave.
Dido. I see, Æneas sticketh in your mind;
But I will soon put by that stumbling block,
And quell those hopes that thus employ your cares. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Iarbas *to sacrifice.*

Iar. Come, servants, come; bring forth the sacrifice,
That I may pacify that gloomy Jove,
Whose empty altars have enlarged our ills.
Eternal Jove, great master of the clouds!
Father of gladness, and all frolic thoughts!
That with thy gloomy hand corrects the heaven,
When airy creatures war amongst themselves;
Hear, hear, O hear Iarbas' plaining prayers,
Whose hideous echoes make the welkin howl,
And all the woods Eliza to resound:
The woman that thou willed us entertain,
Where, straying in our borders up and down,
She craved a hide of ground to build a town,
With whom we did divide both laws and land,
And all the fruits that plenty else sends forth,
Scorning our loves and royal marriage rites,
Yields up her beauty to a stranger's bed;
Who, having wrought her shame, is straightway fled:
Now, if thou be'st a pitying god of power,
On whom ruth and compassion ever waits,
Redress these wrongs, and warn him to his ships,
That now afflicts me with his flattering eyes.

Enter Anna.

Anna. How now, Iarbas; at your prayers so hard?
Iar. Aye, Anna: is there aught you would with me?
Anna. Nay, no such weighty business of import
But may be slacked until another time;
Yet, if you would partake with me the cause
Of this devotion that detaineth you,
I would be thankful for such courtesy.
Iar. Anna, against this Trojan do I pray,
Who seeks to rob me of thy sister's love,
And dive into her heart by coloured looks.
Anna. Alas, poor king! that labours so in vain,
For her that so delighteth in thy pain:
Be ruled by me, and seek some other love,
Whose yielding heart may yield thee more relief.
Iar. Mine eye is fixed where fancy cannot start:
O leave me! leave me to my silent thoughts,
That register the numbers of my ruth,
And I will either move the thoughtless flint,
Or drop out both mine eyes in drizzling tears,
Before my sorrow's tide has any stint.
Anna. I will not leave Iarbas whom I love,
In this delight of dying pensiveness;
Away with Dido; Anna be thy song;
Anna, that doth admire thee more than heaven.
Iar. I may, nor will, list to such loathsome change,
That intercepts the course of my desire:
Servants, come, fetch these empty vessels here:
For I will fly from these alluring eyes,
That do pursue my peace where'er it goes.
[*Exit.*
Anna. Iarbas, stay; loving Iarbas, stay,
For I have honey to present thee with.
Hard-hearted, wilt not deign to hear me speak?
I'll follow thee with outcries ne'ertheless,
And strew thy walks with my dishevelled hair. [*Exit.*

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SCENE III.

Enter Æneas.

Æn. Carthage, my friendly host, adieu!
Since Destiny doth call me from thy shore:
Hermes this night, descending in a dream,
Hath summoned me to fruitful Italy;
Love wills it so,—my mother wills it so:
Let my Phænissa grant, and then I go.
Grant she or no, Æneas must away;
Whose golden fortune, clogged with courtly ease,
Cannot ascend to Fame's immortal house,
Or banquet in bright Honour's burnished hall,
Till he hath furrowed Neptune's glassy fields,
And cut a passage through his topless hills.
Achates, come forth; Sergestus, Ilioneus,
Cloanthus, haste away; Æneas calls.

Enter Achates, Cloanthus, Sergestus, *and* Ilioneus.

Acha. What wills our lord, or wherefore did he call?
Æn. The dream, brave mates, that did beset my bed,
When sleep but newly had embraced the night,
Commands me leave these unrenownèd realms,
Whereas nobility abhors to stay,
And none but base Æneas will abide.
Aboard! aboard! since Fates do bid aboard,
And slice the sea with sable-coloured ships,
On whom the nimble winds may all day wait,
And follow them, as footmen, through the deep;
Yet Dido casts her eyes, like anchors, out,
To stay my fleet from loosing forth the bay:
"Come back, come back," I hear her cry afar,
"And let me link thy body to my lips,
That, tied together by the striving tongues,
We may, as one, sail into Italy."
Acha. Banish that ticing dame from forth your mouth,
And follow your fore-seeing stars in all:
This is no life for men-at-arms to live,
Where dalliance doth consume a soldier's strength,
And wanton motions of alluring eyes
Effeminate our minds, inured to war.
Ilio. Why, let us build a city of our own,
And not stand lingering here for amorous looks.
Will Dido raise old Priam forth his grave,
And build the town again the Greeks did burn?
No, no; she cares not how we sink or swim,
So she may have Æneas in her arms.
Clo. To Italy, sweet friends! to Italy!
We will not stay a minute longer here.
Æn. Trojans, aboard, and I will follow you:
I fain would go, yet beauty calls me back:
To leave her so, and not once say, farewell,
Were to transgress against all laws of love:
But, if I use such ceremonious thanks
As parting friends accustom on the shore,
Her silver arms will coil me round about,
And tears of pearl cry, "Stay, Æneas, stay;"
Each word she says will then contain a crown,
And every speech be ended with a kiss:
I may not dure this female drudgery:
To sea, Æneas! "find out Italy!"

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Dido *and* Anna.

Dido. Oh, Anna, run unto the water-side;
They say Æneas' men are going aboard;
It may be he will steal away with them:
Stay not to answer me; run, Anna, run.
Oh, foolish Trojans, that would steal from hence,
And not let Dido understand their drift:
I would have given Achates store of gold,
And Ilioneus gum and Libyan spice;
The common soldiers rich embroidered coats,
And silver whistles to control the winds,
Which Circe sent Sichæus when he lived;
Unworthy are they of a queen's reward.
See, where they come, how might I do to chide?

Enter Anna, *with* Æneas, Achates, Cloanthus, Ilioneus, Sergestus, *and* Attendants.

Anna. 'Twas time to run, Æneas had been gone;
The sails were hoisting up, and he aboard.
Dido. Is this thy love to me?
Æn. Oh, princely Dido, give me leave to speak;
I went to take my farewell of Achates.
Dido. How haps Achates bid me not farewell?
Acha. Because I feared your grace would keep me here.
Dido. To rid thee of that doubt, aboard again.

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I charge thee put to sea, and stay not here.
Acha. Then let Æneas go aboard with us.
Dido. Get you aboard; Æneas means to stay.
Æn. The sea is rough, the wind blows to the shore.
Dido. Oh, false Æneas, now the sea is rough,
But when you were aboard 'twas calm enough;
Thou and Achates meant to sail away.
Æn. Hath not the Carthage queen mine only son?
Thinks Dido I will go and leave him here?
Dido. Æneas, pardon me, for I forgot
That young Ascanius lay with me this night;
Love made me jealous; but, to make amends,
Wear the imperial crown of Libya,
Sway thou the Punic sceptre in my stead,
And punish me, Æneas, for this crime.
Æn. This kiss shall be fair Dido's punishment.
Dido. O how a crown becomes Æneas' head!
Stay here, Æneas, and command as king.
Æn. How vain am I to wear this diadem,
And bear this golden sceptre in my hand!
A burgonet of steel, and not a crown,
A sword, and not a sceptre, fits Æneas.
Dido. Oh, keep them still, and let me gaze my fill:
Now looks Æneas like immortal Jove;
Oh, where is Ganymede, to hold his cup,
And Mercury, to fly for what he calls?
Ten thousand Cupids hover in the air,
And fan it in Æneas' lovely face:
O that the clouds were here wherein thou fleest,
That thou and I unseen might sport ourselves;
Heaven, envious of our joys, is waxen pale;
And when we whisper, then the stars fall down,
To be partakers of our honey talk.
Æn. Oh, Dido, patroness of all our lives,
When I leave thee, death be my punishment;
Swell, raging seas! frown, wayward destinies!
Blow, winds! threaten, ye rocks and sandy shelves!
This is the harbour that Æneas seeks.
Let's see what tempests can annoy me now.
Dido. Not all the world can take that from mine arms;
Æneas may command as many Moors,
As in the sea are little water-drops,
And now, to make experience of my love,
Fair sister Anna, lead my lover forth,
And, seated on my jennet, let him ride
As Dido's husband through the Punic streets;
And will my guard, with Mauritanian darts,
To wait upon him as their sovereign lord.
Anna. What if the citizens repine thereat?
Dido. Those that dislike what Dido gives in charge,
Command my guard to slay for their offence.
Shall vulgar peasants storm at what I do?
The ground is mine that gives them sustenance,
The air wherein they breathe, the water, fire,
All that they have, their lands, their goods, their lives,
And I, the goddess of all these, command
Æneas ride as Carthaginian king.
Acha. Æneas, for his parentage, deserves
As large a kingdom as is Libya.
Æn. Aye, and unless the destinies be false,
I shall be planted in as rich a land.
Dido. Speak of no other land; this land is thine.
Dido is thine, henceforth I'll call thee lord:
Do as I bid thee, sister; lead the way,
And from a turret I'll behold my love.
Æn. Then here in me shall flourish Priam's race,
And thou and I, Achates, for revenge
For Troy, for Priam, for his fifty sons,
Our kinsmen's lives and thousand guiltless souls,
Will lead a host against the hateful Greeks,
And fire proud Lacedemon o'er their heads.
[*Exeunt all but* Dido *and* Attendants.
Dido. Speaks not Æneas like a conqueror?
O blessed tempests that did drive him in!
O happy sand that made him run aground!
Henceforth you shall be our Carthage gods.
Aye, but it may be he will leave my love,
And seek a foreign land called Italy;
O that I had a charm to keep the winds
Within the closure of a golden ball;
Or that the Tyrrhene sea were in mine arms,
That he might suffer shipwreck on my breast,
As oft as he attempts to hoist up sail!
I must prevent him, wishing will not serve;
Go, bid my nurse take young Ascanius,
And bear him in the country to her house,
Æneas will not go without his son;
Yet, lest he should, for I am full of fear,
Bring me his oars, his tackling, and his sails.
[*One of the* Attendants *goes out.*
What if I sink his ships? Oh, he will frown:
Better he frown, than I should die for grief.
I cannot see him frown;—it may not be;
Armies of foes resolved to win this town,
Or impious traitors vowed to have my life,

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Affright me not, only Æneas' frown
Is that which terrifies poor Dido's heart;
Not bloody spears appearing in the air
Presage the downfall of my empery,
Nor blazing comets threaten Dido's death;
It is Æneas' frown that ends my days:
If he forsake me not I never die,
For in his looks I see eternity,
And he'll make me immortal with a kiss.

Enter a Lord *with* Attendants.

Lord. Your nurse is gone with young Ascanius;
And here's Æneas' tackling, oars, and sails.
Dido. Are these the sails that, in despite of me,
Packed with the winds to bear Æneas hence?
I'll hang ye in the chamber where I lie;
Drive if you can my house to Italy:
I'll set the casement open, that the winds
May enter in, and once again conspire
Against the life of me, poor Carthage queen;
But though ye go, he stays in Carthage still,
And let rich Carthage fleet upon the seas,
So I may have Æneas in mine arms!
Is this the wood that grew in Carthage plains,
And would be toiling in the watery billows,
To rob their mistress of her Trojan guest?
O cursed tree, had'st thou but wit or sense,
To measure how I prize Æneas' love,
Thou would'st have leaped from out the sailors' hands,
And told me that Æneas meant to go!
And yet I blame thee not, thou art but wood.
The water, which our poets term a nymph,
Why did it suffer thee to touch her breast,
And shrunk not back, knowing my love was there?
The water is an element, no nymph.
Why should I blame Æneas for his flight?
O Dido, blame not him, but break his oars;
These were the instruments that launched him forth;
There's not so much as this base tackling too,
But dares to heap up sorrow to my heart.
Was it not you that hoisèd up these sails?
Why burst you not, and they fell in the seas?
For this will Dido tie ye full of knots,
And shear ye all asunder with her hands;
Now serve to chastise shipboys for their faults,
Ye shall no more offend the Carthage queen.
Now let him hang my favours on his masts,
And see if those will serve instead of sails;
For tackling, let him take the chains of gold,
Which I bestowed upon his followers;
Instead of oars, let him use his hands,
And swim to Italy, I'll keep these sure:
Come, bear them in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter the Nurse *with* Cupid, *as* Ascanius.

Nurse. My Lord Ascanius, ye must go with me.
Cup. Whither must I go? I'll stay with my mother.
Nurse. No, thou shalt go with me unto my house.
I have an orchard that hath store of plums,
Brown almonds, services, ripe figs, and dates,
Dewberries, apples, yellow oranges:
A garden where are bee-hives full of honey,
Musk-roses, and a thousand sort of flowers;
And in the midst doth run a silver stream,
Where thou shalt see the red-gilled fishes leap,
White swans, and many lovely water-fowls;
Now speak, Ascanius, will ye go or no?
Cup. Come, come, I'll go; how far hence is your house?
Nurse. But hereby, child; we shall get thither straight.
Cup. Nurse, I am weary, will you carry me?
Nurse. Aye, so you'll dwell with me, and call me mother.
Cup. So you'll love me, I care not if I do.
Nurse. That I might live to see this boy a man!
How prettily he laughs. Go, ye wag,
You'll be a twigger when you come to age.
Say Dido what she will, I am not old;
I'll be no more a widow, I am young,
I'll have a husband, or else a lover.
Cup. A husband, and no teeth!
Nurse. Oh, what mean I to have such foolish thoughts?
Foolish is love, a toy. O sacred love!
If there be any heaven in earth, 'tis love,
Especially in women of your years.—
Blush, blush for shame, why should'st thou think of love?
A grave, and not a lover, fits thy age:
A grave! why I may live a hundred years,
Fourscore is but a girl's age. Love is sweet;
My veins are withered, and my sinews dry;
Why do I think of love now I should die?
Cup. Come, nurse.

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Nurse. Well, if he come a wooing he shall speed;
Oh, how unwise was I to say him nay!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Enter Æneas, *with a paper in his hand, drawing the platform of the city: with him* Achates, Cloanthus, *and* Ilioneus.

Æn. Triumph, my mates, our travels are at end!
Here will Æneas build a statelier Troy,
Than that which grim Atrides overthrew.
Carthage shall vaunt her petty walls no more.
For I will grace them with a fairer frame,
And clad her in a crystal livery,
Wherein the day may evermore delight;
From golden India, Ganges will I fetch,
Whose wealthy streams may wait upon her towers,
And triple-wise entrench her round about;
The sun from Egypt shall rich odours bring,
Wherewith his burning beams, like labouring bees
That load their thighs with Hybla's honey-spoils,
Shall here unburden their exhalèd sweets,
And plant our pleasant suburbs with her fumes.
Acha. What length or breadth shall this brave town contain?
Æn. Not past four thousand paces at the most.
Ilio. But what shall it be called? Troy, as before?
Æn. That have I not determined with myself.
Clo. Let it be termed *Ænea*, by your name.
Serg. Rather *Ascania*, by your little son.
Æn. Nay, I will have it called *Anchisæon*,
Of my old father's name.

Enter Hermes *with* Ascanius.

Her. Æneas, stay! Jove's herald bids thee stay.
Æn. Whom do I see? Jove's wingèd messenger!
Welcome to Carthage new-erected town.
Her. Why, cousin, stand you building cities here,
And beautifying the empire of this queen,
While Italy is clean out of thy mind?
Too, too forgetful of thine own affairs,
Why wilt thou so betray thy son's good hap?
The king of gods sent me from highest heaven
To sound this angry message in thine ears;
Vain man, what monarchy expect'st thou here?
Or with what thought sleep'st thou on Libya's shore?
If that all glory hath forsaken thee,
And thou despise the praise of such attempts,
Yet think upon Ascanius' prophecy,
And young Iulus' more than thousand years,
Whom I have brought from Ida, where he slept,
And bore young Cupid unto Cyprus isle.
Æn. This was my mother that beguiled the queen,
And made me take my brother for my son;
No marvel, Dido, though, thou be in love,
That daily dandlest Cupid in thy arms:
Welcome, sweet child! where hast thou been this long?
Asc. Eating sweet comfits with Queen Dido's maid,
Who ever since hath lulled me in her arms.
Æn. Sergestus, bear him hence unto our ships,
Lest Dido, spying him, keep him for a pledge.
Her. Spend'st thou thy time about this little boy,
And giv'st not ear unto the charge I bring?
I tell thee, thou must straight to Italy,
Or else abide the wrath of frowning Jove.
Æn. How should I put into the raging deep,
Who have no sails nor tackling for my ships?
What, would the gods have me, Deucalion-like,
Float up and down where'er the billows drive?
Though she repaired my fleet and gave me ships,
Yet hath she ta'en away my oars and masts,
And left me neither sail nor stern aboard.

Enter to them Iarbas.

Iar. How now, Æneas, sad! What mean these dumps?
Æn. Iarbas, I am clean beside myself;
Jove hath heaped on me such a desperate charge,
Which neither art nor reason may achieve,
Nor I devise by what means to contrive.

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Iar. As how, I pray? May I entreat you tell?
Æn. With speed he bids me sail to Italy:
Whenas I want both rigging for my fleet,
And also furniture for these my men.
Iar. If that be all, then cheer thy drooping looks,
For I will furnish thee with such supplies.
Let some of those thy followers go with me,
And they shall have what thing soe'er thou need'st.
Æn. Thanks, good Iarbas, for thy friendly aid.
Achates and the rest shall wait on thee,
Whilst I rest thankful for this courtesy.
[*Exit* Iarbas *with* Æneas's *train.*
Now will I haste unto Lavinian shore,
And raise a new foundation to old Troy.
Witness the gods, and witness heaven and earth,
How loth I am to leave these Libyan bounds,
But that eternal Jupiter commands. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Dido.

Dido. I fear I saw Æneas' little son,
Led by Achates to the Trojan fleet:
If it be so, his father means to fly;
But here he is; now, Dido, try thy wit.

Enter Æneas.

Æneas, wherefore go thy men aboard?
Why are thy ships new rigged? Or to what end
Launched from the haven, lie they in the road?
Pardon me, though I ask; love makes me ask.
Æn. O pardon me, if I resolve thee why;
Æneas will not feign with his dear love;
I must from hence: this day, swift Mercury,
When I was laying a platform for these walls,
Sent from his father Jove, appeared to me,
And in his name rebuked me bitterly,
For lingering here, neglecting Italy.
Dido. But yet Æneas will not leave his love.
Æn. I am commanded by immortal Jove
To leave this town, and pass to Italy,
And therefore must of force.
Dido. These words proceed not from Æneas' heart.
Æn. Not from my heart, for I can hardly go;
And yet I may not stay. Dido, farewell!
Dido. Farewell! is this the 'mends for Dido's love?
Do Trojans use to quit their lovers thus?
Fare well may Dido, so Æneas stay;
I die, if my Æneas say fare well!
Æn. Then let me go, and never say farewell.
Let me go [is] farewell! I must from hence.
Dido. These words are poison to poor Dido's soul:
Oh, speak like my Æneas, like my love.
Why look'st thou toward the sea? The time hath been
When Dido's beauty chained thine eye to her.
Am I less fair than when thou saw'st me first?
Oh then, Æneas, 'tis for grief of thee.
Say thou wilt stay in Carthage with thy queen,
And Dido's beauty will return again.
Æneas, say, how can'st thou take thy leave?
Wilt thou kiss Dido? Oh, thy lips have sworn
To stay with Dido! Canst thou take her hand?
Thy hand and mine have plighted mutual faith!
Therefore, unkind Æneas, must thou say,
"Then let me go, and never say farewell."
Æn. Oh, Queen of Carthage, wert thou ugly black,
Æneas could not choose but hold thee dear:
Yet must he not gainsay the gods' behest.
Dido. The gods! what gods be those that seek my death?
Wherein have I offended Jupiter,
That he should take Æneas from mine arms?
Oh no, the gods weigh not what lovers do;
It is Æneas calls Æneas hence,
And woful Dido, by these blubbered cheeks,
By this right hand, and by our spousal rites,
Desires Æneas to remain with her;
Si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quidquam
Dulce meum, miserere domûs labentis: et istam
Oro, si quis adhuc precibus locus, exue mentem.
Æn. Desine meque tuis incendere teque querelis:
*Italiam non sponte sequor.**

* Virgil, lib. iv.

Dido. Hast thou forgot how many neighbour kings
Were up in arms, for making thee my love?
How Carthage did rebel, Iarbas storm,
And all the world called me a second Helen,
For being entangled by a stranger's looks;
So thou would'st prove as true as Paris did,
Would, as fair Troy was, Carthage might be sacked,
And I be called a second Helena.
Had I a son by thee the grief were less,
That I might see Æneas in his face:
Now if thou goest, what can'st thou leave behind,
But rather will augment than ease my woe?
Æn. In vain, my love, thou spend'st thy fainting breath;
If words might move me, I were overcome.
Dido. And wilt thou not be moved with Dido's words?
Thy mother was no goddess, perjured man!
Nor Dardanus the author of thy stock;
But thou art sprung from Scythian Caucasus,
And tigers of Hyrcania gave thee suck.
Ah, foolish Dido, to forbear this long!
Wast thou not wrecked upon this Libyan shore,
And cam'st to Dido like a fisher swain?
Repaired not I thy ships, made thee a king,
And all thy needy followers noblemen?
O serpent! that came creeping from the shore,
And I for pity harboured in my bosom,
Wilt thou now slay me with thy venomed sting,
And hiss at Dido for preserving thee?
Go, go, and spare not; seek out Italy:
I hope, that that which love forbids me do,
The rocks and sea-gulls will perform at large,
And thou shalt perish in the billows' ways,
To whom poor Dido doth bequeath revenge:
Aye, traitor! and the waves shall cast thee up,
Where thou and false Achates first set foot;
Which, if it chance, I'll give ye burial,
And weep upon your lifeless carcases,
Though thou nor he will pity me a whit.
Why star'st thou in my face? If thou wilt stay,
Leap in mine arms; mine arms are open wide;
If not, turn from me, and I'll turn from thee:
For though thou hast the heart to say farewell,
I have not power to stay thee.—[*Exit Æneas.*] Is he gone?
Aye, but he'll come again; he cannot go;
He loves me too, too well to serve me so:
Yet he, that in my sight would not relent,
Will, being absent, be obdurate still?
By this is he got to the water-side;
And see, the sailors take him by the hand;
But he shrinks back; and now, remembering me,
Returns amain: welcome, welcome, my love!
But where's Æneas? Ah! he's gone! he's gone!

Enter Anna.

Anna. What means my sister, thus to rave and cry!
Dido. O Anna! my Æneas is aboard,
And leaving me, will sail to Italy.
Once did'st thou go, and he came back again;
Now bring him back, and thou shalt be a queen,
And I will live a private life with him.
Anna. Wicked Æneas!
Dido. Call him not wicked, sister; speak him fair,
And look upon him with a mermaid's eye·
Tell him, I never vowed at Aulis' gulf
The desolation of his native Troy,
Nor sent a thousand ships unto the walls,
Nor ever violated faith to him;
Request him gently, Anna, to return:
I crave but this,—he stay a tide or two,
That I may learn to bear it patiently:
If he depart thus suddenly, I die.
Run, Anna, run! stay not to answer me.
Anna. I go, fair sister; heavens grant good success! [*Exit.*

Enter the Nurse.

Nurse. O Dido! your little son Ascanius
Is gone! He lay with me last night,
And in the morning he was stolen from me:
I think, some fairies have beguilèd me.
Dido. O cursed hag! and false dissembling wretch!
That slay'st me with thy harsh and hellish tale,
Thou, for some petty gift, hast let him go,
And I am thus deluded of my boy:
Away with her to prison presently!
Traitress too kenn'd! and cursèd sorceress!
Nurse. I know not what you mean by treason, I,
I am as true as any one of yours. [*Exit.*
Dido. Away with her! Suffer her not to speak!
My sister comes; I like not her sad looks.

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Re-enter Anna.

Anna. Before I came, Æneas was aboard,
And spying me, hoised up the sails amain;
But I cried out, "Æneas! false Æneas! stay!"
Then 'gan he wag his hand, which, yet held up,
Made me suppose he would have heard me speak;
Then 'gan they drive into the ocean;
Which, when I viewed, I cried, "Æneas, stay!
Dido, fair Dido wills Æneas' stay!"
Yet he, whose heart's of adamant or flint,
My tears nor plaints could mollify a whit.
Then carelessly I rent my hair for grief;
Which seen to all, though he beheld me not,
They 'gan to move him to redress my ruth,
And stay awhile to hear what I could say;
But he, clapped under hatches, sailed away.

Dido. O Anna! Anna! I will follow him.

Anna. How can ye go, when he hath all your fleet?

Dido. I'll frame me wings of wax, like Icarus,
And, o'er his ship, will soar unto the sun,
That they may melt, and I fall in his arms;
Or else, I'll make a prayer unto the waves,
That I may swim to him, like Triton's niece:
O Anna! Anna! fetch Arion's harp,
That I may tice a dolphin to the shore,
And ride upon his back unto my love!
Look, sister, look! lovely Æneas' ships;
See! see! the billows heave them up to heaven,
And now down fall the keels into the deep:
O sister, sister, take away the rocks;
They'll break his ships. O Proteus! Neptune! Jove!
Save, save Æneas; Dido's liefest love!
Now he is come on shore safe, without hurt;
But, see! Achates wills him put to sea,
And all the sailors merry make for joy;
But he, remembering me, shrinks back again:
See where he comes; welcome! welcome, my love!

Anna. Ah, sister, leave these idle fantasies:
Sweet sister! cease; remember who you are.

Dido. Dido I am, unless I be deceived;
And must I rave thus for a runagate?
Must I make ships for him to sail away?
Nothing can bear me to him but a ship,
And he hath all my fleet. What shall I do,
But die in fury of this oversight?
Aye, I must be the murderer of myself;
No, but I am not; yet I will be straight.
Anna, be glad; now have I found a mean
To rid me from these thoughts of lunacy:
Not far from hence
There is a woman famoused for arts,
Daughter unto the nymphs Hesperides,
Who willed me sacrifice his ticing reliques:
Go, Anna, bid my servants bring me fire.
[*Exit* Anna.

Enter Iarbas.

Iar. How long will Dido mourn a stranger's flight
That hath dishonoured her and Carthage both?
How long shall I with grief consume my days,
And reap no guerdon for my truest love?

Dido. Iarbas, talk not of Æneas; let him go;
Lay to thy hands, and help me make a fire,
That shall consume all that this stranger left;
For I intend a private sacrifice,
To cure my mind, that melts for unkind love.

Iar. But, afterwards, will Dido grant me love?

Dido. Aye, aye, Iarbas, after this is done,
None in the world shall have my love but thou; [*They make a fire.*
So, leave me now; let none approach this place. [*Exit* Iarbas.
Now, Dido, with these reliques burn thyself,
And make Æneas famous through the world
For perjury and slaughter of a queen.
Here lie the sword that in the darksome cave
He drew, and swore by, to be true to me:
Thou shalt burn first; thy crime is worse than his.
Here lie the garment which I clothed him in
When first he came on shore; perish thou too!
These letters, lines, and perjured papers, all
Shall burn to cinders in this precious flame.
And now, ye gods, that guide the starry frame,
And order all things at your high dispose,
Grant, though the traitors land in Italy,
They may be still tormented with unrest;
And, from mine ashes, let a conqueror rise,
That may revenge this treason to a queen,
By ploughing up his countries with the sword.
Betwixt this land and that be never league,
Littora littoribus contraria, fluctibus undas
Imprecor: arma armis: pugnent ipsique nepotes:

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Live, false Æneas! truest Dido dies!
Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.
[*She casts herself into the fire.*

Enter Anna.

Anna. O help, Iarbas! Dido, in these flames,
Hath burnt herself! ah me! unhappy me!

Enter Iarbas, *running.*

Iar. Cursèd Iarbas! die to expiate
The grief that tires upon thine inward soul:
Dido, I come to thee. Ah me, Æneas!
[*Kills himself.*

Anna. What can my tears or cries prevail me now?
Dido is dead, Iarbas slain; Iarbas, my dear love!
O sweet Iarbas! Anna's sole delight;
What fatal destiny envies me thus,
To see my sweet Iarbas slay himself?
But Anna now shall honour thee in death,
And mix her blood with thine; this shall I do,
That gods and men may pity this my death,
And rue our ends, senseless of life or breath:
Now, sweet Iarbas, stay! I come to thee.
[*Kills herself.*

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Hero and Leander.

Dedication.

TO

THE RIGHT-WORSHIPFUL SIR THOMAS WALSINGHAM, KNIGHT.

SIR,—We think not ourselves discharged of the duty we owe to our friend when we have brought the breathless body to the earth; for, albeit the eye there taketh his ever-farewell of that beloved object, yet the impression of the man that hath been dear unto us, living an after-life in our memory, there putteth us in mind of farther obsequies due unto the deceased; and namely of the performance of whatsoever we may judge shall make to his living credit and to the effecting of his determinations prevented by the stroke of death. By these meditations (as by intellectual will) I suppose myself executor to the unhappily deceased author of this poem; upon whom, knowing that in his lifetime you bestowed many kind favours, entertaining the parts of reckoning and worth which you found in him with good countenance and liberal affection, I cannot but see so far into the will of him dead, that whatsoever issue of his brain should chance to come abroad, that the first breath it should take might be the gentle air of your liking; for, since his self had been accustomed thereunto, it would prove more agreeable and thriving to his right children than any other foster countenance whatsoever. At this time seeing that this unfinished tragedy happens under my hands to be imprinted, of a double duty, the one to yourself, the other to the deceased, I present the same to your most favourable allowance, offering my utmost self now and ever to be ready at your worship's disposing.

EDWARD BLUNT.

THE FIRST SESTIAD.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST SESTIAD.

Hero's description and her love's;
The fane of Venus where he moves
His worthy love-suit, and attains;
Whose bliss the wrath of Fates restrains
For Cupid's grace to Mercury:
Which tale the author doth imply.

ON Hellespont, guilty of true love's blood,
In view and opposite two cities stood,
Sea-borderers, disjoined by Neptune's might;
The one Abydos, the other Sestos hight.
At Sestos Hero dwelt; Hero the fair,
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair,
And offered as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit, for men to gaze upon.
The outside of her garments were of lawn,
The lining purple silk, with gilt stars drawn;
Her wide sleeves green, and bordered with a grove,
Where Venus in her naked glory strove
To please the careless and disdainful eyes
Of proud Adonis, that before her lies;
Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a stain,
Made with the blood of wretched lovers slain.
Upon her head she ware a myrtle wreath,
From whence her veil reached to the ground beneath:
Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives:

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Many would praise the sweet smell as she past,
When 'twas the odour which her breath forth cast;
And there for honey bees have sought in vain,
And, beat from thence, have lighted there again.
About her neck hung chains of pebble-stone,
Which, lightened by her neck, like diamonds shone.
She ware no gloves; for neither sun nor wind
Would burn or parch her hands, but, to her mind,
Or warm or cool them, for they took delight
To play upon those hands, they were so white.
Buskins of shells, all silvered, used she,
And branched with blushing coral to the knee;
Where sparrows perched, of hollow pearl and gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold:
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fills,
Which, as she went, would cherup through the bills.
Some say, for her the fairest Cupid pined,
And, looking in her face, was strooken blind.
But this is true; so like was one the other,
As he imagined Hero was his mother;
And oftentimes into her bosom flew,
About her naked neck his bare arms threw,
And laid his childish head upon her breast,
And, with still panting rock, there took his rest.
So lovely fair was Hero, Venus' nun,
As Nature wept, thinking she was undone,
Because she took more from her than she left,
And of such wondrous beauty her bereft:
Therefore, in sign her treasure suffered wrack,
Since Hero's time hath half the world been black.
Amorous Leander, beautiful and young,
(Whose tragedy divine Musæus sung,)
Dwelt at Abydos; since him dwelt there none
For whom succeeding times make greater moan.
His dangling tresses, that were never shorn,
Had they been cut, and unto Colchos borne,
Would have allured the venturous youth of Greece
To hazard more than for the golden fleece.
Fair Cynthia wished his arms might be her sphere;
Grief makes her pale, because she moves not there.
His body was as straight as Circe's wand;
Jove might have sipt out nectar from his hand.
Even as delicious meat is to the taste,
So was his neck in touching, and surpast
The white of Pelops' shoulder: I could tell ye,
How smooth his breast was, and how white his belly;
And whose immortal fingers did imprint
That heavenly path with many a curious dint,
That runs along his back; but my rude pen
Can hardly blazon forth the loves of men,
Much less of powerful gods: let it suffice
That my slack Muse sings of Leander's eyes;
Those orient cheeks and lips, exceeding his
That leapt into the water for a kiss
Of his own shadow, and, despising many,
Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.
Had wild Hippolytus Leander seen,
Enamoured of his beauty had he been:
His presence made the rudest peasant melt,
That in the vast uplandish country dwelt;
The barbarous Thracian soldier, moved with naught,
Was moved with him, and for his favour sought.
Some swore he was a maid in man's attire,
For in his looks were all that men desire,—
A pleasant-smiling cheek, a speaking eye,
A brow for love to banquet royally;
And such as knew he was a man would say,
"Leander, thou art made for amorous play:
Why art thou not in love, and loved of all?
Though thou be fair, yet be not thine own thrall."
The men of wealthy Sestos every year,
For his sake whom their goddess held so dear,
Rose-cheeked Adonis, kept a solemn feast;
Thither resorted many a wandering guest
To meet their loves: such as had none at all,
Came lovers home from this great festival;
For every street, like to a firmament,
Glistered with breathing stars, who, where they went,
Frighted the melancholy earth, which deemed
Eternal heaven to burn, for so it seemed,
As if another Phaëton had got
The guidance of the sun's rich chariot.
But, far above the loveliest, Hero shined,
And stole away the enchanted gazer's mind;
For like sea-nymphs' inveigling harmony,

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So was her beauty to the standers by;
Nor that night-wandering, pale, and watery star
(When yawning dragons draw her thirling car
From Latmus' mount up to the gloomy sky,
Where, crowned with blazing light and majesty,
She proudly sits) more over-rules the flood
Than she the hearts of those that near her stood.
Even as when gaudy nymphs pursue the chase,
Wretched Ixion's shaggy-footed race,
Incensed with savage heat, gallop amain
From steep pine-bearing mountains to the plain,
So ran the people forth to gaze upon her,
And all that viewed her were enamoured on her:
And as in fury of a dreadful fight,
Their fellows being slain or put to flight,
Poor soldiers stand with fear of death dead-strooken,
So at her presence all surprised and tooken,
Await the sentence of her scornful eyes;
He whom she favours lives; the other dies:
There might you see one sigh; another rage;
And some, their violent passions to assuage,
Compile sharp satires; but, alas, too late!
For faithful love will never turn to hate;
And many, seeing great princes were denied,
Pined as they went, and thinking on her died.
On this feast-day—oh, cursèd day and hour!—
Went Hero, thorough Sestos, from her tower
To Venus' temple, where unhappily,
As after chanced, they did each other spy.
So fair a church as this had Venus none:
The walls were of discoloured jasper-stone,
Wherein was Proteus carved; and over-head
A lively vine of green sea-agate spread,
Where by one hand light-headed Bacchus hung,
And with the other wine from grapes out-wrung.
Of crystal shining fair the pavement was;
The town of Sestos called it Venus' glass:
There might you see the gods, in sundry shapes,
Committing heady riots, incest, rapes;
For know, that underneath this radiant floor
Was Danäe's statue in a brazen tower;
Jove slily stealing from his sister's bed,
To dally with Idalian Ganymed,
And for his love Europa bellowing loud,
And tumbling with the Rainbow in a cloud;
Blood-quaffing Mars heaving the iron net
Which limping Vulcan and his Cyclops set;
Love kindling fire, to burn such towns as Troy;
Sylvanus weeping for the lovely boy
That now is turned into a cypress-tree,
Under whose shade the wood-gods love to be.
And in the midst a silver altar stood:
There Hero, sacrificing turtles' blood,
Vailed to the ground, veiling her eyelids close;
And modestly they opened as she rose:
Thence flew Love's arrow with the golden head;
And thus Leander was enamourèd.
Stone-still he stood, and evermore he gazed,
Till with the fire, that from his countenance blazed,
Relenting Hero's gentle heart was strook:
Such force and virtue hath an amorous look.
It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is over-ruled by fate.
When two are stript, long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win;
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect:
The reason no man knows; let it suffice,
What we behold is censured by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?
He kneeled; but unto her devoutly prayed:
Chaste Hero to herself thus softly said,
"Were I the saint he worships, I would hear him;"
And as she spake those words, came somewhat near him.
He started up; she blushed as one ashamed;
Wherewith Leander much more was inflamed.
He touched her hand; in touching it she trembled:
Love deeply grounded, hardly is dissembled.
These lovers parled by the touch of hands:
True love is mute, and oft amazèd stands.
Thus while dumb signs their yielding hearts entangled,
The air with sparks of living fire was spangled;
And Night, deep-drenched in misty Acheron,
Heaved up her head, and half the world upon
Breathed darkness forth (dark night is Cupid's day):
And now begins Leander to display

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Love's holy fire, with words, with sighs, and tears;
Which, like sweet music, entered Hero's ears;
And yet at every word she turned aside,
And always cut him off, as he replied.
At last, like to a bold sharp sophister,
With cheerful hope thus he accosted her.
"Fair creature, let me speak without offence:
I would my rude words had the influence
To lead thy thoughts as thy fair looks do mine!
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine.
Be not unkind and fair; misshapen stuff
Are of behaviour boisterous and rough.
Oh, shun me not, but hear me ere you go!
God knows, I cannot force love as you do:
My words shall be as spotless as my youth,
Full of simplicity and naked truth.
This sacrifice, whose sweet perfume descending
From Venus' altar, to your footsteps bending,
Doth testify that you exceed her far,
To whom you offer, and whose nun you are.
Why should you worship her? her you surpass
As much as sparkling diamonds flaring glass.
A diamond set in lead his worth retains;
A heavenly nymph, beloved of human swains,
Receives no blemish, but ofttimes more grace;
Which makes me hope, although I am but base,
Base in respect of thee divine and pure,
Dutiful service may thy love procure;
And I in duty will excel all other,
As thou in beauty dost exceed Love's mother.
Nor heaven nor thou were made to gaze upon:
As heaven preserves all things, so save thou one.
A stately-builded ship, well-rigged and tall,
The ocean maketh more majestical:
Why vowest thou, then, to live in Sestos here,
Who on Love's seas more glorious wouldst appear?
Like untuned golden strings all women are,
Which long time lie untouched, will harshly jar.
Vessels of brass, oft handled, brightly shine:
What difference betwixt the richest mine
And basest mould, but use? for both, not used,
Are of like worth. Then treasure is abused,
When misers keep it: being put to loan,
In time it will return us two for one.
Rich robes themselves and others do adorn;
Neither themselves nor others, if not worn.
Who builds a palace, and rams up the gate,
Shall see it ruinous and desolate:
Ah, simple Hero, learn thyself to cherish!
Lone women, like to empty houses, perish.
Less sins the poor rich man, that starves himself
In heaping up a mass of drossy pelf,
Than such as you: his golden earth remains,
Which, after his decease, some other gains;
But this fair gem, sweet in the loss alone,
When you fleet hence, can be bequeathed to none;
Or, if it could, down from th' enamelled sky
All heaven would come to claim this legacy,
And with intestine broils the world destroy,
And quite confound Nature's sweet harmony.
Well therefore by the gods decreed it is,
We human creatures should enjoy that bliss.
One is no number; maids are nothing, then,
Without the sweet society of men.
Wilt thou live single still? one shalt thou be,
Though never-singling Hymen couple thee.
Wild savages, that drink of running springs,
Think water far excels all earthly things;
But they, that daily taste neat wine, despise it:
Virginity, albeit some highly prize it,
Compared with marriage, had you tried them both,
Differs as much as wine and water doth.
Base bullion for the stamp's sake we allow:
Even so for men's impression do we you;
By which alone, our reverend fathers say,
Women receive perfection every way.
This idol, which you term virginity,
Is neither essence subject to the eye,
No, nor to any one exterior sense,
Nor hath it any place of residence,
Nor is 't of earth or mould celestial,
Or capable of any form at all.
Of that which hath no being, do not boast:
Things that are not at all, are never lost.
Men foolishly do call it virtuous:
What virtue is it, that is born with us?
Much less can honour be ascribed thereto:
Honour is purchased by the deeds we do;
Believe me, Hero, honour is not won,
Until some honourable deed be done.
Seek you, for chastity, immortal fame,
And know that some have wronged Diana's name?

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Whose name is it, if she be false or not,
So she be fair, but some vile tongues will blot?
But you are fair, ah me! so wondrous fair,
So young, so gentle, and so debonair,
As Greece will think, if thus you live alone,
Some one or other keeps you as his own.
Then, Hero, hate me not, nor from me fly,
To follow swiftly-blasting infamy.
Perhaps thy sacred priesthood makes thee loth:
Tell me, to whom mad'st thou that heedless oath?"
"To Venus," answered she; and, as she spake,
Forth from those two tralucent cisterns brake
A stream of liquid pearl, which down her face
Made milk-white paths, whereon the gods might trace
To Jove's high court. He thus replied: "The rites
In which love's beauteous empress most delights,
Are banquets, Doric music, midnight revel,
Plays, masques, and all that stern age counteth evil.
Thee as a holy idiot doth she scorn;
For thou, in vowing chastity, hast sworn
To rob her name and honour, and thereby
Committ'st a sin far worse than perjury,
Even sacrilege against her deity,
Through regular and formal purity.
To expiate which sin, kiss and shake hands:
Such sacrifice as this Venus demands."
Thereat she smiled, and did deny him so,
As put thereby, yet might he hope for mo;
Which makes him quickly reinforce his speech,
And her in humble manner thus beseech:
"Though neither gods nor men may thee deserve,
Yet, for her sake, whom you have vowed to serve,
Abandon fruitless cold virginity,
The gentle Queen of love's sole enemy.
Then shall you most resemble Venus' nun,
When Venus' sweet rites are performed and done.
Flint-breasted Pallas joys in single life;
But Pallas and your mistress are at strife.
Love, Hero, then, and be not tyrannous;
But heal the heart that thou hast wounded thus;
Nor stain thy youthful years with avarice:
Fair fools delight to be accounted nice.
The richest corn dies, if it be not reapt;
Beauty alone is lost, too warily kept."
These arguments he used, and many more;
Wherewith she yielded, that was won before.
Hero's looks yielded, but her words made war:
Women are won when they begin to jar.
Thus, having swallowed Cupid's golden hook,
The more she strived, the deeper was she strook:
Yet, evilly feigning anger, strove she still,
And would be thought to grant against her will.
So having paused a while, at last she said,
"Who taught thee rhetoric to deceive a maid?
Ah me! such words as these should I abhor,
And yet I like them for the orator."
With that, Leander stooped to have embraced her,
But from his spreading arms away she cast her,
And thus bespake him: "Gentle youth, forbear
To touch the sacred garments which I wear.
Upon a rock, and underneath a hill,
Far from the town (where all is whist and still,
Save that the sea, playing on yellow sand,
Sends forth a rattling murmur to the land,
Whose sound allures the golden Morpheus
In silence of the night to visit us)
My turret stands; and there, God knows, I play
With Venus' swans and sparrows all the day.
A dwarfish beldam bears me company,
That hops about the chamber where I lie,
And spends the night, that might be better spent,
In vain discourse and apish merriment:—
Come thither." As she spake this, her tongue tripped,
For unawares, "Come thither," from her slipped;
And suddenly her former colour changed,
And here and there her eyes through anger ranged;
And, like a planet moving several ways
At one self instant, she, poor soul, assays,
Loving, not to love at all, and every part
Strove to resist the motions of her heart:
And hands so pure, so innocent, nay, such
As might have made Heaven stoop to have a touch,
Did she uphold to Venus, and again
Vowed spotless chastity; but all in vain;
Cupid beats down her prayers with his wings;
Her vows above the empty air he flings;

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All deep enraged, his sinewy bow he bent,
And shot a shaft that burning from him went;
Wherewith she strooken, looked so dolefully,
As made Love sigh to see his tyranny;
And, as she wept, her tears to pearl he turned,
And wound them on his arm, and for her mourned.
Then towards the palace of the Destinies,
Laden with languishment and grief, he flies,
And to those stern nymphs humbly made request,
Both might enjoy each other, and be blest.
But with a ghastly dreadful countenance,
Threatening a thousand deaths at every glance,
They answered Love, nor would vouchsafe so much
As one poor word, their hate to him was such:
Hearken a while, and I will tell you why.
Heaven's wingèd herald, Jove-born Mercury,
The self-same day that he asleep had laid
Enchanted Argus, spied a country maid,
Whose careless hair, instead of pearl t' adorn it,
Glistered with dew, as one that seemed to scorn it;
Her breath as fragrant as the morning rose;
Her mind pure, and her tongue untaught to glose:
Yet proud she was (for lofty Pride that dwells
In towered courts, is oft in shepherds' cells),
And too, too well the fair vermilion knew
And silver tincture of her cheeks, that drew
The love of every swain. On her this god
Enamoured was, and with his snaky rod
Did charm her nimble feet, and made her stay,
The while upon a hillock down he lay,
And sweetly on his pipe began to play,
And with smooth speech her fancy to assay,
Till in his twining arms he locked her fast,
And then he wooed with kisses; and at last,
As shepherds do, her on the ground he laid,
And, tumbling in the grass, he often strayed
Beyond the bounds of shame, in being bold
To eye those parts which no eye should behold;
And, like an insolent commanding lover,
Boasting his parentage, would needs discover
The way to new Elysium. But she,
Whose only dower was her chastity,
Having striven in vain, was now about to cry,
And crave the help of shepherds that were nigh.
Herewith he stayed his fury, and began
To give her leave to rise: away she ran;
After went Mercury, who used such cunning,
As she, to hear his tale, left off her running;
(Maids are not won by brutish force and might,
But speeches full of pleasures and delight;)
And, knowing Hermes courted her, was glad
That she such loveliness and beauty had
As could provoke his liking; yet was mute,
And neither would deny nor grant his suit.
Still vowed he love: she, wanting no excuse
To feed him with delays, as women use,
Or thirsting after immortality,
(All women are ambitious naturally,)
Imposed upon her lover such a task,
As he ought not perform, nor yet she ask;
A draught of flowing nectar she requested,
Wherewith the king of gods and men is feasted.
He, ready to accomplish what she willed,
Stole some from Hebe (Hebe Jove's cup filled),
And gave it to his simple rustic love:
Which being known—as what is hid from Jove?—
He inly stormed, and waxed more furious
Than for the fire filched by Prometheus;
And thrusts him down from heaven. He, wandering here,
In mournful terms, with sad and heavy cheer,
Complained to Cupid; Cupid, for his sake,
To be revenged on Jove did undertake;
And those on whom heaven, earth, and hell relies,
I mean the adamantine Destinies,
He wounds with love, and forced them equally
To dote upon deceitful Mercury.
They offered him the deadly fatal knife
That shears the slender threads of human life;
At his fair-feathered feet the engines laid,
Which th' earth from ugly Chaos' den upweighed.
These he regarded not; but did entreat
That Jove, usurper of his father's seat,
Might presently be banished into hell,
And aged Saturn in Olympus dwell.
They granted what he craved; and once again
Saturn and Ops began their golden reign:
Murder, rape, war, and lust, and treachery,
Were with Jove closed in Stygian empery.

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But long this blessèd time continued not:
As soon as he his wishèd purpose got,
He, reckless of his promise, did despise
The love of th' everlasting Destinies.
They, seeing it, both Love and him abhorred,
And Jupiter unto his place restored:
And, but that Learning, in despite of Fate,
Will mount aloft, and enter heaven-gate,
And to the seat of Jove itself advance,
Hermes had slept in hell with Ignorance.
Yet, as a punishment, they added this,
That he and Poverty should always kiss:
And to this day is every scholar poor:
Gross gold from them runs headlong to the boor.
Likewise the angry Sisters, thus deluded,
To 'venge themselves on Hermes, have concluded
That Midas' brood shall sit in Honour's chair,
To which the Muses' sons are only heir;
And fruitful wits, that inaspiring are,
Shall, discontent, run into regions far;
And few great lords in virtuous deeds shall joy,
But be surprised with every garish toy,
And still enrich the lofty servile clown,
Who with encroaching guile keeps learning down.
Then muse not Cupid's suit no better sped,
Seeing in their loves the Fates were injurèd.

THE SECOND SESTIAD.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND SESTIAD.

Hero of love takes deeper sense,
And doth her love more recompense;
Their first night's meeting, where sweet kisses
Are th' only crowns of both their blisses,
He swims to Abydos, and returns:
Cold Neptune with his beauty burns;
Whose suit he shuns, and doth aspire
Hero's fair tower and his desire.

By this, sad Hero, with love unacquainted,
Viewing Leander's face, fell down and fainted.
He kissed her, and breathed life into her lips;
Wherewith, as one displeased, away she trips;
Yet, as she went, full often looked behind,
And many poor excuses did she find
To linger by the way, and once she stayed,
And would have turned again, but was afraid,
In offering parley, to be counted light:
So on she goes, and in her idle flight,
Her painted fan of curled plumes let fall,
Thinking to train Leander therewithal.
He, being a novice, knew not what she meant,
But stayed, and after her a letter sent;
Which joyful Hero answered in such sort,
As he had hope to scale the beauteous fort
Wherein the liberal Graces locked their wealth;
And therefore to her tower he got by stealth.
Wide-open stood the door; he need not climb;
And she herself, before the 'pointed time,
Had spread the board, with roses strowed the room,
And oft looked out, and mused he did not come.
At last he came: oh, who can tell the greeting
These greedy lovers had at their first meeting?
He asked; she gave; and nothing was denied;
Both to each other quickly were affied:
Look how their hands, so were their hearts united,
And what he did, she willingly requited.
(Sweet are the kisses, the embracements sweet,
When like desires and like affections meet;
For from the earth to heaven is Cupid raised,
Where fancy is in equal balance paised.)
Yet she this rashness suddenly repented,
And turned aside, and to herself lamented,
As if her name and honour had been wronged
By being possessed of him for whom she longed;
Ay, and she wished, albeit not from her heart,

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That he would leave her turret and depart.
The mirthful god of amorous pleasure smiled
To see how he this captive nymph beguiled;
For hitherto he did but fan the fire,
And kept it down, that it might mount the higher.
Now waxed she jealous, lest his love abated,
Fearing, her own thoughts made her to be hated.
Therefore unto him hastily she goes,
And, like light Salmacis, her body throws
Upon his bosom, where with yielding eyes
She offers up herself a sacrifice
To slake his anger, if he were displeased:
Oh, what god would not therewith be appeased?
Like Æsop's cock, this jewel he enjoyed,
And as a brother with his sister toyed,
Supposing nothing else was to be done,
Now he her favour and goodwill had won.
But know you not that creatures wanting sense,
By nature have a mutual appetence,
And, wanting organs to advance a step,
Moved by love's force, unto each other leap?
Much more in subjects having intellect
Some hidden influence breeds like effect.
Albeit Leander, rude in love and raw,
Long dallying with Hero, nothing saw
That might delight him more, yet he suspected
Some amorous rites or other were neglected.
Therefore unto his body hers he clung:
She, fearing on the rushes to be flung,
Strived with redoubled strength; the more she strived,
The more a gentle pleasing heat revived,
Which taught him all that elder lovers know:
And now the same 'gan so to scorch and glow,
As in plain terms, yet cunningly, he crave it:
Love always makes those eloquent that have it.
She, with a kind of granting, put him by it,
And ever, as he thought himself most nigh it,
Like to the tree of Tantalus, she fled,
And, seeming lavish, saved her maidenhead.
Ne'er king more sought to keep his diadem,
Than Hero this inestimable gem:
Above our life we love a steadfast friend;
Yet when a token of great worth we send,
We often kiss it, often look thereon,
And stay the messenger that would be gone;
No marvel, then, though Hero would not yield
So soon to part from that she dearly held:
Jewels being lost are found again; this never;
'Tis lost but once, and once lost, lost for ever.
Now had the Morn espied her lover's steeds;
Whereat she starts, puts on her purple weeds,
And, red for anger that he stayed so long,
All headlong throws herself the clouds among,
And now Leander, fearing to be missed,
Embraced her suddenly, took leave, and kissed:
Long was he taking leave, and loth to go,
And kissed again, as lovers use to do.
Sad Hero wrung him by the hand, and wept,
Saying, "Let your vows and promises be kept:"
Then standing at the door, she turned about,
As loth to see Leander going out.
And now the sun, that through the horizon peeps,
As pitying these lovers, downward creeps;
So that in silence of the cloudy night,
Though it was morning, did he take his flight.
But what the secret trusty night concealed,
Leander's amorous habit soon revealed:
With Cupid's myrtle was his bonnet crowned,
About his arms the purple riband wound,
Wherewith she wreathed her largely-spreading hair;
Nor could the youth abstain, but he must wear
The sacred ring wherewith she was endowed,
When first religious chastity she vowed;
Which made his love through Sestos to be known,
And thence unto Abydos sooner blown
Than he could sail; for incorporeal Fame,
Whose weight consists in nothing but her name,
Is swifter than the wind, whose tardy plumes
Are reeking water and dull earthly fumes.
Home when he came, he seemed not to be there,
But, like exilèd heir thrust from his sphere,
Set in a foreign place; and straight from thence,
Alcides-like, by mighty violence,

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He would have chased away the swelling main,
That him from her unjustly did detain.
Like as the sun in a diameter
Fires and inflames objects removèd far,
And heateth kindly, shining laterally;
So beauty sweetly quickens when 'tis nigh,
But being separated and removed,
Burns where it cherished, murders where it loved.
Therefore even as an index to a book,
So to his mind was young Leander's look.
Oh, none but gods have power their love to hide!
Affection by the countenance is descried;
The light of hidden fire itself discovers,
And love that is concealed betrays poor lovers.
His secret flame apparently was seen:
Leander's father knew where he had been,
And for the same mildly rebuked his son,
Thinking to quench the sparkles new-begun.
But love resisted once, grows passionate,
And nothing more than counsel lovers hate;
For as a hot proud horse highly disdains
To have his head controlled, but breaks the reins,
Spits forth the ringled bit, and with his hoves
Checks the submissive ground; so he that loves,
The more he is restrained, the worse he fares:
What is it now but mad Leander dares?
"Oh, Hero, Hero!" thus he cried full oft;
And then he got him to a rock aloft,
Where having spied her tower, long stared he on't,
And prayed the narrow toiling Hellespont
To part in twain, that he might come and go;
But still the rising billows answered, "No."
With that he stripped him to the ivory skin,
And, crying, "Love, I come," leaped lively in:
Whereat the sapphire-visaged god grew proud,
And made his capering Triton sound aloud,
Imagining that Ganymede, displeased,
Had left the heavens; therefore on him he seized.
Leander strived; the waves about him wound,
And pulled him to the bottom, where the ground
Was strewed with pearl, and in low coral groves
Sweet-singing mermaids sported with their loves
On heaps of heavy gold, and took great pleasure
To spurn in careless sort the shipwrackt treasure;
For here the stately azure palace stood,
Where kingly Neptune and his train abode.
The lusty god embraced him, called him "love,"
And swore he never should return to Jove:
But when he knew it was not Ganymed,
For under water he was almost dead,
He heaved him up, and, looking on his face,
Beat down the bold waves with his triple mace,
Which mounted up, intending to have kissed him,
And fell in drops like tears because they missed him.
Leander, being up, began to swim,
And, looking back, saw Neptune follow him:
Whereat aghast, the poor soul 'gan to cry,
"Oh, let me visit Hero ere I die!"
The god put Helle's bracelet on his arm,
And swore the sea should never do him harm.
He clapped his plump cheeks, with his tresses played,
And, smiling wantonly, his love bewrayed;
He watched his arms, and, as they opened wide
At every stroke, betwixt them would he slide,
And steal a kiss, and then run out and dance,
And, as he turned, cast many a lustful glance,
And throw him gaudy toys to please his eye,
And dive into the water, and there pry
Upon his breast, his thighs, and every limb,
And up again, and close beside him swim,
And talk of love. Leander made reply,
"You are deceived; I am no woman, I."
Thereat smiled Neptune, and then told a tale,
How that a shepherd, sitting in a vale,
Played with a boy so lovely fair and kind,
As for his love both earth and heaven pined;
That of the cooling river durst not drink,
Lest water-nymphs should pull him from the brink;
And when he sported in the fragrant lawns,
Goat-footed Satyrs and up-staring Fauns
Would steal him thence. Ere half this tale was done,
"Ah me," Leander cried, "th' enamoured sun,

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That now should shine on Thetis' glassy bower,
Descends upon my radiant Hero's tower:
Oh, that these tardy arms of mine were wings!"
And, as he spake, upon the waves he springs.
Neptune was angry that he gave no ear,
And in his heart revenging malice bare:
He flung at him his mace; but, as it went,
He called it in, for love made him repent:
The mace, returning back, his own hand hit,
As meaning to be 'venged for darting it.
When this fresh-bleeding wound Leander viewed,
His colour went and came, as if he rued
The grief which Neptune felt: in gentle breasts
Relenting thoughts, remorse and pity rests;
And who have hard hearts and obdurate minds,
But vicious, hare-brained, and illiterate hinds?
The god, seeing him with pity to be moved,
Thereon concluded that he was beloved;
(Love is too full of faith, too credulous,
With folly and false hope deluding us;)
Wherefore, Leander's fancy to surprise,
To the rich ocean for gifts he flies:
'Tis wisdom to give much; a gift prevails
When deep-persuading oratory fails.
By this, Leander, being near the land,
Cast down his weary feet, and felt the sand.
Breathless albeit he were, he rested not
Till to the solitary tower he got;
And knocked, and called: at which celestial noise
The longing heart of Hero much more joys,
Than nymphs and shepherds when the timbrel rings,
Or crookèd dolphin when the sailor sings.
She stayed not for her robes, but straight arose,
And drunk with gladness, to the door she goes;
Where seeing a naked man, she screeched for fear,
(Such sights as this to tender maids are rare,)
And ran into the dark herself to hide:
(Rich jewels in the dark are soonest spied:)
Unto her was he led, or rather drawn,
By those white limbs which sparkled through the lawn.
The nearer that he came, the more she fled,
And, seeking refuge, slipt into her bed;
Whereon Leander sitting, thus began,
Through numbing cold, all feeble, faint and wan.
"If not for love, yet, love, for pity-sake,
Me in thy bed and maiden bosom take;
At least vouchsafe these arms some little room,
Who, hoping to embrace thee, cheerly swoom:
This head was beat with many a churlish billow,
And therefore let it rest upon thy pillow."
Herewith affrighted, Hero shrunk away,
And in her lukewarm place Leander lay;
Whose lively heat, like fire from heaven fet,
Would animate gross clay, and higher set
The drooping thoughts of base-declining souls,
Than dreary-Mars-carousing nectar bowls.
His hands he cast upon her like a snare:
She, overcome with shame and sallow fear,
Like chaste Diana when Actæon spied her,
Being suddenly betrayed, dived down to hide her;
And, as her silver body downward went,
With both her hands she made the bed a tent,
And in her own mind thought herself secure,
O'ercast with dim and darksome coverture.
And now she lets him whisper in her ear,
Flatter, entreat, promise, protest, and swear:
Yet ever, as he greedily assayed
To touch those dainties, she the harpy played,
And every limb did, as a soldier stout,
Defend the fort, and keep the foeman out;
For though the rising ivory mount he scaled,
Which is with azure circling lines empaled,
Much like a globe, (a globe may I term this,
By which Love sails to regions full of bliss?)
Yet there with Sisyphus he toiled in vain,
Till gentle parley did the truce obtain.
Even as a bird, which in our hands we wring,
Forth plungeth, and oft flutters with her wing,
She trembling strove; this strife of hers, like that
Which made the world, another world begat
Of unknown joy. Treason was in her thought,
And cunningly to yield herself she sought.
Seeming not won, yet won she was at length:
In such wars women use but half their strength.

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Leander now, like Theban Hercules,
Entered the orchard of th' Hesperides;
Whose fruit none rightly can describe, but he
That pulls or shakes it from the golden tree.
Wherein Leander on her quivering breast,
Breathless spoke something, and sighed out the rest;
Which so prevailed, as he, with small ado,
Enclosed her in his arms, and kissed her too;
And every kiss to her was as a charm,
And to Leander as a fresh alarm:
So that the truce was broke, and she, alas,
Poor silly maiden, at his mercy was!
Love is not full of pity, as men say,
But deaf and cruel where he means to prey.
And now she wished this night were never done,
And sighed to think upon th' approaching sun;
For much it grieved her that the bright day-light
Should know the pleasure of this blessèd night,
And them, like Mars and Erycine, display
Both in each other's arms chained as they lay.
Again, she knew not how to frame her look,
Or speak to him, who in a moment took
That which so long, so charily she kept;
And fain by stealth away she would have crept,
And to some corner secretly have gone,
Leaving Leander in the bed alone.
But as her naked feet were whipping out,
He on the sudden clinged her so about,
That, mermaid-like, unto the floor she slid;
One half appeared, the other half was hid.
Thus near the bed she blushing stood upright,
And from her countenance behold ye might
A kind of twilight break, which through the air,
As from an orient cloud, glimpsed here and there;
And round about the chamber this false morn
Brought forth the day before the day was born.
So Hero's ruddy cheek Hero betrayed,
And her all naked to his sight displayed:
Whence his admiring eyes more pleasure took
Than Dis, on heaps of gold fixing his look.
By this, Apollo's golden harp began
To sound forth music to the ocean;
Which watchful Hesperus no sooner heard,
But he the bright Day-bearing car prepared,
And ran before, as harbinger of light,
And with his flaring beams mocked ugly Night,
Till she, o'ercome with anguish, shame, and rage,
Danged down to hell her loathsome carriage.

[*Here Marlowe's work ceases and Chapman's begins.*]

THE THIRD SESTIAD.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD SESTIAD.

Leander to the envious light
Resigns his night-sports with the night,
And swims the Hellespont again.
Thesme, the deity sovereign
Of customs and religious rites,
Appears, reproving his delights,
Since nuptial honours he neglected;
Which straight he vows shall be effected.
Fair Hero, left devirginate,
Weighs, and with fury wails her state:
But with her love and woman's wit
She argues and approveth it.

New light gives new directions, fortunes new,
To fashion our endeavours that ensue.
More harsh, at least more hard, more grave and high
Our subject runs, and our stern Muse must fly.
Love's edge is taken off, and that light flame,
Those thoughts, joys, longings, that before became
High unexperienced blood, and maids' sharp plights
Must now grow staid, and censure the delights,
That, being enjoyed, ask judgment; now we praise,

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As having parted: evenings crown the days.
And now, ye wanton Loves, and young Desires,
Pied Vanity, the mint of strange attires,
Ye lisping Flatteries, and obsequious Glances,
Relentful Musics, and attractive Dances,
And you detested Charms constraining love!
Shun love's stolen sports by that these lovers prove.
By this, the sovereign of heaven's golden fires,
And young Leander, lord of his desires,
Together from their lovers' arms arose:
Leander into Hellespontus throws
His Hero-handled body, whose delight
Made him disdain each other epithite.
And as amidst th' enamoured waves he swims,
The god of gold of purpose gilt his limbs,
That, this word gilt including double sense,
The double guilt of his incontinence
Might be expressed, that had no stay t' employ
The treasure which the love-god let him joy
In his dear Hero, with such sacred thrift
As had beseemed so sanctified a gift;
But, like a greedy vulgar prodigal,
Would on the stock dispend, and rudely fall,
Before his time, to that unblessèd blessing,
Which, for lust's plague, doth perish with possessing?
Joy graven in sense, like snow in water, wastes;
Without preserve of virtue, nothing lasts.
What man is he, that with a wealthy eye
Enjoys a beauty richer than the sky,
Through whose white skin, softer than soundest sleep,
With damask eyes the ruby blood doth peep,
And runs in branches through her azure veins,
Whose mixture and first fire his love attains;
Whose both hands limit both love's deities,
And sweeten human thoughts like Paradise;
Whose disposition silken is and kind,
Directed with an earth-exempted mind;—
Who thinks not heaven with such a love is given?
And who, like earth, would spend that dower of heaven,
With rank desire to joy it all at first?
What simply kills our hunger, quencheth thirst,
Clothes but our nakedness, and makes us live,
Praise doth not any of her favours give:
But what doth plentifully minister
Beauteous apparel and delicious cheer,
So ordered that it still excites desire,
And still gives pleasure freeness to aspire,
The palm of Bounty ever moist preserving;
To Love's sweet life this is the courtly carving.
Thus Time and all-states-ordering Ceremony
Had banished all offence: Time's golden thigh
Upholds the flowery body of the earth
In sacred harmony, and every birth
Of men and actions makes legitimate;
Being used aright, the use of time is fate.
Yet did the gentle flood transfer once more
This prize of love home to his father's shore;
Where he unlades himself of that false wealth
That makes few rich,—treasures composed by stealth;
And to his sister, kind Hermione,
(Who on the shore kneeled, praying to the sea
For his return,) he all love's goods did show,
In Hero seised for him, in him for Hero.
His most kind sister all his secrets knew,
And to her, singing, like a shower, he flew,
Sprinkling the earth, that to their tombs took in
Streams dead for love, to leave his ivory skin,
Which yet a snowy foam did leave above,
As soul to the dead water that did love;
And from thence did the first white roses spring
(For love is sweet and fair in every thing),
And all the sweetened shore, as he did go,
Was crowned with odorous roses, white as snow.
Love-blest Leander was with love so filled,
That love to all that touched him he instilled,
And as the colours of all things we see,
To our sight's powers communicated be,
So to all objects that in compass came
Of any sense he had, his senses' flame
Flowed from his parts with force so virtual,
It fired with sense things mere insensual.
Now, with warm baths and odours comforted,
When he lay down, he kindly kissed his bed,
As consecrating it to Hero's right,
And vowed thereafter, that whatever sight
Put him in mind of Hero or her bliss,
Should be her altar to prefer a kiss.
Then laid he forth his late-enrichèd arms,
In whose white circle Love writ all his charms,
And made his characters sweet Hero's limbs,
When on his breast's warm sea she sideling swims:
And as those arms, held up in circle, met,
He said, "See, sister, Hero's carcanet!

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Which she had rather wear about her neck,
Than all the jewels that do Juno deck."
But, as he shook with passionate desire
To put in flame his other secret fire,
A music so divine did pierce his ear,
As never yet his ravished sense did hear;
When suddenly a light of twenty hues
Brake through the roof, and, like the rainbow, views
Amazed Leander: in whose beams came down
The goddess Ceremony, with a crown
Of all the stars; and Heaven with her descended:
Her flaming hair to her bright feet extended,
By which hung all the bench of deities;
And in a chain, compact of ears and eyes,
She led Religion: all her body was
Clear and transparent as the purest glass,
For she was all presented to the sense:
Devotion, Order, State, and Reverence,
Her shadows were; Society, Memory;
All which her sight made live, her absence die.
A rich disparent pentacle she wears,
Drawn full of circles and strange characters.
Her face was changeable to every eye;
One way looked ill, another graciously;
Which while men viewed, they cheerful were and holy,
But looking off, vicious and melancholy.
The snaky paths to each observèd law
Did Policy in her broad bosom draw.
One hand a mathematic crystal sways,
Which, gathering in one line a thousand rays
From her bright eyes, Confusion burns to death,
And all estates of men distinguisheth:
By it Morality and Comeliness
Themselves in all their sightly figures dress.
Her other hand a laurel rod applies,
To beat back Barbarism and Avarice,
That followed, eating earth and excrement
And human limbs; and would make proud ascent
To seats of gods, were Ceremony slain.
The Hours and Graces bore her glorious train;
And all the sweets of our society
Were sphered and treasured in her bounteous eye.
Thus she appeared, and sharply did reprove
Leander's bluntness in his violent love;
Told him how poor was substance without rites,
Like bills unsigned; desires without delights;
Like meats unseasoned; like rank corn that grows
On cottages, that none or reaps or sows;
Not being with civil forms confirmed and bounded,
For human dignities and comforts founded;
But loose and secret all their glories hide;
Fear fills the chamber, Darkness decks the bride.
She vanished, leaving pierced Leander's heart
With sense of his unceremonious part,
In which, with plain neglect of nuptial rites,
He close and flatly fell to his delights:
And instantly he vowed to celebrate
All rites pertaining to his married state.
So up he gets, and to his father goes,
To whose glad ears he doth his vows disclose.
The nuptials are resolved with utmost power;
And he at night would swim to Hero's tower,
From whence he meant to Sestos' forkèd bay
To bring her covertly, where ships must stay,
Sent by his father, throughly rigged and manned,
To waft her safely to Abydos' strand.
There leave we him; and with fresh wing pursue
Astonished Hero, whose most wishèd view
I thus long have forborne, because I left her
So out of countenance, and her spirits bereft her:
To look on one abashed is impudence,
When of slight faults he hath too deep a sense.
Her blushing het her chamber: she looked out,
And all the air she purpled round about;
And after it a foul black day befell,
Which ever since a red morn doth foretell,
And still renews our woes for Hero's woe;
And foul it proved, because it figured so
The next night's horror; which prepare to hear;
I fail, if it profane your daintiest ear.
Then, now, most strangely-intellectual fire,
That, proper to my soul, hast power t'inspire
Her burning faculties, and with the wings
Of thy unspherèd flame visit'st the springs
Of spirits immortal! Now (as swift as Time
Doth follow Motion) find th' eternal clime
Of his free soul, whose living subject stood
Up to the chin in the Pierian flood,
And drunk to me half this Musæan story,
Inscribing it to deathless memory:
Confer with it, and make my pledge as deep,
That neither's draught be consecrate to sleep;
Tell it how much his late desires I tender
(If yet it know not), and to light surrender

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My soul's dark offspring, willing it should die
To loves, to passions, and society.
Sweet Hero, left upon her bed alone,
Her maidenhead, her vows, Leander gone,
And nothing with her but a violent crew
Of new-come thoughts, that yet she never knew,
Even to herself a stranger, was much like
Th' Iberian city that War's hand did strike
By English force in princely Essex' guide,
When Peace assured her towers had fortified,
And golden-fingered India had bestowed
Such wealth on her, that strength and empire flowed
Into her turrets, and her virgin waist
The wealthy girdle of the sea embraced;
Till our Leander, that made Mars his Cupid,
For soft love suits, with iron thunders chid;
Swum to her town, dissolved her virgin zone;
Led in his power, and made Confusion
Run through her streets amazed, that she supposed
She had not been in her own walls enclosed,
But rapt by wonder to some foreign state,
Seeing all her issue so disconsolate,
And all her peaceful mansions possessed
With war's just spoil, and many a foreign guest
From every corner driving an enjoyer,
Supplying it with power of a destroyer.
So fared fair Hero in th' expugnèd fort
Of her chaste bosom; and of every sort
Strange thoughts possessed her, ransacking her breast
For that that was not there, her wonted rest.
She was a mother straight, and bore with pain
Thoughts that spake straight, and wished their mother slain;
She hates their lives, and they their own and hers:
Such strife still grows where sin the race prefers:
Love is a golden bubble, full of dreams,
That waking breaks, and fills us with extremes.
She mused how she could look upon her sire,
And not show that without, that was intire;
For as a glass is an inanimate eye,
And outward forms embraceth inwardly,
So is the eye an animate glass, that shows
In-forms without us; and as Phœbus throws
His beams abroad, though he in clouds be closed,
Still glancing by them till he find opposed
A loose and rorid vapour that is fit
T' event his searching beams, and useth it
To form a tender twenty-coloured eye,
Cast in a circle round about the sky;
So when our fiery soul, our body's star,
(That ever is in motion circular,)
Conceives a form, in seeking to display it
Through all our cloudy parts, it doth convey it
Forth at the eye, as the most pregnant place,
And that reflects it round about the face.
And this event, uncourtly Hero thought,
Her inward guilt would in her looks have wrought;
For yet the world's stale cunning she resisted,
To bear foul thoughts, yet forge what looks she listed,
And held it for a very silly sleight,
To make a perfect metal counterfeit,
Glad to disclaim herself, proud of an art
That makes the face a pander to the heart.
Those be the painted moons, whose lights profane
Beauty's true heaven, at full still in their wane;
Those be the lapwing faces that still cry,
"Here 'tis!" when that they vow is nothing nigh:
Base fools! when every moorish fool can teach
That which men think the height of human reach,
But custom, that the apoplexy is
Of bed-rid nature and lives led amiss,
And takes away all feeling of offence,
Yet brazed not Hero's brow with impudence;
And this she thought most hard to bring to pass,
To seem in countenance other than she was,
As if she had two souls, one for the face,
One for the heart, and that they shifted place
As either list to utter or conceal
What they conceived, or as one soul did deal
With both affairs at once, keeps and ejects
Both at an instant contrary effects;
Retention and ejection in her powers
Being acts alike; for this one vice of ours,
That forms the thought, and sways the countenance,

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Rules both our motion and our utterance.
These and more grave conceits toiled Hero's spirits;
For, though the light of her discoursive wits
Perhaps might find some little hole to pass
Through all these worldly cinctures, yet, alas!
There was a heavenly flame encompassed her,—
Her goddess, in whose fane she did prefer
Her virgin vows, from whose impulsive sight
She knew the black shield of the darkest night
Could not defend her, nor wit's subtlest art:
This was the point pierced Hero to the heart;
Who, heavy to the death, with a deep sigh,
And hand that languished, took a robe was nigh,
Exceeding large, and of black cypres made,
In which she sate, hid from the day in shade,
Even over head and face, down to her feet;
Her left hand made it at her bosom meet,
Her right hand leaned on her heart-bowing knee,
Wrapped in unshapeful folds, 'twas death to see;
Her knee stayed that, and that her falling face,
Each limb helped other to put on disgrace:
No form was seen, where form held all her sight;
But, like an embryon that saw never light,
Or like a scorchèd statue made a coal
With three-winged lightning, or a wretched soul
Muffled with endless darkness, she did sit:
The night had never such a heavy spirit.
Yet might a penetrating eye well see
How fast her clear tears melted on her knee
Through her black veil, and turned as black as it,
Mourning to be her tears. Then wrought her wit
With her broke vow, her goddess' wrath, her fame,—
All tools that enginous despair could frame:
Which made her strow the floor with her torn hair,
And spread her mantle piecemeal in the air.
Like Jove's son's club, strong passion strook her down,
And with a piteous shriek enforced her swoun:
Her shriek made with another shriek ascend
The frighted matron that on her did tend;
And as with her own cry her sense was slain,
So with the other it was called again.
She rose, and to her bed made forcèd way,
And laid her down even where Leander lay;
And all this while the red sea of her blood
Ebbed with Leander: but now turned the flood,
And all her fleet of spirits came swelling in,
With child of sail, and did hot fight begin
With those severe conceits she too much marked:
And here Leander's beauties were embarked.
He came in swimming, painted all with joys,
Such as might sweeten hell; his thought destroys
All her destroying thoughts! she thought she felt
His heart in hers, with her contentions melt,
And chide her soul that it could so much err,
To check the true joys he deserved in her.
Her fresh-heat blood cast figures in her eyes,
And she supposed she saw in Neptune's skies,
How her star wandered, washed in smarting brine,
For her love's sake, that with immortal wine
Should be embathed, and swim in more hearts-ease
Than there was water in the Sestian seas.
Then said her Cupid-prompted spirit:
"Shall I
Sing moans to such delightsome harmony?
Shall slick-tongued Fame, patched up with voices rude,
The drunken bastard of the multitude,
(Begot when father Judgment is away,
And, gossip-like, says because others say,
Takes news as if it were too hot to eat,
And spits it slavering forth for dog-fees meat,)
Make me, for forging a fantastic vow,
Presume to bear what makes grave matrons bow?
Good vows are never broken with good deeds,

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For then good deeds were bad: vows are but seeds,
And good deeds fruits; even those good deeds that grow
From other stocks than from th' observèd vow.
That is a good deed that prevents a bad:
Had I not yielded, slain myself I had.
Hero Leander is, Leander Hero;
Such virtue love hath to make one of two.
If, then, Leander did my maidenhead
Leander being myself, I still retain it:
We break chaste vows when we live loosely ever,
But bound as we are, we live loosely never:
Two constant lovers being joined in one,
Yielding to one another, yield to none.
We know not how to vow, till love unblind us,
And vows made ignorantly never bind us.
Too true it is, that, when 'tis gone, men hate
The joy as vain they took in love's estate:
But that's since they have lost the heavenly light
Should show them way to judge of all things right.
When life is gone, death must implant his terror:
As death is foe to life, so love to error.
Before we love, how range we through this sphere,
Searching the sundry fancies hunted here!
Now with desire of wealth transported quite
Beyond our free humanity's delight;
Now with Ambition climbing falling towers,
Whose hope to scale, our fear to fall devours;
Now wrapt with pastimes, pomp, all joys impure:
In things without us no delight is sure.
But love, with all joys crowned, within doth sit:
Oh, goddess, pity love, and pardon it!"
Thus spake she weeping: but her goddess' ear
Burned with too stern a heat, and would not hear.
Ah me! hath heaven's straight fingers no more graces
For such as Hero than for homeliest faces?
Yet she hoped well, and in her sweet conceit
Weighing her arguments, she thought them weight,
And that the logic of Leander's beauty,
And them together, would bring proofs of duty;
And if her soul, that was a skilful glance
Of heaven's great essence, found such imperance
In her love's beauties, she had confidence
Jove loved him too, and pardoned her offence:
Beauty in heaven and earth this grace doth win,
It supples rigour, and it lessens sin.
Thus, her sharp wit, her love, her secrecy,
Trooping together, made her wonder why
She should not leave her bed, and to the temple;
Her health said she must live; her sex, dissemble.
She viewed Leander's place, and wished he were
Turned to his place, so his place were Leander.
"Ah me," said she, "that love's sweet life and sense
Should do it harm! my love had not gone hence,
Had he been like his place: oh, blessèd place,
Image of constancy! Thus my love's grace
Parts no where, but it leaves something behind
Worth observation: he renowns his kind:
His motion is, like heaven's, orbicular,
For where he once is, he is ever there.
This place was mine; Leander, now 'tis thine;
Thou being myself, then it is double mine,
Mine, and Leander's mine, Leander's mine.
Oh, see what wealth it yields me, nay, yields him!
For I am in it, he for me doth swim,
Rich, fruitful love, that, doubling self estates,
Elixir-like contracts, though separates!
Dear place, I kiss thee, and do welcome thee,
As from Leander ever sent to me."

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THE FOURTH SESTIAD.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH SESTIAD.

Hero, in sacred habit deckt,
Doth private sacrifice effect.
Her scarf's description, wrought by Fate;
Ostents that threaten her estate;
The strange, yet physical, events,
Leander's counterfeit presents,
In thunder Cyprides descends,
Presaging both the lovers' ends;
Ecte, the goddess of remorse,
With vocal and articulate force
Inspires Leucote, Venus' swan,
T' excuse the beauteous Sestian.
Venus, to wreak her rites' abuses,
Creates the monster Eronusis,
Inflaming Hero's sacrifice
With lightning darted from her eyes;
And thereof springs the painted beast,
That ever since taints every breast.

Now from Leander's place she rose, and found
Her hair and rent robe scattered on the ground;
Which taking up, she every piece did lay
Upon an altar, where in youth of day
She used t' exhibit private sacrifice:
Those would she offer to the deities
Of her fair goddess and her powerful son,
As relics of her late-felt passion;
And in that holy sort she vowed to end them,
In hope her violent fancies, that did rend them,
Would as quite fade in her love's holy fire,
As they should in the flames she meant t' inspire.
Then put she on all her religious weeds,
That decked her in her secret sacred deeds;
A crown of icicles, that sun nor fire
Could ever melt, and figured chaste desire;
A golden star shined on her naked breast,
In honour of the queen-light of the east.
In her right hand she held a silver wand,
On whose bright top Peristera did stand,
Who was a nymph, but now transformed a dove,
And in her life was dear in Venus' love;
And for her sake she ever since that time
Choosed doves to draw her coach through heaven's blue clime.
Her plenteous hair in curled billows swims
On her bright shoulder: her harmonious limbs
Sustained no more but a most subtile veil,
That hung on them, as it durst not assail
Their different concord. For the weakest air
Could raise it swelling from her beauties fair;
Nor did it cover, but adumbrate only
Her most heart-piercing parts, that a blest eye
Might see, as it did shadow, fearfully,
All that all-love-deserving paradise:
It was as blue as the most freezing skies;
Near the sea's hue, for thence her goddess came:
On it a scarf she wore of wondrous frame;
In midst whereof she wrought a virgin's face,
From whose each cheek a fiery blush did chase
Two crimson flames, that did two ways extend,
Spreading the ample scarf to either end;
Which figured the division of her mind,
Whiles yet she rested bashfully inclined,
And stood not resolute to wed Leander;
This served her white neck for a purple sphere,
And cast itself at full breadth down her back:
There, since the first breath that begun the wrack
Of her free quiet from Leander's lips,
She wrought a sea, in one flame, full of ships;
But that one ship where all her wealth did pass,

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Like simple merchants' goods, Leander was;
For in that sea she naked figured him;
Her diving needle taught him how to swim,
And to each thread did such resemblance give,
For joy to be so like him it did live:
Things senseless live by art, and rational die
By rude contempt of art and industry.
Scarce could she work, but, in her strength of thought;
She feared she pricked Leander as she wrought,
And oft would shriek so, that her guardian, frighted,
Would staring haste, as with some mischief cited:
They double life that dead things' grief sustain;
They kill that feel not their friends' living pain.
Sometimes she feared he sought her infamy;
And then, as she was working of his eye,
She thought to prick it out to quench her ill;
But, as she pricked, it grew more perfect still:
Trifling attempts no serious acts advance;
The fire of love is blown by dalliance.
In working his fair neck she did so grace it,
She still was working her own arms t' embrace it:
That, and his shoulders, and his hands were seen
Above the stream; and with a pure sea-green
She did so quaintly shadow every limb,
All might be seen beneath the waves to swim.
In this conceited scarf she wrought beside
A moon in change, and shooting stars did glide
In number after her with bloody beams;
Which figured her affects in their extremes,
Pursuing nature in her Cynthian body,
And did her thoughts running on change imply;
For maids take more delight, when they prepare,
And think of wives' states, than when wives they are.
Beneath all these she wrought a fisherman,
Drawing his nets from forth that ocean;
Who drew so hard, ye might discover well,
The toughened sinews in his neck did swell:
His inward strains drave out his bloodshot eyes,
And springs of sweat did in his forehead rise;
Yet was of nought but of a serpent sped,
That in his bosom flew and stung him dead:
And this by fate into her mind was sent,
Not wrought by mere instinct of her intent.
At the scarf's other end her hand did frame,
Near the forked point of the divided flame,
A country virgin keeping of a vine,
Who did of hollow bulrushes combine
Snares for the stubble-loving grasshopper,
And by her lay her scrip that nourished her.
Within a myrtle shade she sate and sung;
And tufts of waving reeds about her sprung,
Where lurked two foxes, that, while she applied
Her trifling snares, their thieveries did divide,
One to the vine, another to her scrip,
That she did negligently overslip;
By which her fruitful vine and wholesome fare
She suffered spoiled, to make a childish snare.
These ominous fancies did her soul express,
And every finger made a prophetess,
To show what death was hid in love's disguise,
And make her judgment conquer Destinies.
Oh, what sweet forms fair ladies' souls do shroud,
Were they made seen and forcèd through their blood;
If through their beauties, like rich work through lawn,
They would set forth their minds with virtues drawn,
In letting graces from their fingers fly,
To still their eyas thoughts with industry;
That their plied wits in numbered silks might sing
Passion's huge conquest, and their needles leading
Affection prisoner through their own-built cities,
Pinioned with stories and Arachnean ditties.
Proceed we now with Hero's sacrifice:
She odours burned, and from their smoke did rise
Unsavoury fumes, that air with plagues inspired;
And then the consecrated sticks she fired,
On whose pale flame an angry spirit flew,
And beat it down still as it upward grew;
The virgin tapers that on th' altar stood,
When she inflamed them, burned as red as blood;
All sad ostents of that too near success,
That made such moving beauties motionless.

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Then Hero wept; but her affrighted eyes
She quickly wrested from the sacrifice,
Shut them, and inwards for Leander looked,
Searched her soft bosom, and from thence she plucked
His lovely picture: which when she had viewed,
Her beauties were with all love's joys renewed;
The odours sweetened, and the fires burned clear,
Leander's form left no ill object there:
Such was his beauty, that the force of light,
Whose knowledge teacheth wonders infinite,
The strength of number and proportion,
Nature had placed in it to make it known,
Art was her daughter, and what human wits
For study lost, entombed in drossy spirits.
After this accident, (which for her glory
Hero could not but make a history,)
Th' inhabitants of Sestos and Abydos
Did every year, with feasts propitious,
To fair Leander's picture sacrifice:
And they were persons of especial price
That were allowed it, as an ornament
T' enrich their houses, for the continent
Of the strange virtues all approved it held;
For even the very look of it repelled
All blastings, witchcrafts, and the strifes of nature
In those diseases that no herbs could cure:
The wolfy sting of Avarice it would pull,
And make the rankest miser bountiful;
It killed the fear of thunder and of death;
The discords that conceit engendereth
'Twixt man and wife, it for the time would cease;
The flames of love it quenched, and would increase;
Held in a prince's hand, it would put out
The dreadful'st comet; it would ease all doubt
Of threatened mischiefs; it would bring asleep
Such as were mad; it would enforce to weep
Most barbarous eyes; and many more effects
This picture wrought, and sprung Leandrian sects;
Of which was Hero first; for he whose form,
Held in her hand, cleared such a fatal storm,
From hell she thought his person would defend her,
Which night and Hellespont would quickly send her.
With this confirmed, she vowed to banish quite
All thought of any check to her delight;
And, in contempt of silly bashfulness,
She would the faith of her desires profess,
Where her religion should be policy,
To follow love with zeal her piety;
Her chamber her cathedral church should be,
And her Leander her chief deity;
For in her love these did the gods forego;
And though her knowledge did not teach her so,
Yet did it teach her this, that what her heart
Did greatest hold in her self-greatest part,
That she did make her god; and 'twas less naught
To leave gods in profession and in thought,
Than in her love and life; for therein lies
Most of her duties and their dignities;
And, rail the brain-bald world at what it will,
That's the grand atheism that reigns in it still.
Yet singularity she would use no more,
For she was singular too much before;
But she would please the world with fair pretext;
Love would not leave her conscience perplext:
Great men that will have less do for them, still
Must bear them out, though th' acts be ne'er so ill;
Meanness must pander be to Excellence;
Pleasure atones Falsehood and Conscience:
Dissembling was the worst, thought Hero then,
And that was best, now she must live with men.
O, virtuous love, that taught her to do best
When she did worst, and when she thought it least!
Thus would she still proceed in works divine,
And in her sacred state of priesthood shine,
Handling the holy rites with hands as bold,
As if therein she did Jove's thunder hold,
And need not fear those menaces of error,
Which she at others threw with greatest terror.
Oh, lovely Hero, nothing is thy sin,
Weighed with those foul faults other priests are in!
That having neither faiths, nor works, nor beauties,
T' engender an excuse for slubbered duties,
With as much countenance fill their holy chairs,
And sweat denouncements 'gainst profane affairs,
As if their lives were cut out by their places,
And they the only fathers of the graces.

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Now, as with settled mind she did repair
Her thoughts to sacrifice her ravished hair
And her torn robe, which on the altar lay,
And only for religion's fire did stay,
She heard a thunder by the Cyclops beaten,
In such a volley as the world did threaten,
Given Venus as she parted th' airy sphere,
Descending now to chide with Hero here:
When suddenly the goddess' waggoners,
The swans and turtles that, in coupled pheres,
Through all worlds' bosoms draw her influence,
Lighted in Hero's window, and from thence
To her fair shoulders flew the gentle doves,—
Graceful Ædone that sweet pleasure loves,
And ruff-foot Chreste with the tufted crown;
Both which did kiss her, though their goddess frown.
The swans did in the solid flood, her glass,
Proin their fair plumes; of which the fairest was
Jove-loved Leucote, that pure brightness is;
The other bounty-loving Dapsilis.
All were in heaven, now they with Hero were:
But Venus' looks brought wrath, and urged fear.
Her robe was scarlet; black her head's attire;
And through her naked breast shined streams of fire,
As when the rarefied air is driven
In flashing streams, and opes the darkened heaven.
In her white hand a wreath of yew she bore;
And, breaking th' icy wreath sweet Hero wore,
She forced about her brows her wreath of yew,
And said, "Now, minion, to thy fate be true,
Though not to me; endure what this portends!
Begin where lightness will, in shame it ends.
Love makes thee cunning; thou are current now,
By being counterfeit: thy broken vow
Deceit with her pied garters must rejoin,
And with her stamp thou countenances must coin;
Coyness, and pure deceits, for purities,
And still a maid wilt seem in cozened eyes,
And have an antic face to laugh within,
While thy smooth looks make men digest thy sin.
But since thy lips (least thought forsworn) forswore,
Be never virgin's vow worth trusting more!"
When Beauty's dearest did her goddess hear
Breathe such rebukes 'gainst that she could not clear,
Dumb sorrow spake aloud in tears and blood,
That from her grief-burst veins, in piteous flood,
From the sweet conduits of her favour fell.
The gentle turtles did with moans make swell
Their shining gorges; the white black-eyed swans
Did sing as woful epicedians,
As they would straightways die: when Pity's queen,
The goddess Ecte, that had ever been
Hid in a watery cloud near Hero's cries,
Since the first instant of her broken eyes,
Gave bright Leucote voice, and made her speak,
To ease her anguish, whose swoln breast did break
With anger at her goddess, that did touch
Hero so near for that she used so much;
And, thrusting her white neck at Venus, said:
"Why may not amorous Hero seem a maid,
Though she be none, as well as you suppress
In modest cheeks your inward wantonness?
How often have we drawn you from above,
T' exchange with mortals rites for rites in love!
Why in your priest, then, call you that offence,
That shines in you, and is your influence?"
With this, the Furies stopped Leucote's lips,
Enjoined by Venus; who with rosy whips
Beat the kind bird. Fierce lightning from her eyes
Did set on fire fair Hero's sacrifice,
Which was her torn robe and enforced hair;
And the bright flame became a maid most fair
For her aspect: her tresses were of wire,
Knit like a net, where hearts, set all on fire,
Struggled in pants, and could not get release;
Her arms were all with golden pincers drest,
And twenty-fashioned knots, pulleys, and brakes,
And all her body girt with painted snakes;
Her down parts in a scorpion's tail combined,
Freckled with twenty colours; pied wings shined

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Out of her shoulders; cloth had never dye,
Nor sweeter colours never viewèd eye,
In scorching Turkey, Cares, Tartary,
Than shined about this spirit notorious;
Nor was Arachne's web so glorious.
Of lightning and of shreds she was begot;
More hold in base dissemblers is there not.
Her name was Eronusis. Venus flew
From Hero's sight, and at her chariot drew
This wondrous creature to so steep a height,
That all the world she might command with sleight
Of her gay wings; and then she bade her haste,—
Since Hero had dissembled and disgraced
Her rites so much,—and every breast infect
With her deceits: she made her architect
Of all dissimulation; and since then
Never was any trust in maids or men.
Oh, it spited
Fair Venus' heart to see her most delighted,
And one she choosed, for temper of her mind,
To be the only ruler of her kind,
So soon to let her virgin race be ended!
Not simply for the fault a whit offended,
But that in strife for chasteness with the Moon,
Spiteful Diana bade her show but one
That was her servant vowed, and lived a maid;
And, now she thought to answer that upbraid,
Hero had lost her answer: who knows not
Venus would seem as far from any spot
Of light demeanour, as the very skin
'Twixt Cynthia's brows? sin is ashamed of sin.
Up Venus flew, and scarce durst up for fear
Of Phœbe's laughter, when she passed her sphere:
And so most ugly-clouded was the light,
That day was hid in day; night came ere night;
And Venus could not through the thick air pierce,
Till the day's king, god of undaunted verse,
Because she was so plentiful a theme
To such as wore his laurel anademe,
Like to a fiery bullet made descent,
And from her passage those fat vapours rent,
That, being not thoroughly rarefied to rain,
Melted like pitch, as blue as any vein;
And scalding tempests made the earth to shrink
Under their fervour, and the world did think
In every drop a torturing spirit flew,
It pierced so deeply, and it burned so blue.
Betwixt all this and Hero, Hero held
Leander's picture, as a Persian shield;
And she was free from fear of worst success:
The more ill threats us, we suspect the less:
As we grow hapless, violence subtle grows,
Dumb, deaf, and blind, and comes when no man knows.

THE FIFTH SESTIAD.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH SESTIAD.

Day doubles her accustomed date,
As loth the Night, incensed by Fate,
Should wreck our lovers. Hero's plight;
Longs for Leander and the night:
Which ere her thirsty wish recovers,
She sends for two betrothèd lovers,
And marries them, that, with their crew,
Their sports, and ceremonies due,
She covertly might celebrate,
With secret joy her own estate.
She makes a feast, at which appears
The wild nymph Teras, that still bears
An ivory lute, tells ominous tales,
And sings at solemn festivals.

Now was bright Hero weary of the day,
Thought an Olympiad in Leander's stay.
Sol and the soft-foot Hours hung on his arms,
And would not let him swim, foreseeing his harms:
That day Aurora double grace obtained
Of her love Phœbus; she his horses reined

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Set on his golden knee, and, as she list,
She pulled him back; and, as she pulled, she kissed,
To have him turn to bed: he loved her more,
To see the love Leander Hero bore:
Examples profit much; ten times in one,
In persons full of note, good deeds are done.
Day was so long, men walking fell asleep;
The heavy humours that their eyes did steep
Made them fear mischiefs. The hard streets were beds
For covetous churls and for ambitious heads,
That, spite of Nature, would their business ply:
All thought they had the falling epilepsy,
Men grovelled so upon the smothered ground;
And pity did the heart of Heaven confound.
The gods, the Graces, and the Muses came
Down to the Destinies, to stay the frame
Of the true lovers' deaths, and all world's tears:
But Death before had stopped their cruel ears.
All the celestials parted mourning then,
Pierced with our human miseries more than men:
Ah, nothing doth the world with mischief fill,
But want of feeling one another's ill!
With their descent the day grew something fair,
And cast a brighter robe upon the air.
Hero, to shorten time with merriment,
For young Alcmane and bright Mya sent,
Two lovers that had long craved marriage-dues
At Hero's hands: but she did still refuse;
For lovely Mya was her consort vowed
In her maid state, and therefore not allowed
To amorous nuptials: yet fair Hero now
Intended to dispense with her cold vow,
Since hers was broken, and to marry her:
The rites would pleasing matter minister
To her conceits, and shorten tedious day.
They came; sweet Music ushered th'odorous way,
And wanton Air in twenty sweet forms danced
After her fingers; Beauty and Love advanced
Their ensigns in the downless rosy faces
Of youths and maids, led after by the Graces.
For all these Hero made a friendly feast,
Welcomed them kindly, did much love protest,
Winning their hearts with all the means she might,
That, when her fault should chance t'abide the light,
Their loves might cover or extenuate it,
And high in her worst fate make pity sit.
She married them; and in the banquet came,
Borne by the virgins. Hero strived to frame
Her thoughts to mirth: ah me! but hard it is
To imitate a false and forcèd bliss;
Ill may a sad mind forge a merry face,
Nor hath constrainèd laughter any grace.
Then laid she wine on cares to make them sink:
Who fears the threats of Fortune, let him drink.
To these quick nuptials entered suddenly
Admirèd Teras with the ebon thigh;
A nymph that haunted the green Sestian groves,
And would consort soft virgins in their loves,
At gaysome triumphs and on solemn days,
Singing prophetic elegies and lays,
And fingering of a silver lute she tied
With black and purple scarfs by her left side.
Apollo gave it, and her skill withal,
And she was termed his dwarf, she was so small:
Yet great in virtue, for his beams enclosed
His virtues in her; never was proposed
Riddle to her, or augury, strange or new,
But she resolved it; never slight tale flew
From her charmed lips, without important sense,
Shown in some grave succeeding consequence.
This little sylvan, with her songs and tales
Gave such estate to feasts and nuptials,
That though ofttimes she forwent tragedies,
Yet for her strangeness still she pleased their eyes;
And for her smallness they admired her so,
They thought her perfect born, and could not grow.
All eyes were on her. Hero did command
An altar decked with sacred state should stand
At the feast's upper end, close by the bride,
On which the pretty nymph might sit espied.
Then all were silent; every one so hears,
As all their senses climbed into their ears;
And first this amorous tale, that fitted well
Fair Hero and the nuptials, she did tell.

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The Tale of Teras.

Hymen, that now is god of nuptial rites,
And crowns with honour Love and his delights,
Of Athens was, a youth so sweet of face,
That many thought him of the female race;
Such quickening brightness did his clear eyes dart,
Warm went their beams to his beholder's heart;
In such pure leagues his beauties were combined,
That there your nuptial contracts first were signed;
For as proportion, white and crimson, meet
In beauty's mixture, all right clear and sweet,
The eye responsible, the golden hair,
And none is held, without the other, fair;
All spring together, all together fade;
Such intermixed affections should invade
Two perfect lovers; which being yet unseen,
Their virtues and their comforts copied been
In beauty's concord, subject to the eye;
And that, in Hymen, pleased so matchlessly,
That lovers were esteemed in their full grace,
Like form and colour mixed in Hymen's face;
And such sweet concord was thought worthy then
Of torches, music, feasts, and greatest men:
So Hymen looked, that even the chastest mind
He moved to join in joys of sacred kind;
For only now his chin's first down consorted
His head's rich fleece, in golden curls contorted;
And as he was so loved, he loved so too:
So should best beauties, bound by nuptials, do.
Bright Eucharis, who was by all men said
The noblest, fairest, and the richest maid
Of all th' Athenian damsels, Hymen loved
With such transmission, that his heart removed
From his white breast to hers: but her estate,
In passing his, was so interminate
For wealth and honour, that his love durst feed
On nought but sight and hearing, nor could breed
Hope of requital, the grand prize of love;
Nor could he hear or see, but he must prove
How his rare beauty's music would agree
With maids in consort; therefore robbèd he
His chin of those same few first fruits it bore,
And, clad in such attire as virgins wore,
He kept them company; and might right well,
For he did all but Eucharis excel
In all the fair of beauty: yet he wanted
Virtue to make his own desires implanted
In his dear Eucharis; for women never
Love beauty in their sex, but envy ever.
His judgment yet, that durst not suit address,
Nor, past due means, presume of due success,
Reason gat Fortune in the end to speed
To his best prayers: but strange it seemed, indeed,
That Fortune should a chaste affection bless:
Preferment seldom graceth bashfulness.
Nor graced it Hymen yet; but many a dart,
And many an amorous thought, enthrilled his heart,
Ere he obtained her; and he sick became,
Forced to abstain her sight; and then the flame
Raged in his bosom. Oh, what grief did fill him!
Sight made him sick, and want of sight did kill him.
The virgins wondered where Diætia stayed,
For so did Hymen term himself, a maid.
At length with sickly looks he greeted them:
'Tis strange to see 'gainst what an extreme stream
A lover strives; poor Hymen looked so ill,
That as in merit he increasèd still
By suffering much, so he in grace decreased:
Women are most won, when men merit least:
If Merit look not well, Love bids stand by;
Love's special lesson is to please the eye.
And Hymen soon recovering all he lost,
Deceiving still these maids, but himself most,
His love and he with many virgin dames,
Noble by birth, noble by beauty's flames,
Leaving the town with songs and hallowed lights,
To do great Ceres Eleusina rites
Of zealous sacrifice, were made a prey
To barbarous rovers, that in ambush lay,
And with rude hands enforced their shining spoil,
Far from the darkened city, tired with toil:
And when the yellow issue of the sky
Came trooping forth, jealous of cruelty

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To their bright fellows of this under-heaven,
Into a double night they saw them driven,—
A horrid cave, the thieves' black mansion;
Where, weary of the journey they had gone,
Their last night's watch, and drunk with their sweet gains,
Dull Morpheus entered, laden with silken chains,
Stronger than iron, and bound the swelling veins
And tirèd senses of these lawless swains.
But when the virgin lights thus dimly burned,
Oh, what a hell was heaven in! how they mourned,
And wrung their hands, and wound their gentle forms
Into the shapes of sorrow! golden storms
Fell from their eyes; as when the sun appears,
And yet it rains, so showed their eyes their tears:
And, as when funeral dames watch a dead corse,
Weeping about it, telling with remorse
What pains he felt, how long in pain he lay,
How little food he ate, what he would say;
And then mix mournful tales of others' deaths,
Smothering themselves in clouds of their own breaths;
At length, one cheering other, call for wine;
The golden bowl drinks tears out of their eyne,
As they drink wine from it; and round it goes,
Each helping other to relieve their woes;
So cast these virgins' beauties mutual rays,
One lights another, face the face displays;
Lips by reflection kissed, and hands hands shook,
Even by the whiteness each of other took.
But Hymen now used friendly Morpheus' aid,
Slew every thief, and rescued every maid:
And now did his enamoured passion take
Heart from his hearty deed, whose worth did make
His hope of bounteous Eucharis more strong;
And now came Love with Proteus, who had long
Juggled the little god with prayers and gifts,
Ran through all shapes, and varied all his shifts,
To win Love's stay with him, and make him love him;
And when he saw no strength of sleight could move him
To make him love or stay, he nimbly turned
Into Love's self, he so extremely burned.
And thus came Love, with Proteus and his power,
T' encounter Eucharis: first, like the flower
That Juno's milk did spring, the silver lily,
He fell on Hymen's hand, who straight did spy
The bounteous godhead, and with wondrous joy
Offered it Eucharis. She, wondrous coy,
Drew back her hand: the subtle flower did woo it,
And, drawing it near, mixed so you could not know it:
As two clear tapers mix in one their light,
So did the lily and the hand their white.
She viewed it; and her view the form bestows
Amongst her spirits; for, as colour flows
From superficies of each thing we see,
Even so with colours forms emitted be;
And where Love's form is, Love is; Love is form:
He entered at the eye; his sacred storm
Rose from the hand, Love's sweetest instrument:
It stirred her blood's sea so, that high it went,
And beat in bashful waves 'gainst the white shore
Of her divided cheeks; it raged the more,
Because the tide went 'gainst the haughty wind
Of her estate and birth: and, as we find,
In fainting ebbs, the flowery Zephyr hurls
The green-haired Hellespont, broke in silver curls,
'Gainst Hero's tower; but in his blast's retreat,
The waves obeying him, they after beat,
Leaving the chalky shore a great way pale,
Then moist it freshly with another gale;
So ebbed and flowed in Eucharis's face,
Coyness and Love strived which had greatest grace;
Virginity did fight on Coyness' side,
Fear of her parents' frowns, and female pride
Loathing the lower place, more than it loves
The high contents desert and virtue moves.
With Love fought Hymen's beauty and his valour,
Which scarce could so much favour yet allure
To come to strike, but, fameless, idle stood:
Action is fiery valour's sovereign good.
But Love once entered, wished no greater aid

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Than he could find within; thought thought betrayed;
The bribed, but incorrupted, garrison
Sung "Io Hymen;" there those songs begun,
And Love was grown so rich with such a gain,
And wanton with the ease of his free reign,
That he would turn into her roughest frowns
To turn them out; and thus he Hymen crowns
King of his thoughts, man's greatest empery:
This was his first brave step to deity.
Home to the mourning city they repair,
With news as wholesome as the morning air,
To the sad parents of each savèd maid:
But Hymen and his Eucharis had laid
This plot, to make the flame of their delight
Round as the moon at full, and full as bright.
Because the parents of chaste Eucharis
Exceeding Hymen's so, might cross their bliss;
And as the world rewards deserts, that law
Cannot assist with force; so when they saw
Their daughter safe, take 'vantage of their own.
Praise Hymen's valour much, nothing bestown;
Hymen must leave the virgins in a grove
Far off from Athens, and go first to prove,
If to restore them all with fame and life,
He should enjoy his dearest as his wife.
This told to all the maids, the most agree:
The riper sort, knowing what 'tis to be
The first mouth of a news so far derived,
And that to hear and bear news brave folks lived,
As being a carriage special hard to bear
Occurrents, these occurrents being so dear,
They did with grace protest, they were content
T' accost their friends with all their compliment,
For Hymen's good; but to incur their harm,
There he must pardon them. This wit went warm
To Adolesche's brain, a nymph born high,
Made all of voice and fire, that upwards fly:
Her heart and all her forces' nether train
Climbed to her tongue, and thither fell her brain,
Since it could go no higher; and it must go;
All powers she had, even her tongue did so:
In spirit and quickness she much joy did take,
And loved her tongue, only for quickness' sake;
And she would haste and tell. The rest all stay:
Hymen goes one, the nymph another way;
And what became of her I'll tell at last:
Yet take her visage now;—moist-lipped, long-faced,
Thin like an iron wedge, so sharp and tart,
As 'twere of purpose made to cleave Love's heart:
Well were this lovely beauty rid of her.
And Hymen did at Athens now prefer
His welcome suit, which he with joy aspired:
A hundred princely youths with him retired
To fetch the nymphs; chariots and musie went:
And home they came: heaven with applauses rent.
The nuptials straight proceed, whiles all the town,
Fresh in their joys, might do them most renown.
First, gold-locked Hymen did to church repair,
Like a quick offering burned in flames of hair;
And after, with a virgin firmament
The godhead-proving bride attended went
Before them all: she looked in her command,
As if form-giving Cypria's silver hand
Gripped all their beauties, and crushed out one flame;
She blushed to see how beauty overcame
The thoughts of all men. Next, before her went
Five lovely children, decked with ornament
Of her sweet colours, bearing torches by;
For light was held a happy augury
Of generation, whose efficient right
Is nothing else but to produce to light.
The odd disparent number they did choose,
To show the union married loves should use,
Since in two equal parts it will not sever,
But the midst holds one to rejoin it ever,
As common to both parts: men therefore deem,
That equal number gods do not esteem,
Being authors of sweet peace and unity,
But pleasing to th' infernal empery,
Under whose ensigns Wars and Discords fight,
Since an even number you may disunite
In two parts equal, nought in middle left
To reunite each part from other reft;
And five they hold in most especial prize,
Since 'tis the first odd number that doth rise
From the two foremost numbers' unity,
That odd and even are; which are two and three;
For one no number is; but thence doth flow
The powerful race of number. Next, did go
A noble matron, that did spinning bear

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A huswife's rock and spindle, and did wear
A wether's skin, with all the snowy fleece,
To intimate that even the daintest piece
And noblest-born dame should industrious be:
That which does good disgraceth no degree.
And now to Juno's temple they are come,
Where her grave priest stood in the marriage-room:
On his right arm did hang a scarlet veil,
And from his shoulders to the ground did trail,
On either side, ribands of white and blue:
With the red veil he hid the bashful hue
Of the chaste bride, to show the modest shame,
In coupling with a man, should grace a dame.
Then took he the disparent silks, and tied
The lovers by the waists, and side to side,
In token that thereafter they must bind
In one self-sacred knot each other's mind.
Before them on an altar he presented
Both fire and water, which was first invented,
Since to ingenerate every human creature
And every other birth produced by Nature,
Moisture and heat must mix: so man and wife
For human race must join in nuptial life.
Then one of Juno's birds, the painted jay,
He sacrificed, and took the gall away;
All which he did behind the altar throw,
In sign no bitterness of hate should grow,
'Twixt married loves, nor any least disdain.
Nothing they spake, for 'twas esteemed too plain
For the most silken mildness of a maid,
To let a public audience hear it said,
She boldly took the man; and so respected
Was bashfulness in Athens, it erected
To chaste Agneia, which is Shamefacedness,
A sacred temple, holding her a goddess.
And now to feasts, masques, and triumphant shows,
The shining troops returned, even till earth-throes
Brought forth with joy the thickest part of night
When the sweet nuptial song, that used to cite
All to their rest, was by Phemonöe sung,
First Delphian prophetess, whose graces sprung
Out of the Muses' well: she sung before
The bride into her chamber; at which door
A matron and a torch-bearer did stand:
A painted box of comfits in her hand
The matron held, and so did other some
That compassed round the honoured nuptial room.
The custom was, that every maid did wear,
During her maidenhood, a silken sphere
About her waist, above her inmost weed,
Knit with Minerva's knot, and that was freed
By the fair bridegroom on the marriage-night,
With many ceremonies of delight:
And yet eternised Hymen's tender bride,
To suffer it dissolved so, sweetly cried.
The maids that heard, so loved and did adore her,
They wished with all their hearts to suffer for her.
So had the matrons, that with comfits stood
About the chamber, such affectionate blood,
And so true feeling of her harmless pains,
That every one a shower of comfits rains;
For which the bride-youths scrambling on the ground,
In noise of that sweet hail her cries were drowned.
And thus blest Hymen joyed his gracious bride,
And for his joy was after deified.
The saffron mirror by which Phœbus' love,
Green Tellus, decks her, now he held above
The cloudy mountains: and the noble maid,
Sharp-visaged Adolesche, that was strayed
Out of her way, in hasting with her news,
Not till this hour th' Athenian turrets views;
And now brought home by guides, she heard by all,
That her long kept occurrents would be stale,
And now fair Hymen's honours did excel
For those rare news, which she came short to tell.
To hear her dear tongue robbed of such a joy,
Made the well-spoken nymph take such a toy,
That down she sunk: when lightning from above
Shrunk her lean body, and, for mere free love,
Turned her into the pied-plumed Psittacus,
That now the Parrot is surnamed by us,
Who still with counterfeit confusion prates
Nought but news common to the commonest mates.—
This told, strange Teras touched her lute, and sung
This ditty, that the torchy evening sprung.

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Epithalamion Teratos.

Come, come, dear Night! Love's mart of kisses,
Sweet close of his ambitious line,
The fruitful summer of his blisses!
Love's glory doth in darkness shine.

Oh, come, soft rest of cares! come, Night!
Come, naked Virtue's only tire,
The reapêd harvest of the light,
Bound up in sheaves of sacred fire!
Love calls to war;
Sighs his alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

Come, Night, and lay thy velvet hand
On glorious Day's outfacing face;
And all thy crownèd flames command,
For torches to our nuptial grace!
Love calls to war;
Sighs his alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

No need have we of factious Day,
To cast, in envy of thy peace,
Her balls of discord in thy way:
Here Beauty's day doth never cease;
Day is abstracted here,
And varied in a triple sphere.
Hero, Alcmane, Mya, so outshine thee,
Ere thou come here, let Thetis thrice refine thee.
Love calls to war;
Sighs his alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

The evening star I see:
Rise, youths! the evening star
Helps Love to summon war;
Both now embracing be.
Rise, youths! Love's rite claims more than banquets; rise!
Now the bright marigolds, that deck the skies,
Phœbus' celestial flowers, that, contrary
To his flowers here, ope when he shuts his eye,
And shut when he doth open, crown your sports;
Now Love in Night, and Night in Love exhorts
Courtship and dances: all your parts employ,
And suit Night's rich expansure with your joy.
Love paints his longings in sweet virgins' eyes:
Rise, youths! Love's rite claims more than banquets; rise!

Rise, virgins! let fair nuptial loves enfold
Your fruitless breasts: the maidenheads ye hold
Are not your own alone, but parted are;
Part in disposing them your parents share,
And that a third part is; so must ye save
Your loves a third, and you your thirds must have.
Love paints his longings in sweet virgins' eyes:
Rise, youths! Love's rite claims more than banquets; rise!

Herewith the amorous spirit, that was so kind
To Teras' hair, and combed it down with wind,
Still as it, comet-like, brake from her brain,
Would needs have Teras gone, and did refrain
To blow it down: which, staring up, dismayed
The timorous feast; and she no longer stayed;
But, bowing to the bridegroom and the bride,
Did, like a shooting exhalation, glide
Out of their sights: the turning of her back
Made them all shriek, it looked so ghastly black.
Oh, hapless Hero! that most hapless cloud
Thy soon-succeeding tragedy foreshowed.
Thus all the nuptial crew to joys depart;
But much-wrung Hero stood Hell's blackest dart:
Whose wound because I grieve so to display,
I use digressions thus t' increase the day.

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THE SIXTH SESTIAD.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTH SESTIAD.

Leucote flies to all the Winds,
And from the Fates their outrage blinds,
That Hero and her love may meet.
Leander, with Love's complete fleet
Manned in himself, puts forth to seas:
When straight the ruthless Destinies,
With Até, stir the winds to war
Upon the Hellespont; their jar
Drowns poor Leander. Hero's eyes,
Wet witnesses of his surprise,
Her torch blown out, grief casts her down
Upon her love, and both doth drown:
In whose just ruth the god of seas
Transforms them to th' Acanthides.

No longer could the Day nor Destinies
Delay the Night, who now did frowning rise
Into her throne; and at her humorous breasts
Visions and Dreams lay sucking: all men's rests
Fell like the mists of death upon their eyes,
Day's too-long darts so killed their faculties.
The Winds yet, like the flowers, to cease began;
For bright Leucote, Venus' whitest swan,
That held sweet Hero dear, spread her fair wings,
Like to a field of snow, and message brings
From Venus to the Fates, t' entreat them lay
Their charge upon the Winds their rage to stay,
That the stern battle of the seas might cease,
And guard Leander to his love in peace.
The Fates consent;—ah, me, dissembling Fates!—
They showed their favours to conceal their hates,
And draw Leander on, lest seas too high
Should stay his too obsequious destiny:
Who like a fleering slavish parasite,
In warping profit or a traitorous sleight,
Hoops round his rotten body with devotes,
And pricks his descant face full of false notes;
Praising with open throat, and oaths as foul
As his false heart, the beauty of an owl;
Kissing his skipping hand with charmèd skips,
That cannot leave, but leaps upon his lips
Like a cock-sparrow, or a shameless quean
Sharp at a red-lipped youth, and nought doth mean
Of all his antic shows, but doth repair
More tender fawns, and takes a scattered hair
From his tame subject's shoulder; whips and calls
For every thing he lacks; creeps 'gainst the walls
With backward humbless, to give needless way:
Thus his false fate did with Leander play.
First to black Eurus flies the white Leucote,
(Born 'mongst the negroes in the Levant sea,
On whose curled head the glowing sun doth rise,)
And shows the sovereign will of Destinies,
To have him cease his blasts; and down he lies.
Next, to the fenny Notus course she holds,
And found him leaning, with his arms in folds,
Upon a rock, his white hair full of showers;
And him she chargeth by the fatal powers,
To hold in his wet cheeks his cloudy voice.
To Zephyr then that doth in flowers rejoice:
To snake-foot Boreas next she did remove,
And found him tossing of his ravished love,
To heat his frosty bosom hid in snow;
Who with Leucote's sight did cease to blow.

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Thus all were still to Hero's heart's desire;
Who with all speed did consecrate a fire
Of flaming gums and comfortable spice,
To light her torch, which in such curious price
She held, being object to Leander's sight,
That nought but fires perfumed must give it light.
She loved it so, she grieved to see it burn,
Since it would waste, and soon to ashes turn:
Yet, if it burned not, 'twere not worth her eyes;
What made it nothing, gave it all the prize.
Sweet torch, true glass of our society!
What man does good, but he consumes thereby?
But thou wert loved for good, held high, given show;
Poor virtue loathed for good, obscured, held low:
Do good, be pined, be deedless good, disgraced;
Unless we feed on men, we let them fast.
Yet Hero with these thoughts her torch did spend:
When bees make wax, Nature doth not intend
It should be made a torch; but we, that know
The proper virtue of it, make it so,
And when 'tis made, we light it: nor did Nature
Propose one life to maids; but each such creature
Makes by her soul the best of her true state,
Which without love is rude, disconsolate,
And wants love's fire to make it mild and bright,
Till when, maids are but torches wanting light.
Thus 'gainst our grief, not cause of grief, we fight:
The right of nought is gleaned, but the delight.
Up went she: but to tell how she descended,
Would God she were not dead, or my verse ended!
She was the rule of wishes, sum, and end,
For all the parts that did on love depend:
Yet cast the torch his brightness further forth;
But what shines nearest best, holds truest worth.

Leander did not through such tempests swim
To kiss the torch, although it lighted him:
But all his powers in her desires awakèd,
Her love and virtues clothed him richly naked.
Men kiss but fire that only shows pursue;
Her torch and Hero, figure show and virtue.
Now at opposed Abydos nought was heard
But bleating flocks, and many a bellowing herd,
Slain for the nuptials; cracks of falling woods;
Blows of broad axes; pourings out of floods.
The guilty Hellespont was mixed and stained
With bloody torrent that the shambles rained;
Not arguments of feast, but shows that bled,
Foretelling that red night that followèd.
More blood was spilt, more honours were addrest,
Than could have gracèd any happy feast;
Rich banquets, triumphs, every pomp employs
His sumptuous hand; no miser's nuptial joys.
Air felt continual thunder with the noise
Made in the general marriage-violence;
And no man knew the cause of this expense,
But the two hapless lords, Leander's sire,
And poor Leander, poorest where the fire
Of credulous love made him most rich surmised:
As short was he of that himself so prized,
As is an empty gallant full of form,
That thinks each look an act, each drop a storm,
That falls from his brave breathings; most brought up
In our metropolis, and hath his cup
Brought after him to feasts; and much palm bears
For his rare judgment in the attire he wears;
Hath seen the hot Low Countries, not their heat,
Observes their rampires and their buildings yet;
And, for your sweet discourse with mouths, is heard
Giving instructions with his very beard;
Hath gone with an ambassador, and been
A great man's mate in travelling, even to Rhene;

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And then puts all his worth in such a face
As he saw brave men make, and strives for grace
To get his news forth: as when you descry
A ship, with all her sail contends to fly
Out of the narrow Thames with winds unapt,
Now crosseth here, now there, then this way rapt,
And then hath one point reached, then alters all,
And to another crookèd reach doth fall
Of half a bird-bolt's shoot, keeping more coil
Than if she danced upon the ocean's toil;
So serious is his trifling company,
In all his swelling ship of vacantry.
And so short of himself in his high thought
Was our Leander in his fortunes brought,
And in his fort of love that he thought won;
But otherwise he scorns comparison.
Oh, sweet Leander, thy large worth I hide
In a short grave! ill-favoured storms must chide
Thy sacred favour: I in floods of ink
Must drown thy graces, which white papers drink,
Even as thy beauties did the foul black seas;
I must describe the hell of thy decease,
That heaven did merit: yet I needs must see
Our painted fools and cockhorse peasantry
Still, still usurp, with long lives, loves, and lust,
The seats of Virtue, cutting short as dust
Her dear-bought issue: ill to worse converts,
And tramples in the blood of all deserts.
Night close and silent now goes fast before
The captains and the soldiers to the shore,
On whom attended the appointed fleet
At Sestos' bay, that should Leander meet.
Who feigned he in another ship would pass?
Which must not be, for no one mean there was
To get his love home, but the course he took.
Forth did his beauty for his beauty look,
And saw her through her torch, as you behold
Sometimes within the sun a face of gold,
Formed in strong thoughts, by that tradition's force,
That says a god sits there and guides his course.
His sister was with him; to whom he shewed
His guide by sea, and said, "Oft have you viewed
In one heaven many stars, but never yet
In one star many heavens till now were met.
See, lovely sister! see, now Hero shines,
No heaven but her appears; each star repines,
And all are clad in clouds as if they mourned
To be by influence of earth out-burned.
Yet doth she shine, and teacheth Virtue's train
Still to be constant in hell's blackest reign,
Though even the gods themselves do so entreat them
As they did hate, and earth as she would eat them."
Off went his silken robe, and in he leapt,
Whom the kind waves so licorously cleapt,
Thickening for haste, one in another, so,
To kiss his skin, that he might almost go
To Hero's tower, had that kind minute lasted.
But now the cruel Fates with Atè hasted
To all the Winds, and made them battle fight
Upon the Hellespont, for either's right
Pretended to the windy monarchy;
And forth they brake, the seas mixed with the sky,
And tossed distressed Leander, being in hell,
As high as heaven: bliss not in height doth dwell.
The Destinies sate dancing on the waves,
To see the glorious Winds with mutual braves
Consume each other: oh, true glass, to see
How ruinous ambitious statists be
To their own glories! Poor Leander cried
For help to sea-born Venus; she denied,—
To Boreas, that, for his Atthæa's sake,
He would some pity on his Hero take,
And for his own love's sake, on his desires:
But Glory never blows cold Pity's fires.
Then called he Neptune, who, through all the noise,
Knew with affright his wracked Leander's voice,
And up he rose; for haste his forehead hit
'Gainst heaven's hard crystal; his proud waves he smit
With his forked sceptre, that could not obey;
Much greater powers than Neptune's gave them sway.

They loved Leander so, in groans they brake
When they came near him; and such space did take
'Twixt one another, loth to issue on,
That in their shallow furrows earth was shown,
And the poor lover took a little breath:
But the curst Fates sate spinning of his death
On every wave, and with the servile Winds
Tumbled them on him. And now Hero finds,
By that she felt, her dear Leander's state:
She wept, and prayed for him to every Fate;
And every wind that whipped her with her hair
About the face, she kissed and spake it fair,
Kneeled to it, gave it drink out of her eyes
To quench his thirst: but still their cruelties
Even her poor torch envied, and rudely beat
The bating flame from that dear food it eat;
Dear, for it nourished her Leander's life,
Which with her robe she rescued from their strife:
But silk too soft was such hard hearts to break;
And she, dear soul, even as her silk, faint, weak,
Could not preserve it; out, oh, out it went!
Leander still called Neptune, that now rent
His brackish curls, and tore his wrinkled face,
Where tears in billows did each other chase;
And, burst with ruth, he hurled his marble mace
At the stern Fates: it wounded Lachesis
That drew Leander's thread, and could not miss
The thread itself, as it her hand did hit,
But smote it full, and quite did sunder it.
The more kind Neptune raged, the more he rased
His love's life's fort, and killed as he embraced:
Anger doth still his own mishap increase;
If any comfort live, it is in peace.
Oh, thievish Fates, to let blood, flesh, and sense,
Build two fair temples for their excellence,
To rob it with a poisoned influence!
Though souls' gifts starve, the bodies are held dear
In ugliest things; sense-sport preserves a bear:
But here nought serves our turns: oh, heaven and earth,
How most most wretched is our human birth!
And now did all the tyrannous crew depart,
Knowing there was a storm in Hero's heart,
Greater than they could make, and scorned their smart.
She bowed herself so low out of her tower,
That wonder 'twas she fell not ere her hour,
With searching the lamenting waves for him:
Like a poor snail, her gentle supple limb
Hung on her turret's top, so much downright,
As she would dive beneath the darkness quite,
To find her jewel;—jewel!—her Leander,
A name of all earth's jewels pleased not her
Like his dear name: "Leander, still my choice,
Come nought but my Leander! Oh, my voice,
Turn to Leander! henceforth be all sounds,
Accents, and phrases, that show all griefs' wounds,
Analysed in Leander! Oh, black change!
Trumpets, do you with thunder of your clange,
Drive out this change's horror! My voice faints:
Where all joy was, now shriek out all complaints!"
Thus cried she; for her mixèd soul could tell
Her love was dead: and when the Morning fell
Prostrate upon the weeping earth for woe,
Blushes, that bled out of her cheeks, did show
Leander brought by Neptune, bruised and torn
With cities' ruins he to rocks had worn,
To filthy usuring rocks, that would have blood,
Though they could get of him no other good.
She saw him, and the sight was much, much more
Than might have served to kill her: should her store
Of giant sorrows speak? [No]—burst,—die,—bleed,
And leave poor plaints to us that shall succeed.
She fell on her love's bosom, hugged it fast,
And with Leander's name she breathed her last.

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Neptune for pity in his arms did take them,
Flung them into the air, and did awake them
Like two sweet birds, surnamed th' Acanthides,
Which we call Thistle-warps, that near no seas
Dare ever come, but still in couples fly,
And feed on thistle-tops, to testify
The hardness of their first life in their last;
The first, in thorns of love, that sorrows past:
And so much beautiful their colours show,
As none (so little) like them; her sad brow
A sable velvet feather covers quite,
Even like the forehead-cloth that, in the night,
Or when they sorrow, ladies use to wear:
Their wings, blue, red, and yellow, mixed appear;
Colours that, as we construe colours, paint
Their states to life;—the yellow shows their saint,
The dainty Venus, left them; blue, their truth;
The red and black, ensigns of death and ruth.
And this true honour from their love-death sprung,—
They were the first that ever poet sung.

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Ovid's Elegies.

P. OVIDII NASONIS AMORUM.

LIBER PRIMUS.

Elegia I.

Quemadmodum a Cupidine, pro bellis amoris scribere coactus sit.

We which were Ovid's five books, now are three,
For these before the rest preferreth he :
If reading five thou 'plain'st of tediousness,
Two ta'en away, the labour will be less ;

With Muse prepared, I meant to sing of arms,
Choosing a subject fit for fierce alarms :
Both verses were alike till Love (men say)
Began to smile and took one foot away.
Rash boy, who gave thee power to change a line?
We are the Muses' prophets, none of thine.
What, if thy mother take Diana's bow,
Shall Dian fan when love begins to glow?
In woody groves is't meet that Ceres reign,
And quiver-bearing Dian till the plain?
Who'll set the fair-tressed Sun in battle 'ray,
While Mars doth take the Aonian harp to play?
Great are thy kingdoms, over-strong and large,
Ambitious imp, why seek'st thou further charge?
Are all things thine? the Muses' Tempe thine?
Then scarce can Phœbus say, "This harp is mine."
When in this work's first verse I trod aloft,
Love slacked my muse, and made my number soft:
I have no mistress nor no favourite,
Being fittest matter for a wanton wit.
Thus I complained, but love unlocked his quiver,
Took out the shaft, ordained my heart to shiver,
And bent his sinewy bow upon his knee,
Saying, "Poet, here's a work beseeming thee."
Oh, woe is me! he never shoots but hits,
I burn, love in my idle bosom sits:
Let my first verse be six, my last five feet;
Farewell stern war, for blunter poets meet!
Elegian muse, that warblest amorous lays,
Girt my shine brow with seabank myrtle sprays.

Elegia II.

Quod primo amore correptus, in triumphum duci se a Cupidine patiatur.

What makes my bed seem hard seeing it is soft?
Or why slips down the coverlet so oft?
Although the nights be long I sleep not tho'
My sides are sore with tumbling to and fro,
Were love the cause it's like I should descry him,
Or lies he close and shoots where none can spy him?
'Twas so he struck me with a slender dart;
'Tis cruel Love turmoils my captive heart.
Yielding or struggling do we give him might,
Let's yield, a burden easily borne is light.
I saw a brandished fire increase in strength,
Which being not shak'd, I saw it die at length.
Young oxen newly yoked are beaten more,
Than oxen which have drawn the plough before:
And rough jades' mouths with stubborn bits are torn,
But managed horses' heads are lightly borne.
Unwilling lovers, love doth more torment,
Than such as in their bondage feel content.
Lo! I confess, I am thy captive I,
And hold my conquered hands for thee to tie.

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What need'st thou war? I sue to thee for grace:
With arms to conquer armless men is base.
Yoke Venus' Doves, put myrtle on thy hair,
Vulcan will give thee chariots rich and fair:
The people thee applauding, thou shalt stand,
Guiding the harmless pigeons with thy hand.
Young men and women shalt thou lead as thrall,
So will thy triumph seem magnifical;
I, lately caught, will have a new made wound,
And captive-like be manacled and bound:
Good meaning, Shame, and such as seek love's wrack
Shall follow thee, their hands tied at their back.
Thee all shall fear, and worship as a king
Iö triumphing shall thy people sing.
Smooth speeches, Fear and Rage shall by thee ride,
Which troops have always been on Cupid's side:
Thou with these soldiers conquer'st gods and men,
Take these away, where is thine honour then?
Thy mother shall from heaven applaud this show,
And on their faces heaps of roses strow,
With beauty of thy wings, thy fair hair gilded,
Ride golden Love in chariots richly builded!
Unless I err, full many shalt thou burn,
And give wounds infinite at every turn.
In spite of thee, forth will thine arrows fly,
A scorching flame burns all the standers by.
So having conquered Inde, was Bacchus hue;
Thee pompous birds and him two tigers drew;
Then seeing I grace thy show in following thee,
Forbear to hurt thyself in spoiling me.
Behold thy kinsman Cæsar's prosperous bands,
Who guards thee conquered with his conquering hands.

Elegia III.

Ad amicam.

I ask but right, let her that caught me late,
Either love, or cause that I may never hate;
I ask too much—would she but let me love her;
Jove knows with such like prayers I daily move her.
Accept him that will serve thee all his youth,
Accept him that will love with spotless truth.
If lofty titles cannot make me thine,
That am descended but of knightly line,
(Soon may you plough the little land I have;
I gladly grant my parents given to save;)
Apollo, Bacchus, and the Muses may;
And Cupid who hath marked me for thy prey;
My spotless life, which but to gods gives place,
Naked simplicity, and modest grace.
I love but one, and her I love change never,
If men have faith, I'll live with thee for ever.
The years that fatal Destiny shall give
I'll live with thee, and die ere thou shalt grieve.
Be thou the happy subject of my books
That I may write things worthy thy fair looks.
By verses, hornèd Iö got her name;
And she to whom in shape of swan Jove came;
And she that on a feigned Bull swam to land,
Griping his false horns with her virgin hand,
So likewise we will through the world be rung
And with my name shall thine be always sung.

Elegia IV.

Amicam, qua arte quibusque nutibus in cœna, presente viro, uti debeat, admonet.

Thy husband to a banquet goes with me,
Pray God it may his latest supper be.
Shall I sit gazing as a bashful guest,
While others touch the damsel I love best?
Wilt lying under him, his bosom clip?
About thy neck shall he at pleasure skip?
Marvel not, though the fair bride did incite
The drunken Centaurs to a sudden fight.
I am no half horse, nor in woods I dwell.
Yet scarce my hands from thee contain I well.

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But how thou should'st behave thyself now know,
Nor let the winds away my warnings blow.
Before thy husband come, though I not see
What may be done, yet there before him be.
Lie with him gently, when his limbs he spread
Upon the bed, but on my foot first tread.
View me, my becks, and speaking countenance;
Take, and return each secret amorous glance.
Words without voice shall on my eyebrows sit,
Lines thou shalt read in wine by my hand writ.
When our lascivious toys come to thy mind,
Thy rosy cheeks be to thy thumb inclined.
If aught of me thou speak'st in inward thought,
Let thy soft finger to thy ear be brought.
When I, my light, do or say aught that please thee,
Turn round thy gold ring, as it were to ease thee.
Strike on the board like them that pray for evil,
When thou dost wish thy husband at the devil.
What wine he fills thee, wisely will him drink,
Ask thou the boy, what thou enough dost think.
When thou hast tasted, I will take the cup,
And where thou drink'st, on that part I will sup.
If he gives thee what first himself did taste,
Even in his face his offered gobbets cast.
Let not thy neck by his vile arms be prest,
Nor lean thy soft head on his boisterous breast.
Thy bosom's roseate buds let him not finger,
Chiefly on thy lips let not his lips linger.
If thou givest kisses, I shall all disclose,
Say they are mine, and hands on thee impose.
Yet this I'll see, but if thy gown aught cover,
Suspicious fear in all my veins will hover.
Mingle not thighs, nor to his leg join thine,
Nor thy soft foot with his hard foot combine.
I have been wanton, therefore am perplexed,
And with mistrust of the like measure vexed.
I and my wench oft under clothes did lurk,
When pleasure moved us to our sweetest work.
Do not thou so; but throw thy mantle hence,
Lest I should think thee guilty of offence.
Entreat thy husband drink, but do not kiss,
And while he drinks, to add more do not miss;
If he lies down with wine and sleep oppprest,
The thing and place shall counsel us the rest.
When to go homewards we rise all along
Have care to walk in middle of the throng.
There will I find thee or be found by thee,
There touch whatever thou canst touch of me.
Ah me! I warn what profits some few hours,
But we must part, when heaven with black night lours.
At night thy husband clips thee: I will weep
And to the doors sight of thyself [will] keep:
Then will he kiss thee, and not only kiss,
But force thee give him my stolen honey bliss.
Constrained against thy will give it the peasant,
Forbear sweet words, and be your sport unpleasant.
To him I pray it no delight may bring,
Or if it do, to thee no joy thence spring.
But, though this night thy fortune be to try it,
To me to-morrow constantly deny it.

Elegia V.

Corinnæ concubitus.

In summer's heat, and mid-time of the day,
To rest my limbs, upon a bed I lay;
One window shut, the other open stood,
Which gave such light as twinkles in a wood,
Like twilight glimpse at setting of the sun,
Or night being past, and yet not day begun;
Such light to shamefaced maidens must be shown
Where they may sport, and seem to be unknown:
Then came Corinna in her long loose gown,
Her white neck hid with tresses hanging down,
Resembling fair Semiramis going to bed,
Or Lais of a thousand wooers sped.

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I snatched her gown being thin, the harm was small,
Yet strived she to be covered therewithal,
And striving thus as one that would be cast,
Betrayed herself, and yielded at the last.
Stark naked as she stood before mine eye,
Not one wen in her body could I spy.
What arms and shoulders did I touch and see,
How apt her breasts were to be pressed by me.
How smooth a belly under her waist saw I,
How large a leg, and what a lusty thigh.
To leave the rest, all liked me passing well;
I clinged her naked body, down she fell:
Judge you the rest, being tired she bade me kiss;
Jove send me more such afternoons as this!

Elegia VI.

Ad Janitorem, ut fores sibi aperiat.

Unworthy porter, bound in chains full sore,
On movêd hooks set ope the churlish door.
Little I ask, a little entrance make,
The gate half-ope my bent side in will take.
Long love my body to such use makes slender,
And to get out doth like apt members render.
He shows me how unheard to pass the watch,
And guides my feet lest stumbling falls they catch:
But in times past I feared vain shades, and night,
Wondering if any walkèd without light.
Love, hearing it, laughed with his tender mother,
And smiling said, "Be thou as bold as other."
Forthwith love came, no dark night-flying sprite,
Nor hands prepared to slaughter, me affright.
Thee fear I too much: only thee I flatter:
Thy lightning can my life in pieces batter.
Why enviest me? this hostile den unbar,
See how the gates with my tears watered are.
When thou stood'st naked ready to be beat,
For thee I did thy mistress fair entreat.
But what entreats for thee sometimes took place,
(O mischief!) now for me obtain small grace.
Gratis thou mayest be free; give like for like;
Night goes away: the door's bar backward strike.
Strike; so again hard chains shall bind thee never,
Nor servile water shalt thou drink for ever.
Hard-hearted Porter, dost and wilt not hear?
With stiff oak propped the gate doth still appear.
Such rampired gates besiegèd cities aid,
In midst of peace why art of arms afraid?
Exclud'st a lover, how would'st use a foe?
Strike back the bar, night fast away doth go.
With arms or armèd men I come not guarded,
I am alone, were furious love discarded.
Although I would, I cannot him cashier,
Before I be divided from my gear.
See Love with me, wine moderate in my brain,
And on my hairs a crown of flowers remain.
Who fears these arms? who will not go to meet them?
Night runs away; with open entrance greet them.
Art careless? or is't sleep forbids thee hear,
Giving the winds my words running in thine ear?
Well I remember when I first did hire thee,
Watching till after midnight did not tire thee.
But now perchance thy wench with thee doth rest,
Ah, how thy lot is above my lot blest:
Though it be so, shut me not out therefore,
Night goes away: I pray thee ope the door.
Err we? or do the turnèd hinges sound,
And opening doors with creaking noise abound?
We err: a strong blast seemed the gates to ope:
Ah me, how high that gale did lift my hope!
If, Boreas, bear'st Orithyia's rape in mind,
Come break these deaf doors with thy boisterous wind.
Silent the city is: night's dewy host
March fast away: the bar strike from the post.
Or I more stern than fire or sword will turn,
And with my brand these gorgeous houses burn.
Night, love, and wine to all extremes persuade:
Night, shameless wine, and love are fearless made.
All have I spent: no threats or prayers move thee,
O harder than the doors thou guard'st I prove thee!
No pretty wench's keeper may'st thou be,
The careful prison is more meet for thee.

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Now frosty night her flight begins to take,
And crowing cocks poor souls to work awake.
But thou my crown from sad hairs ta'en away,
On this hard threshold till the morning lay.
That when my mistress there beholds thee cast,
She may perceive how we the time did waste.
Whate'er thou art, farewell, be like me pained!
Careless farewell, with my fault not distained!
And farewell cruel posts, rough threshold's block,
And doors conjoined with an hard iron lock!

Elegia VII.

Ad pacandam amicam, quam verberaverat.

Bind fast my hands, they have deservèd chains,
While rage is absent, take some friend the pains.
For rage against my wench moved my rash arm,
My mistress weeps whom my mad hand did harm.
I might have then my parents dear misused,
Or holy gods with cruel strokes abused.
Why, Ajax, master of the seven-fold shield,
Butchered the flocks he found in spacious field.
And he who on his mother venged his ire,
Against the Destinies durst sharp darts require.
Could I therefore her comely tresses tear?
Yet was she gracèd with her ruffled hair.
So fair she was, Atalanta she resembled,
Before whose bow the Arcadian wild beasts trembled.
Such Ariadne was, when she bewails,
Her perjured Theseus' flying vows and sails.
So, chaste Minerva, did Cassandra fall
Deflowered except within thy temple wall.
That I was mad, and barbarous all men cried,
She nothing said, pale fear her tongue had tied.
But secretly her looks with checks did trounce me,
Her tears, she silent, guilty did pronounce me.
Would of mine arms my shoulders had been scanted:
Better I could part of myself have wanted.
To mine own self have I had strength so furious,
And to myself could I be so injurious?
Slaughter and mischief's instruments, no better,
Deservèd chains these cursed hands shall fetter.
Punished I am, if I a Roman beat;
Over my mistress is my right more great?
Tydides left worse signs of villainy,
He first a goddess struck; another I.
Yet he harmed less; whom I professed to love
I harmed: a foe did Diomede's anger move.
Go now thou conqueror, glorious triumphs raise,
Pay vows to Jove; engirt thy hairs with bays.
And let the troops which shall thy chariot follow,
"Iö, a strong man conquered this wench," hollow.
Let the sad captive foremost, with locks spread
On her white neck but for hurt cheeks, be led.
Meeter it were her lips were blue with kissing,
And on her neck a wanton's mark not missing.
But, though I like a swelling flood was driven,
And as a prey unto blind anger given,
Was't not enough the fearful wench to chide?
Nor thunder, in rough threatenings, haughty pride?
Nor shamefully her coat pull o'er her crown,
Which to her waist her girdle still kept down?
But cruelly her tresses having rent,
My nails to scratch her lovely cheeks I bent.
Sighing she stood, her bloodless white looks showed,
Like marble from the Parian mountains hewed.
Her half dead joints, and trembling limbs I saw,
Like poplar leaves blown with a stormy flaw.
Or slender ears, with gentle zephyr shaken,
Or waters' tops with the warm south-wind taken.
And down her cheeks, the trickling tears did flow,
Like water gushing from consuming snow.
Then first I did perceive I had offended,
My blood the tears were that from her descended.
Before her feet thrice prostrate down I fell,
My fearèd hands thrice back she did repel.

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But doubt thou not (revenge doth grief appease),
With thy sharp nails upon my face to seize;
Bescratch mine eyes, spare not my locks to break,
(Anger will help thy hands though ne'er so weak.)
And lest the sad signs of my crime remain,
Put in their place the kembèd hairs again.

Elegia VIII.

Execratur lenam quæ puellam suam meretricis arte instituebat.

There is—whoe'er will know a bawd aright,
Give ear—there is an old trot, Dipsas hight.
Her name comes from the thing: she being wise,
Sees not the morn on rosy horses rise.
She magic arts and Thessal charms doth know,
And makes large streams back to their fountains flow;
She knows with grass, with threads on wrung wheels spun,
And what with mares' rank humour may be done.
When she will, clouds the darkened heaven obscure,
When she will, day shines every where most pure.
If I have faith, I saw the stars drop blood,
The purple moon with sanguine visage stood;
Her I suspect among night's spirits to fly,
And her old body in birds' plumes to lie.
Fame saith as I suspect, and in her eyes,
Two eyeballs shine, and double light thence flies.
Great-grandsires from their ancient graves she chides,
And with long charms the solid earth divides.
She draws chaste women to incontinence,
Nor doth her tongue want harmful eloquence.
By chance I heard her talk; these words she said,
While closely hid betwixt two doors I laid.
"Mistress, thou knowest thou hast a blest youth pleased,
He stayed and on thy looks his gazes seized.
And why should'st not please; none thy face exceeds,
Ah me, thy body hath no worthy weeds!
As thou art fair, would thou wert fortunate!
Wert thou rich, pöor should not be my state.
Th' opposèd star of Mars hath done thee harm,
Now Mars is gone, Venus thy side doth warm,
And brings good fortune; a rich lover plants
His love on thee, and can supply thy wants.
Such is his form as may with thine compare,
Would he not buy thee, thou for him should'st care."
She blushed: "Red shame becomes white cheeks, but this
If feigned, doth well; if true, it doth amiss.
When on thy lap thine eyes thou dost deject,
Each one according to his gifts respect.
Perhaps the Sabines rude, when Tatius reigned,
To yield their love to more than one disdained.
Now Mars doth rage abroad without all pity,
And Venus rules in her Æneas' city.
Fair women play: she's chaste whom none will have
Or, but for bashfulness, herself would crave.
Shake off these wrinkles that thy front assault;
Wrinkles in beauty is a grievous fault.
Penelope in bows her youths' strength tried,
Of horn the bow was that approved their side.
Time flying slides hence closely, and deceives us,
And with swift horses the swift year soon leaves us.
Brass shines with use; good garments would be worn;
Houses not dwelt in, are with filth forlorn.
Beauty not exercised with age is spent,
Nor one or two men are sufficient.
Many to rob is more sure, and less hateful,
From dog-kept flocks come preys to wolves most grateful.
Behold, what gives the poet but new verses?
And therefore many thousand he rehearses.
The poet's god arrayed in robes of gold,
Of his gilt harp the well-tuned strings doth hold.
Let Homer yield to such as presents bring,
(Trust me) to give, it is a witty thing.
Nor, so thou may'st obtain a wealthy prize,
The vain name of inferior slaves despise.
Nor let the arms of ancient lines beguile thee;
Poor lover, with thy grandsires I exile thee.
Who seeks, for being fair, a night to have,
What he will give, with greater instance crave.

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Make a small price, while thou thy nets dost lay;
Lest they should fly; being ta'en, the tyrant play.
Dissemble so, as loved he may be thought,
And take heed, lest he gets that love for naught.
Deny him oft; feign now thy head doth ache:
And Isis now will show what 'scuse to make.
Receive him soon, lest patient use he gain,
Or lest his love oft beaten back should wane.
To beggars shut, to bringers ope thy gate;
Let him within hear barred-out lovers prate.
And as first wronged the wrongèd sometimes banish;
Thy fault with his fault so repulsed will vanish.
But never give a spacious time to ire,
Anger delayed doth oft to hate retire.
And let thine eyes constrainèd learn to weep,
That this, or that man may thy cheeks moist keep.
Nor, if thou cozenest one, dread to forswear,
Venus to mocked men lends a senseless ear.
Servants fit for thy purpose thou must hire,
To teach thy lover what thy thoughts desire.
Let them ask somewhat, many asking little,
Within a while great heaps grow of a tittle,
And sister, nurse, and mother spare him not,
By many hands great wealth is quickly got.
When causes fail thee to require a gift
By keeping of thy birth, make but a shift.
Beware lest he unrivalled loves secure,
Take strife away, love doth not well endure.
On all the bed men's tumbling let him view,
And thy neck with lascivious marks made blue.
Chiefly show him the gifts, which others' send:
If he gives nothing, let him from thee wend.
When thou hast so much as he gives no more,
Pray him to lend what thou may'st ne'er restore.
Let thy tongue flatter, while thy mind harm works,
Under sweet honey deadly poison lurks.
If this thou dost to me by long use known,
(Nor let my words be with the winds hence blown,)
Oft thou wilt say, 'live well,' thou wilt pray oft,
That my dead bones may in their grave lie soft."
As thus she spake, my shadow me betrayed,
With much ado my hands I scarcely stayed;
But her blear eyes, bald scalp's thin hoary fleeces.
And rivelled cheeks I would have pulled a-pieces.
The gods send thee no house, a poor old age,
Perpetual thirst, and winter's lasting rage.

Elegia IX.

Ad Atticum, amantem non oportere desidiosum esse, sicuti nec militem.

All lovers war, and Cupid hath his tent,
Attic, all lovers are to war far sent,
What age fits Mars, with Venus doth agree,
'Tis shame for eld in war or love to be.
What years in soldiers captains do require,
Those in their lovers pretty maids desire.
Both of them watch: each on the hard earth sleeps:
His mistress' door this; that his captain's keeps.
Soldiers must travel far: the wench forth send,
Her valiant lover follows without end.
Mounts, and rain-doubled floods he passeth over,
And treads the desert snowy heaps do cover.
Going to sea, east winds he doth not chide,
Nor to hoist sail attends fit time and tide.
Who but a soldier or a lover is bold,
To suffer storm-mixed snows with night's sharp cold?
One as a spy doth to his enemies go,
The other eyes his rival as his foe.
He cities great, this thresholds lies before:
This breaks town gates, but he his mistress' door.
Oft to invade the sleeping foe 'tis good,
And armed to shed unarmèd people's blood.
So the fierce troops of Thracian Rhesus fell,
And captive horses bade their lord farewell.
Sooth, lovers watch till sleep the husband charms,
Who slumbering, they rise up in swelling arms.
The keeper's hands and corps-du-gard to pass,
The soldier's, and poor lover's work ev'r was.
Doubtful is war and love; the vanquished rise,
And who thou never think'st should fall, down lies.

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Therefore whoe'er love slothfulness doth call,
Let him surcease: love tries wit best of all.
Achilles burned, Briseis being ta'en away,
Trojans destroy the Greek wealth, while you may.
Hector to arms went from his wife's embraces,
And on Andromache his helmet laces.
Great Agamemnon was, men say amazed,
On Priam's loose-trest daughter when he gazed.
Mars in the deed the blacksmith's net did stable,
In heaven was never more notorious fable.
Myself was dull and faint, to sloth inclined
Pleasure, and ease had mollified my mind.
A fair maid's care expelled this sluggishness,
And to her tents willed me myself address.
Since may'st thou see me watch and nightwars move:
He that will not grow slothful, let him love.

Elegia X.

Ad puellam, ne pro amore præmia poscat.

Such as the cause was of two husbands' war,
Whom Trojan ships fetched from Europa far,
Such as was Leda, whom the god deluded
In snow-white plumes of a false swan included.
Such as Amymone through the dry fields strayed,
When on her head a water pitcher laid.
Such wert thou, and I feared the bull and eagle,
And whate'er Love made Jove, should thee inveigle.
Now all fear with my mind's hot love abates:
No more this beauty mine eyes captivates.
Ask'st why I change? because thou crav'st reward;
This cause hath thee from pleasing me debarred.
While thou wert plain I loved thy mind and face:
Now inward faults thy outward form disgrace.
Love is a naked boy, his years saunce stain,
And hath no clothes, but open doth remain.
Will you for gain have Cupid sell himself?
He hath no bosom, where to hide base pelf.
Love and Love's son are with fierce arms at odds;
To serve for pay beseems not wanton gods.
The whore stands to be bought for each man's money,
And seeks vile wealth by selling of her coney.
Yet greedy bawd's command she curseth still,
And doth, constrained, what you do of goodwill.
Take from irrational beasts a precedent,
'Tis shame their wits should be more excellent.
The mare asks not the horse, the cow the bull,
Nor the mild ewe gifts from the ram doth pull.
Only a woman gets spoils from a man,
Farms out herself on nights for what she can.
And lets what both delight, what both desire,
Making her joy according to her hire.
The sport being such, as both alike sweet try it,
Why should one sell it and the other buy it?
Why should I lose, and thou gain by the pleasure,
Which man and woman reap in equal measure?
Knights of the post of perjuries make sale,
The unjust judge for bribes becomes a stale.
'Tis shame sold tongues the guilty should defend,
Or great wealth from a judgment-seat ascend.
'Tis shame to grow rich by bed merchandize,
Or prostitute thy beauty for bad price.
Thanks worthily are due for things unbought,
For beds ill-hired we are indebted nought.
The hirer payeth all; his rent discharged,
From further duty he rests then enlarged.
Fair dames forbear rewards for nights to crave:
Ill-gotten goods good end will never have.
The Sabine gauntlets were too dearly won,
That unto death did press the holy nun.
The son slew her, that forth to meet him went,
And a rich necklace caused that punishment.
Yet think no scorn to ask a wealthy churl;
He wants no gifts into thy lap to hurl.
Take clustered grapes from an o'er-laden vine,
May bounteous love Alcinous' fruit resign.

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Let poor men show their service, faith and care;
All for their mistress, what they have, prepare.
In verse to praise kind wenches 'tis my part.
And whom I like eternise by mine art.
Garments do wear, jewels and gold do waste,
The fame that verse gives doth for ever last.
To give I love, but to be asked disdain;
Leave asking, and I'll give what I refrain.

Elegia XI.

Napen alloquitur, ut paratas tabellas ad Corinnam perferat.

Is skilful gathering ruffled hairs in order,
Napè, free-born, whose cunning hath no border,
Thy service for night's scapes is known commodious,
And to give signs dull wit to thee is odious.
Corinna clips me oft by thy persuasion:
Never to harm me made thy faith evasion.
Receive these lines; them to my mistress carry;
Be sedulous; let no stay cause thee tarry,
Nor flint nor iron are in thy soft breast,
But pure simplicity in thee doth rest.
And 'tis supposed Love's bow hath wounded thee;
Defend the ensigns of thy war in me.
If what I do, she asks, say "hope for night;"
The rest my hand doth in my letters write.
Time passeth while I speak; give her my writ,
But see that forthwith she peruseth it.
I charge thee mark her eyes and front in reading:
By speechless looks we guess at things succeeding.
Straight being read, will her to write much back,
I hate fair paper should writ matter lack.
Let her make verses and some blotted letter
On the last edge to stay mine eyes the better.
What need she tire her hand to hold the quill?
Let this word "Come," alone the tables fill.
Then with triumphant laurel will I grace them
And in the midst of Venus' temple place them,
Subscribing, that to her I consecrate
My faithful tables, being vile maple late.

Elegia XII.

Tabellas quas miserat execratur quod amica noctem negabat.

Bewail my chance: the sad book is returned,
This day denial hath my sport adjourned.
Presages are not vain; when she departed,
Napè, by stumbling on the threshold, started.
Going out again, pass forth the door more wisely,
And somewhat higher bear thy foot precisely.
Hence luckless tables! funeral wood, be flying!
And thou the wax stuffed full with notes denying!
Which I think gathered from cold hemlock's flower,
Wherein bad honey Corsic bees did pour:
Yet as if mixed with red lead thou wert ruddy,
That colour rightly did appear so bloody.
As evil wood, thrown in the highways, lie,
Be broke with wheels of chariots passing by!
And him that hewed you out for needful uses,
I'll prove had hands impure with all abuses.
Poor wretches on the tree themselves did strangle:
There sat the hangman for men's necks to angle.
To hoarse scrich-owls foul shadows it allows;
Vultures and Furies nestled in the boughs.
To these my love I foolishly committed,
And then with sweet words to my mistress fitted.
More fitly had they wrangling bonds contained
From barbarous lips of some attorney strained.
Among day-books and bills they had lain better,
In which the merchant wails his bankrupt debtor.
Your name approves you made for such like things,
The number two no good divining brings.
Angry, I pray that rotten age you racks,
And sluttish white-mould overgrow the wax.

Elegia XIII.

Ad Auroram ne properet.

Now o'er the sea from her old love comes she
That draws the day from heaven's cold axletree.

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Aurora, whither slid'st thou? down again!
And birds from Memnon yearly shall be slain.
Now in her tender arms I sweetly bide,
If ever, now well lies she by my side.
The air is cold, and sleep is sweetest now,
And birds send forth shrill notes from every bough.
Whither runn'st thou, that men and women love not?
Hold in thy rosy horses that they move not,
Ere thou rise, stars teach seamen where to sail,
But when thou com'st, they of their courses fail.
Poor travellers though tired, rise at thy sight,
And soldiers make them ready to the fight.
The painful hind by thee to field is sent;
Slow oxen early in the yoke are pent.
Thou coz'nest boys of sleep, and dost betray them
To pedants that with cruel lashes pay them.
Thou mak'st the surety to the lawyer run,
That with one word hath nigh himself undone.
The lawyer and the client hate thy view,
Both whom thou raisest up to toil anew.
By thy means women of their rest are barred,
Thou set'st their labouring hands to spin and card.
All could I bear; but that the wench should rise,
Who can endure, save him with whom none lies?
How oft wished I night would not give thee place,
Nor morning stars shun thy uprising face.
How oft that either wind would break thy coach,
Or steeds might fall, forced with thick clouds approach.
Whither go'st thou, hateful nymph? Memnon the elf
Received his coal-black colour from thyself.
Say that thy love with Cephalus were not known,
Then thinkest thou thy loose life is not shown.
Would Tithon might but talk of thee awhile,
Not one in heaven should be more base and vile.
Thou leav'st his bed, because he's faint through age,
And early mount'st thy hateful carriage:
But held'st thou in thy arms some Cephalus,
Then would'st thou cry, "Stay night, and run not thus."
Dost punish me because years make him wane,
I did not bid thee wed an agèd swain.
The moon sleeps with Endymion every day.
Thou art as fair as she, then kiss and play.
Jove, that thou should'st not haste but wait his leisure,
Made two nights one to finish up his pleasure.
I chid no more; she blushed, and therefore heard me,
Yet lingered not the day, but morning scared me.

Elegia XIV.

Puellam consolatur cui præ nimia cura comæ desiderant.

Leave colouring thy tresses, I did cry;
Now hast thou left no hairs at all to dye.
But what had been more fair had they been kept?
Beyond thy robes thy dangling locks had swept.
Fear'dst thou to dress them being fine and thin,
Like to the silk the curious Seres spin.
Or threads which spider's slender foot draws out,
Fastening her light web some old beam about.
Not black, nor golden were they to our view,
Yet although neither, mixed of either's hue.
Such as in hilly Ida's watery plains,
The cedar tall spoiled of his bark retains.
And they were apt to curl an hundred ways,
And did to thee no cause of dolour raise.
Nor hath the needle, or the comb's teeth reft them,
The maid that kembed them ever safely left them.
Oft was she dressed before mine eyes, yet never,
Snatching the comb to beat the wench, outdrive her.
Oft in the morn her hairs not yet digested,
Half sleeping on a purple bed she rested;
Yet seemly like a Thracian Bacchanal,
That tired doth rashly on the green grass fall.
When they were slender and like downy moss,
The troubled hairs, alas, endured great loss.
How patiently hot irons they did take,
In crookèd trammels crispy curls to make.
I cried, "'Tis sin, 'tis sin, these hairs to burn,
They well become thee, then to spare them turn.

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Far off be force, no fire to them may reach,
Thy very hairs will the hot bodkin teach."
Lost are the goodly locks, which from their crown,
Phœbus and Bacchus wished were hanging down.
Such were they as Diana painted stands,
All naked holding in her wave-moist hands.
Why dost thy ill-combed tresses' loss lament?
Why in thy glass dost look, being discontent?
Be not to see with wonted eyes inclined;
To please thyself, thyself put out of mind.
No charmèd herbs of any harlot scathed thee,
No faithless witch in Thessal waters bathed thee.
No sickness harmed thee (far be that away!)
No envious tongue wrought thy thick locks' decay.
By thine own hand and fault thy hurt doth grow,
Thou mad'st thy head with compound poison flow.
Now Germany shall captive hair-tires send thee,
And vanquished people curious dressings lend thee.
With some admiring, O thou oft wilt blush!
And say, "He likes me for my borrowed bush.
Praising for me some unknown Guelder dame,
But I remember when it was my fame."
Alas she almost weeps, and her white cheeks,
Dyed red with shame to hide from shame she seeks.
She holds, and views her old locks in her lap;
Ah me! rare gifts unworthy such a hap.
Cheer up thyself, thy loss thou may'st repair,
And be hereafter seen with native hair.

Elegia XV.

Ad invidos, quod fama poetarum sit perennis.

Envy, why carp'st thou my time's spent so ill?
And term'st my works fruits of an idle quill?
Or that unlike the line from whence I sprung,
War's dusty honours are refused being young?
Nor that I study not the brawling laws,
Nor set my voice to sale in every cause?
Thy scope is mortal; mine, eternal fame.
That all the world may ever chant my name.
Homer shall live while Tenedos stands and Ide,
Or to the sea swift Simois doth slide.
Ascræus lives while grapes with new wine swell,
Or men with crookèd sickles corn down fell.
The world shall of Callimachus ever speak,
His art excelled, although his wit was weak.
For ever lasts high Sophocles' proud vein,
With sun and moon Aratus shall remain.
While bondmen cheat, fathers [be] hard, bawds whorish,
And strumpets flatter, shall Menander flourish.
Rude Ennius, and Plautus full of wit,
Are both in Fame's eternal legend writ.
What age of Varro's name shall not be told,
And Jason's Argo, and the fleece of gold?
Lofty Lucretius shall live that hour,
That nature shall dissolve this earthly bower.
Æneas' war and Tityrus shall be read,
While Rome of all the conquered world is head.
Till Cupid's bow, and fiery shafts be broken,
Thy verses sweet Tibullus shall be spoken.
And Gallus shall be known from East to West,
So shall Lycoris whom he lovèd best.
Therefore when flint and iron wear away,
Verse is immortal and shall ne'er decay.
To verse let kings give place and kingly shows,
And banks o'er which gold-bearing Tagus flows.
Let base conceited wits admire vile things,
Fair Phœbus lead me to the Muses' springs.
About my head be quivering myrtle wound,
And in sad lovers' heads let me be found.
The living, not the dead, can envy bite,
For after death all men receive their right.
Then though death rakes my bones in funeral fire,
I'll live, and as he pulls me down mount higher.

The same, by B. I. [Ben Jonson].

Envy, why twitt'st thou me, my time's spent ill?
And call'st my verse fruits of an idle quill?
Or that (unlike the line from whence I sprung)
War's dusty honours I pursue not young?
Or that I study not the tedious laws;
And prostitute my voice in every cause?
Thy scope is mortal; mine eternal fame,
Which through the world shall ever chant my name.

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Homer will live, whilst Tenedos stands, and Ide,
Or to the sea, fleet Symois doth slide:
And so shall Hesiod too, while vines do bear,
Or crookèd sickles crop the ripened ear;
Callimachus, though in invention low,
Shall still be sung, since he in art doth flow.
No less shall come to Sophocles' proud vein;
With sun and moon Aratus shall remain.
While slaves be false, fathers hard, and bawds be whorish,
While harlots flatter, shall Menander flourish.
Ennius, though rude, and Accius' high-reared strain,
A fresh applause in every age shall gain.
Of Varro's name, what ear shall not be told?
Of Jason's Argo, and the fleece of gold?
Then, shall Lucretius' lofty numbers die,
When earth, and seas in fire and flames shall fry.
Tityrus, Tillage, Æney shall be read,
Whilst Rome of all the conquered world is head.
Till Cupid's fires be out, and his bow broken,
Thy verses, neat Tibullus, shall be spoken.
Our Gallus shall be known from East to West,
So shall Lycoris, whom he now loves best.
The suffering ploughshare or the flint may wear,
But heavenly poesy no death can fear.
Kings shall give place to it, and kingly shows,
The banks o'er which gold-bearing Tagus flows.
Kneel hinds to trash: me let bright Phœbus swell,
With cups full flowing from the Muses' well.
The frost-drad myrtle shall impale my head,
And of sad lovers I'll be often read.
Envy the living, not the dead doth bite,
For after death all men receive their right.
Then when this body falls in funeral fire,
My name shall live, and my best part aspire.

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P. OVIDII NASONIS AMORUM.

LIBER SECUNDUS.

Elegia I.

Quod pro gigantomachia amores scribere sit coactus.

I, Ovid, poet, of my wantonness,
Born at Peligny, to write more address.
So Cupid wills. Far hence be the severe!
You are unapt my looser lines to hear.
Let maids whom hot desire to husbands lead,
And rude boys, touched with unknown love, me read:
That some youth hurt, as I am, with Love's bow,
His own flame's best acquainted signs may know.
And long admiring say, "By what means learned,
Hath this same poet my sad chance discern'd?"
I durst the great celestial battles tell,
Hundred-hand Gyges, and had done it well;
With Earth's revenge, and how Olympus top
High Ossa bore, Mount Pelion up to prop;
Jove and Jove's thunderbolts I had in hand,
Which for his heaven fell on the giants' band.
My wench her door shut, Jove's affairs I left,
Even Jove himself out of my wit was reft.
Pardon me, Jove! thy weapons aid me nought,
Her shut gates greater lightning than thine brought.
Toys and light elegies my darts I took,
Quickly soft words hard doors wide-open strook.
Verses reduce the hornèd bloody moon,
And call the sun's white horses back at noon.
Snakes leap by verse from caves of broken mountains,
And turnèd streams run backward to their fountains.
Verses ope doors; and locks put in the post,
Although of oak, to yield to verses boast;
What helps it me of fierce Achill to sing?
What good to me will either Ajax bring?
Or he who warred and wandered twenty year?
Or woful Hector whom wild horses tear?
But when I praise a pretty wench's face,
She in requital doth me oft embrace.
A great reward! Heroes of famous names
Farewell! your favour naught my mind inflames.
Wenches apply your fair looks to my verse,
Which golden Love doth unto me rehearse.

Elegia II.

Ad Bagoum, ut custodiam puellæ sibi commissam laxiorem habeat.

Bagous, whose care doth thy mistress bridle,
While I speak some few, yet fit words, be idle.
I saw the damsel walking yesterday,
There, where the porch doth Danaus' fact display:
She pleased me soon, I sent, and did her woo,
Her trembling hand writ back she might not do.
And asking why, this answer she redoubled,
Because thy care too much thy mistress troubled.
Keeper, if thou be wise, cease hate to cherish,
Believe me, whom we fear, we wish to perish.
Nor is her husband wise: what needs defence,
When unprotected there is no expense?
But furiously he follow his love's fire,
And thinks her chaste whom many do desire:
Stolen liberty she may by thee obtain,
Which giving her, she may give thee again:
Wilt thou her fault learn? she may make thee tremble.
Fear to be guilty, then thou may'st dissemble.
Think when she reads, her mother letters sent her:
Let him go forth known, that unknown did enter.
Let him go see her though she do not languish,
And then report her sick and full of anguish.

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If long she stays, to think the time more short,
Lay down thy forehead in thy lap to snort.
Enquire not what with Isis may be done,
Nor fear lest she to the theàtres run.
Knowing her scapes, thine honour shall increase;
And what less labour than to hold thy peace?
Let him please, haunt the house, be kindly used,
Enjoy the wench; let all else be refused.
Vain causes feign of him, the true to hide,
And what she likes, let both hold ratified.
When most her husband bends the brows and frowns,
His fawning wench with her desire he crowns.
But yet sometimes to chide thee let her fall
Counterfeit tears: and thee lewd hangman call.
Object thou then, what she may well excuse,
To stain all faith in truth, by false crimes' use.
Of wealth and honour so shall grow thy heap:
Do this, and soon thou shalt thy freedom reap.
On tell-tales' necks thou seest the link-knit chains,
The filthy prison faithless breasts restrains.
Water in waters, and fruit flying touch
Tantalus seeks, his long tongue's gain is such.
While Juno's watchman Iö too much eyed,
Him timeless death took, she was deified.
I saw one's legs with fetters black and blue,
By whom the husband his wife's incest knew:
More he deserved; to both great harm he framed,
The man did grieve, the woman was defamed.
Trust me all husbands for such faults are sad,
Nor make they any man that hears them glad.
If he loves not, deaf ears thou dost importune,
Or if he loves, thy tale breeds his misfortune.
Nor is it easy proved though manifest,
She safe by favour of her judge doth rest.
Though himself see, he'll credit her denial,
Condemn his eyes, and say there is no trial.
Spying his mistress' tears, he will lament
And say "This blab shall suffer punishment."
Why fight'st 'gainst odds? to thee, being cast, do hap
Sharp stripes; she sitteth in the judge's lap.
To meet for poison or vile facts we crave not;
My hands an unsheathed shining weapon have not.
We seek that, through thee, safely love we may;
What can be easier than the thing we pray?

Elegia III.

Ad Eunuchum servantem dominam.

Ah me, an eunuch keeps my mistress chaste,
That cannot Venus' mutual pleasure taste.
Who first deprived young boys of their best part,
With self-same wounds he gave, he ought to smart.
To kind requests thou would'st more gentle prove,
If ever wench had made lukewarm thy love:
Thou wert not born to ride, or arms to bear,
Thy hands agree not with the warlike spear.
Men handle those; all manly hopes resign,
Thy mistress' ensigns must be likewise thine.
Please her—her hate makes others thee abhor,
If she discards thee, what use serv'st thou for?
Good form there is, years apt to play together:
Unmeet is beauty without use to wither.
She may deceive thee, though thou her protect,
What two determine never wants effect.
Our prayers move thee to assist our drift,
While thou hast time yet to bestow that gift.

Elegia IV.

Quod amet mulieres, cujuscunque formæ sint.

I mean not to defend the scapes of any,
Or justify my vices being many;
For I confess, if that might merit favour,
Here I display my lewd and loose behaviour.
I loathe, yet after that I loathe I run:
Oh, how the burthen irks, that we should shun.
I cannot rule myself but where love please
And driven like a ship upon rough seas,
No one face likes me best, all faces move,
A hundred reasons make me ever love.
If any eye me with a modest look,
I blush, and by that blushful glance am took;

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And she that's coy I like, for being no clown,
Methinks she would be nimble when she's down.
Though her sour looks a Sabine's brow resemble,
I think she'll do, but deeply can dissemble.
If she be learned, then for her skill I crave her,
If not, because she's simple I would have her.
Before Callimachus one prefers me far;
Seeing she likes my books, why should we jar?
Another rails at me, and that I write,
Yet would I lie with her, if that I might:
Trips she, it likes me well; plods she, what then?
She would be nimbler lying with a man.
And when one sweetly sings, then straight I long,
To quaver on her lips even in her song;
Or if one touch the lute with art and cunning,
Who would not love those hands for their swift running?
And her I like that with a majesty,
Folds up her arms, and makes low courtesy.
To leave myself, that am in love with all,
Some one of these might make the chastest fall.
If she be tall, she's like an Amazon,
And therefore fills the bed she lies upon:
If short, she lies the rounder, to say troth,
But short and long please me, for I love both.
I think what one undecked would be, being drest;
Is she attired? then show her graces best.
A white wench thralls me, so doth golden yellow;
And nut-brown girls in doing have no fellow.
If her white neck be shadowed with brown hair,
Why so was Leda's, yet was Leda fair.
Amber-tress'd is she? then on the morn think I:
My love alludes to every history:
A young wench pleaseth, and an old is good,
This for her looks, that for her womanhood:
Nay what is she, that any Roman loves,
But my ambitious ranging mind approves?

Elegia V.

Ad amicam corruptam.

No love is so dear,—quivered Cupid fly!—
That my chief wish should be so oft to die.
Minding thy fault, with death I wish to revel;
Alas! a wench is a perpetual evil.
No intercepted lines thy deeds display,
No gifts given secretly thy crime bewray.
O would my proofs as vain might be withstood!
Ah me, poor soul, why is my cause so good?
He's happy, that his love dares boldly credit;
To whom his wench can say, "I never did it."
He's cruel, and too much his grief doth favour,
That seeks the conquest by her loose behaviour.
Poor wench, I saw when thou didst think I slumbered;
Not drunk, your faults on the spilt wine I numbered.
I saw your nodding eyebrows much to speak,
Even from your cheeks, part of a voice did break.
Not silent were thine eyes, the board with wine
Was scribbled, and thy fingers writ a line.
I knew your speech (what do not lovers see?)
And words that seemed for certain marks to be.
Now many guests were gone, the feast being done,
The youthful sort to divers pastimes run.
I saw you then unlawful kisses join;
(Such with my tongue it likes me to purloin),
None such the sister gives her brother grave,
But such kind wenches let their lovers have.
Phœbus gave not Diana such, 'tis thought,
But Venus often to her Mars such brought.
"What dost?" I cried; "transport'st thou my delight?
My lordly hands I'll throw upon my right.
Such bliss is only common to us two,
In this sweet good why hath a third to do?"
This, and what grief enforced me say, I said:
A scarlet blush her guilty face arrayed;
Even such as by Aurora hath the sky,
Or maids that their betrothèd husbands spy;
Such as a rose mixed with a lily breeds,
Or when the moon travails with charmèd steeds.
Or such as, lest long years should turn the dye,
Arachne stains Assyrian ivory.

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To these, or some of these, like was her colour:
By chance her beauty never shinèd fuller.
She viewed the earth? the earth to view, beseemed her.
She lookèd sad; sad, comely I esteemed her.
Even kembèd as they were, her locks to rend,
And scratch her fair soft cheeks I did intend.
Seeing her face, mine upreared arms descended,
With her own armour was my wench defended.
I, that erewhile was fierce, now humbly sue,
Lest with worse kisses she should me endue.
She laughed, and kissed so sweetly as might make
Wrath-kindled Jove away his thunder shake.
I grieve lest others should such good perceive,
And wish hereby them all unknown to leave.
Also much better were they than I tell,
And ever seemed as some new sweet befel.
'Tis ill they pleased so much, for in my lips
Lay her whole tongue hid, mine in hers she dips.
This grieves me not; no joinèd kisses spent,
Bewail I only, though I them lament.
Nowhere can they be taught but in the bed;
I know no master of so great hire sped.

Elegia VI.

In mortem psittaci.

The parrot, from East Indies to me sent,
Is dead; all fowls her exequies frequent!
Go godly birds, striking your breasts, bewail,
And with rough claws your tender cheeks assail.
For woful hairs let piece-torn plumes abound,
For long shrild trumpets let your notes resound.
Why Philomel dost Tereus' lewdness mourn?
All wasting years have that complaint now worn?
Thy tunes let this rare bird's sad funeral borrow,
Itys a great, but ancient cause of sorrow.
All you whose pinions in the clear air soar,
But most, thou friendly turtle dove, deplore.
Full concord all your lives was you betwixt,
And to the end your constant faith stood fixt.
What Pylades did to Orestes prove,
Such to the parrot was the turtle-dove.
But what availed this faith? her rarest hue?
Or voice that how to change the wild notes knew?
What helps it thou wert given to please my wench?
Birds' hapless glory, death thy life doth quench.
Thou with thy quills might'st make green emeralds dark,
And pass our scarlet of red saffron's mark.
No such voice-feigning bird was on the ground,
Thou spok'st thy words so well with stammering sound.
Envy hath rapt thee, no fierce wars thou mov'dst.
Vain-babbling speech, and pleasant peace thou lov'dst.
Behold how quails among their battles live,
Which do perchance old age unto them give.
A little filled thee, and for love of talk,
Thy mouth to taste of many meats did balk.
Nuts were thy food, and poppy caused thee sleep,
Pure water's moisture thirst away did keep.
The ravenous vulture lives, the puttock hovers
Around the air, the cadess rain discovers.
And crow survives arms-bearing Pallas' hate.
Whose life nine ages scarce bring out of date.
Dead is that speaking image of man's voice,
The parrot given me, the far world's best choice.
The greedy spirits take the best things first,
Supplying their void places with the worst.
Thersites did Protesilaus survive;
And Hector died, his brothers yet alive.
My wench's vows for thee why should I show,
Which stormy south winds into sea did blow?
The seventh day came, none following might'st thou see,
And the Fate's distaff empty stood to thee:
Yet words in thy benumbèd palate rung,
"Farewell Corinna," cried thy dying tongue.
Elysium hath a wood of holm-trees black,
Whose earth doth not perpetual green grass lack,
There good birds rest (if we believe things hidden)
Whence unclean fowls are said to be forbidden.
There harmless swans feed all abroad the river;
There lives the phœnix, one alone bird ever;

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There Juno's bird displays his gorgeous feather,
And loving doves kiss eagerly together.
The parrot into wood received with these,
Turns all the godly birds to what she please.
A grave her bones hides: on her corps' small grave,
The little stones these little verses have.
This tomb approves I pleased my mistress well,
My mouth in speaking did all birds excel.

Elegia VII.

Amicæ se purgat, quod ancillam non amet.

Dost me of new crimes always guilty frame?
To overcome, so oft to fight I shame.
If on the marble theatre I look,
One among many is, to grieve thee, took.
If some fair wench me secretly behold,
Thou arguest she doth secret marks unfold.
If I praise any, thy poor hairs thou tearest;
If blame, dissembling of my fault thou fearest.
If I look well, thou think'st thou dost not move,
If ill, thou say'st I die for others' love.
Would I were culpable of some offence,
They that deserve pain, bear't with patience.
Now rash accusing, and thy vain belief,
Forbid thine anger to procure my grief.
Lo, how the miserable great eared ass,
Dulled with much beating, slowly forth doth pass.
Behold Cypassis, wont to dress thy head,
Is charged to violate her mistress' bed.
The gods from this sin rid me of suspicion,
To like a base wench of despised condition.
With Venus' game who will a servant grace?
Or any back, made rough with stripes, embrace?
Add she was diligent thy locks to braid,
And, for her skill, to thee a grateful maid.
Should I solicit her that is so just;
To take repulse, and cause her show my lust?
I swear by Venus, and the winged boy's bow,
Myself unguilty of this crime I know.

Elegia VIII.

Ad Cypassim ancillam Corinnæ.

Cypassis, that a thousand ways trim'st hair,
Worthy to kemb none but a goddess fair,
Our pleasant scapes show thee no clown to be,
Apt to thy mistress, but more apt to me.
Who that our bodies were comprest bewrayed?
Whence knows Corinna that with thee I played?
Yet blushed I not, nor used I any saying,
That might be urged to witness our false playing.
What if a man with bondwomen offend,
To prove him foolish did I e'er contend?
Achilles burnt with face of captive Brisèis,
Great Agamemnon loved his servant Chrysèis.
Greater than these myself I not esteem:
What graced kings, in me no shame I deem.
But when on thee her angry eyes did rush,
In both thy cheeks she did perceive thee blush.
But being present, might that work the best,
By Venus' deity how did I protest!
Thou goddess dost command a warm south blast,
My self oaths in Carpathian seas to cast.
For which good turn my sweet reward repay,
Let me lie with thee, brown Cypass, to-day.
Ungrate, why feign'st new fears, and dost refuse?
Well may'st thou one thing for thy mistress use.
If thou deniest, fool, I'll our deeds express,
And as a traitor mine own faults confess;
Telling thy mistress where I was with thee,
How oft, and by what means we did agree.

Elegia IX.

Ad Cupidinem.

O Cupid, that dost never cease my smart?
O boy, that liest so slothful in my heart!
Why me that always was thy soldier found,
Dost harm, and in thy tents why dost me wound?
Why burns thy brand, why strikes thy bow thy friends?
More glory by thy vanquished foes ascends.
Did not Pelides whom his spear did grieve,
Being required, with speedy help relieve?
Hunters leave taken beasts, pursue the chase,
And than things found do ever further pace.
We people wholly given thee, feel thine arms,
Thy dull hand stays thy striving enemies' harms.
Dost joy to have thy hooked arrows shaked
In naked bones? love hath my bones left naked.
So many men and maidens without love,
Hence with great laud thou may'st a triumph move.

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Rome, if her strength the huge world had not filled,
With strawy cabins now her courts should build.
The weary soldier hath the conquered fields,
His sword, laid by, safe, tho' rude places yields;
The dock inharbours ships drawn from the floods,
Horse freed from service range abroad the woods.
And time it was for me to live in quiet,
That have so oft served pretty wenches diet.
Yet should I curse a God, if he but said,
"Live without love," so sweet ill is a maid.
For when my loathing it of heat deprives me,
I know not whither my mind's whirlwind drives me.
Even as a headstrong courser bears away,
His rider vainly striving him to stay.
Or as a sudden gale thrusts into sea
The haven-touching bark now near the lea;
So wavering Cupid brings me back amain,
And purple Love resumes his darts again.
Strike, boy, I offer thee my naked breast,
Here thou hast strength, here thy right hand doth rest.
Here of themselves thy shafts come, as if shot;
Better than I their quiver knows them not:
Hapless is he that all the night lies quiet,
And slumbering, thinks himself much blessèd by it.
Fool, what is sleep but image of cold death,
Long shalt thou rest when Fates expire thy breath.
But me let crafty damsel's words deceive,
Great joys by hope I inly shall conceive.
Now let her flatter me, now chide me hard,
Let me enjoy her oft, oft be debarred.
Cupid, by thee, Mars in great doubt doth trample,
And thy stepfather fights by thy example.
Light art thou, and more windy than thy wings;
Joys with uncertain faith thou tak'st and brings:
Yet Love, if thou with thy fair mother hear,
Within my breast no desert empire bear;
Subdue the wandering wenches to thy reign,
So of both people shalt thou homage gain.

Elegia X.

Ad Græcinum quod eodem tempore duas amet.

Græcinus (well I wot) thou told'st me once,
I could not be in love with two at once;
By thee deceived, by thee surprised am I,
For now I love two women equally:
Both are well favoured, both rich in array,
Which is the loveliest it is hard to say:
This seems the fairest, so doth that to me;
And this doth please me most, and so doth she;
Even as a boat tossed by contrary wind,
So with this love and that wavers my mind.
Venus, why doublest thou my endless smart?
Was not one wench enough to grieve my heart?
Why add'st thou stars to heaven, leaves to green woods,
And to the vast deep sea fresh water floods?
Yet this is better far than lie alone:
Let such as be mine enemies have none;
Yea, let my foes sleep in an empty bed,
And in the midst their bodies largely spread:
But may soft love rouse up my drowsy eyes,
And from my mistress' bosom let me rise:
Let one wench cloy me with sweet love's delight,
If one can do't, if not, two every night.
Though I am slender, I have store of pith,
Nor want I strength, but weight, to press her with:
Pleasure adds fuel to my lustful fire,
I pay them home with that they most desire:
Oft have I spent the night in wantonness,
And in the morn been lively ne'ertheless,
He's happy whom Love's mutual skirmish slays;
And to the gods for that death Ovid prays.
Let soldiers chase their enemies amain,
And with their blood eternal honour gain,
Let merchants seek wealth and with perjured lips,
Being wrecked, carouse the sea tired by their ships;
But when I die, would I might droop with doing,
And in the midst thereof, set my soul going;
That at my funerals some may weeping cry,
"Even as he led his life, so did he die."

Elegia XI.

Ad amicam navigantem.

The lofty pine, from high Mount Pelion raught,
Ill ways by rough seas wondering waves first taught.

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Which rashly 'twixt the sharp rocks in the deep,
Carried the famous golden-fleecèd sheep.
O would that no oars might in seas have sunk!
The Argo wrecked had deadly waters drunk.
Lo, country gods and known bed to forsake
Corinna means, and dangerous ways to take.
For thee the East and West winds make me pale,
With icy Boreas, and the Southern gale.
Thou shalt admire no woods or cities there,
The unjust seas all bluish do appear.
The ocean hath no painted stones or shells,
The sucking shore with their abundance swells.
Maids on the shore, with marble-white feet tread,
So far 'tis safe; but to go farther, dread.
Let others tell how winds fierce battles wage,
How Scylla's and Charybdis' waters rage;
And with what rocks the feared Ceraunia threat;
In what gulf either Syrtes have their seat.
Let others tell this, and what each one speaks
Believe; no tempest the believer wreaks.
Too late you look back, when with anchor weighed,
The crookèd bark hath her swift sails displayed.
The careful shipman now fears angry gusts,
And with the waters sees death near him thrusts.
But if that Triton toss the troubled flood,
In all thy face will be no crimson blood.
Then wilt thou Leda's noble twin-stars pray,
And, he is happy whom the earth holds, say.
It is more safe to sleep, to read a book,
The Thracian harp with cunning to have strook.
But if my words with wingèd storms hence slip,
Yet, Galatea, favour thou her ship.
The loss of such a wench much blame will gather,
Both to the sea-nymphs and the sea-nymphs' father.
Go, minding to return with prosperous wind,
Whose blast may hither strongly be inclined.
Let Nereus bend the waves unto this shore,
Hither the winds blow, here the springtide roar.
Request mild Zephyr's help for thy avail,
And with thy hand assist the swelling sail.
I from the shore thy known ship first will see,
And say it brings her that preserveth me.
I'll clip and kiss thee with all contentation,
For thy return shall fall the vowed oblation;
And in the form of beds we'll strew soft sand;
Each little hill shall for a table stand:
There wine being filled, thou many things shalt tell,
How, almost wrecked, thy ship in main seas fell.
And hasting to me, neither darksome night,
Nor violent south-winds did thee aught affright.
I'll think all true, though it be feignèd matter?
Mine own desires why should myself not flatter?
Let the bright day-star cause in heaven this day be,
To bring that happy time so soon as may be.

Elegia XII.

Exultat, quod amica potitus sit.

About my temples go, triumphant bays!
Conquered Corinna in my bosom lays.
She whom her husband, guard, and gate, as foes,
Lest art should win her, firmly did enclose:
That victory doth chiefly triumph merit,
Which without bloodshed doth the prey inherit.
No little ditchèd towns, no lowly walls,
But to my share a captive damsel falls.
When Troy by ten years' battle tumbled down,
With the Atrides many gained renown:
But I no partner of my glory brook,
Nor can another say his help I took.
I, guide and soldier, won the field and wear her,
I was both horseman, footman, standard-bearer.
Nor in my act hath fortune mingled chance:
O care-got triumph hitherwards advance!
Nor is my war's cause new; but for a queen,
Europe and Asia in firm peace had been.
The Lapiths and the Centaurs, for a woman,
To cruel arms their drunken selves did summon.
A woman forced the Trojans new to enter
Wars, just Latinus, in thy kingdom's centre:

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A woman against late-built Rome did send
The Sabine fathers, who sharp wars intend.
I saw how bulls for a white heifer strive,
She looking on them did more courage give.
And me with many, but me without murther,
Cupid commands to move his ensigns further.

Elegia XIII.

Ad Isidem, ut parientem Corinnam servet.

While rashly her womb's burden she casts out,
Weary Corinna hath her life in doubt.
She, secretly from me, such harm attempted,
Angry I was, but fear my wrath exempted.
But she conceived of me; or I am sure
I oft have done what might as much procure.
Thou that frequent'st Canopus' pleasant fields,
Memphis, and Pharos that sweet date-trees yields.
And where swift Nile in his large channel skipping,
By seven huge mouths into the sea is slipping.
By feared Anubis' visage I thee pray,
So in thy temples shall Osiris stay,
And the dull snake about thy offerings creep,
And in thy pomp horned Apis with thee keep.
Turn thy looks hither, and in one spare twain:
Thou givest my mistress life, she mine again.
She oft hath served thee upon certain days,
Where the French rout engirt themselves with bays.
On labouring women thou dost pity take,
Whose bodies with their heavy burdens ache;
My wench, Lucina, I entreat thee favour,
Worthy she is, thou should'st in mercy save her.
In white, with incense, I'll thine altars greet,
Myself will bring vowed gifts before thy feet,
Subscribing *Naso with Corinna saved*,
Do but deserve gifts with this title graved.
But if in so great fear I may advise thee,
To have this skirmish fought let it suffice thee.

Elegia XIV.

In amicam, quod abortivum ipsa fecerit.

What helps it women to be free from war,
Nor being armed fierce troops to follow far,
If without battle self-wrought wounds annoy them,
And their own privy-weaponed hands destroy them?
Who unborn infants first to slay invented,
Deserved thereby with death to be tormented.
Because thy belly should rough wrinkles lack,
Wilt thou thy womb-inclosèd offspring wrack?
Had ancient mothers this vile custom cherished,
All human kind by their default had perished.
Or stones, our stock's original should be hurled,
Again, by some, in this unpeopled world.
Who should have Priam's wealthy substance won,
If watery Thetis had her child fordone?
In swelling womb her twins had Ilia killed,
He had not been that conquering Rome bid build.
Had Venus spoiled her belly's Trojan fruit,
The earth of Cæsars had been destitute.
Thou also that wert born fair, had'st decayed,
If such a work thy mother had assayed.
Myself, that better die with loving may,
Had seen, my mother killing me, no day.
Why tak'st increasing grapes from vine-trees full?
With cruel hand why dost green apples pull?
Fruits ripe will fall; let springing things increase;
Life is no light price of a small surcease.
Why with hid irons are your bowels torn?
And why dire poison give you babes unborn?
At Colchis, stained with children's blood men rail,
And mother-murdered Itys they bewail.
Both unkind parents; but, for causes sad,
Their wedlocks' pledges venged their husbands bad.
What Tereus, what Iäson you provokes,
To plague your bodies with such harmful strokes?
Armenian tigers never did so ill,
Nor dares the lioness her young whelps kill.

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But tender damsels do it, though with pain;
Oft dies she that her paunch-wrapt child hath slain:
She dies, and with loose hairs to grave is sent,
And whoe'er see her, worthily lament.
But in the air let these words come to naught,
And my presages of no weight be thought.
Forgive her, gracious gods, this one delict,
And on the next fault punishment inflict.

Elegia XV.

Ad annulum, quem dono amicæ dedit.

Thou ring that shalt my fair girl's finger bind,
Wherein is seen the giver's loving mind:
Be welcome to her, gladly let her take thee,
And, her small joints encircling, round hoop make thee.
Fit her so well, as she is fit for me,
And of just compass for her knuckles be.
Blest ring, thou in my mistress' hand shall lie,
Myself, poor wretch, mine own gifts now envy.
O would that suddenly into my gift,
I could myself by secret magic shift!
Then would I wish thee touch my mistress' pap,
And hide thy left hand underneath her lap,
I would get off though strait, and sticking fast,
And in her bosom strangely fall at last.
Then I, that I may seal her privy leaves,
Lest to the wax the hold-fast dry gem cleaves,
Would first my beauteous wench's moist lips touch,
Only I'll sign naught that may grieve me much.
I would not out, might I in one place hit:
But in less compass her small fingers knit.
My life! that I will shame thee never fear,
Or be a load thou should'st refuse to bear.
Wear me, when warmest showers thy members wash,
And through the gem let thy lost waters pash.
But seeing thee, I think my thing will swell,
And even the ring perform a man's part well.
Vain things why wish I? go small gift from hand,
Let her my faith, with thee given, understand.

Elegia XVI.

Ad amicam, ut ad rura sua veniat.

Sulmo, Peligny's third part, me contains,
A small, but wholesome soil with watery veins,
Although the sun to rive the earth incline,
And the Icarian froward dog-star shine;
Pelignian fields with liquid rivers flow,
And on the soft ground fertile green grass grow.
With corn the earth abounds, with vines much more,
And some few pastures Pallas' olives bore.
And by the rising herbs, where clear springs slide,
A grassy turf the moistened earth doth hide.
But absent is my fire; lies I'll tell none,
My heat is here, what moves my heat is gone.
Pollux and Castor, might I stand betwixt,
In heaven without thee would I not be fixt.
Upon the cold earth pensive let them lay,
That mean to travel some long irksome way.
Or else will maidens young men's mates, to go
If they determine to persèver so.
Then on the rough Alps should I tread aloft,
My hard way with my mistress would seem soft.
With her I durst the Libyan Syrts break through,
And raging seas in boisterous south-winds plough,
No barking dogs, that Scylla's entrails bear,
Nor thy gulfs, crooked Malea, would I fear.
Nor flowing waves with drownèd ships forth-poured
By cloyed Charybdis, and again devoured.
But if stern Neptune's windy power prevail,
And waters' force, force helping Gods to fail,
With thy white arms upon my shoulders seize,
So sweet a burden I will bear with ease.
The youth oft swimming to his Hero kind,
Had then swam over, but the way was blind.
But without thee, although vine-planted ground
Contains me; though the streams the fields surround;
Though hinds in brooks the running waters bring,
And cool gales shake the tall trees' leafy spring;
Healthful Peligny, I esteem naught worth,
Nor do I like the country of my birth.
Scythia, Cilicia, Britain are as good,
And rocks dyed crimson with Prometheus' blood.
Elms love the vines; the vines with elms abide,
Why doth my mistress from me oft divide?
Thou swear'dst, division should not 'twixt us rise,
By me, and by my stars, thy radiant eyes;

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Maids' words more vain and light than falling leaves,
Which as it seems, hence wind and sea bereaves.
If any godly care of me thou hast,
Add deeds unto thy promises at last.
And with swift nags drawing thy little coach,
(Their reins let loose) right soon my house approach.
But when she comes, you swelling mounts sink down,
And falling valleys be the smooth ways crown.

Elegia XVII.

Quod Corinnæ soli sit serviturus.

To serve a wench if any think it shame,
He being judge, I am convinced of blame.
Let me be slandered, while my fire she hides,
That Paphos, and flood-beat Cythera guides.
Would I had been my mistress' gentle prey,
Since some fair one I should of force obey.
Beauty gives heart; Corinna's looks excel;
Ah me, why is it known to her so well?
But by her glass disdainful pride she learns,
Nor she herself, but first trimmed up, discerns.
Not though thy face in all things make thee reign,
(O face, most cunning mine eyes to detain!)
Thou ought'st therefore to scorn me for thy mate,
Small things with greater may be copulate.
Love-snared Calypso is supposed to pray
A mortal nymph's refusing lord to stay.
Who doubts, with Peleus Thetis did consort,
Egeria with just Numa had good sport.
Venus with Vulcan, though, smith's tools laid by,
With his stump foot he halts ill-favouredly.
This kind of verse is not alike, yet fit,
With shorter numbers the heroic sit.
And thou, my light, accept me howsoever,
Lay in the mid bed, there be my lawgiver.
My stay no crime, my flight no joy shall breed,
Nor of our love, to be ashamed we need.
For great revenues I good verses have,
And many by me to get glory crave.
I know a wench reports herself Corinne;
What would not she give that fair name to win?
But sundry floods in one bank never go,
Eurotas cold, and poplar-bearing Po.
Nor in my books shall one but thou be writ,
Thou dost alone give matter to my wit.

Elegia XVIII.

Ad Macrum, quod de amoribus scribat.

To tragic verse while thou Achilles train'st,
And new sworn soldiers' maiden arms retain'st.
We, Macer, sit in Venus' slothful shade,
And tender love hath great things hateful made.
Often at length, my wench depart I bid,
She in my lap sits still as erst she did.
I said "It irks me," half to weeping framed,
"Ah me!" she cries, "to love why art ashamed?"
Then wreathes about my neck her winding arms,
And thousand kisses gives, that work my harms:
I yield, and back my wit from battles bring,
Domestic acts, and mine own wars to sing.
Yet tragedies, and sceptres fill'd my lines,
But though I apt were for such high designs,
Love laughèd at my cloak, and buskins painted,
And rule, so soon with private hands acquainted.
My mistress' deity also drew me fro it,
And love triumpheth o'er his buskined poet.
What lawful is, or we profess love's art:
(Alas, my precepts turn myself to smart!)
We write, or what Penelope sends Ulysses,
Or Phillis' tears that her Demophoon misses.
What thankless Jason, Macareus, and Paris,
Phedra, and Hippolyte may read, my care is.
And what poor Dido, with her drawn sword sharp,
Doth say, with her that loved the Aonian harp.
As soon as from strange lands Sabinus came,
And writings did from divers places frame,
White-cheeked Penelope knew Ulysses' sign,
The step-dame read Hippolytus' lustless line.
Æneas to Elisa answer gives,
And Phillis hath to read, if now she lives.
Jason's sad letter doth Hypsipyle greet;
Sappho her vowed harp lays at Phœbus' feet.
Nor of thee, Macer, that resound'st forth arms,
Is golden love hid in Mars' mid alarms.
There Paris is, and Helen's crime's record,
With Laodamia, mate to her dead lord,
Unless I err to these thou more incline,
Than wars, and from thy tents wilt come to mine.

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Elegia XIX.

Ad rivalem cui uxor curæ non erat.

Fool, if to keep thy wife thou hast no need,
Keep her from me, my more desire to breed;
We scorn things lawful; stolen sweets we affect;
Cruel is he that loves whom none protect.
Let us, both lovers, hope and fear alike,
And may repulse place for our wishes strike.
What should I do with fortune that ne'er fails me?
Nothing I love that at all times avails me.
Wily Corinna saw this blemish in me,
And craftily knows by what means to win me.
Ah, often, that her hale head ached, she lying,
Willed me, whose slow feet sought delay, be flying;
Ah, oft, how much she might, she feigned offence;
And, doing wrong, made show of innocence.
So having vexed she nourished my warm fire,
And was again most apt to my desire.
To please me, what fair terms and sweet words has she!
Great gods! what kisses, and how many gave she!
Thou also that late took'st mine eyes away,
Oft cozen me, oft, being wooed, say nay;
And on thy threshold let me lie dispread,
Suff'ring much cold by hoary night's frost bred.
So shall my love continue many years;
This doth delight me, this my courage cheers.
Fat love, and too much fulsome, me annoys,
Even as sweet meat a glutted stomach cloys.
In brazen tower had not Danäe dwelt,
A mother's joy by Jove she had not felt.
While Juno Iö keeps, when horns she wore,
Jove liked her better than he did before.
Who covets lawful things takes leaves from woods,
And drinks stolen waters in surrounding floods.
Her lover let her mock that long will reign,
Ah me, let not my warnings cause my pain.
Whatever haps, by sufferance harm is done,
What flies I follow, what follows me I shun.
But thou, of thy fair damsel too secure,
Begin to shut thy house at evening sure.
Search at the door who knocks oft in the dark,
In night's deep silence why the ban-dogs bark.
Whether the subtle maid lines brings and carries,
Why she alone in empty bed oft tarries.
Let this care sometimes bite thee to the quick,
That to deceits it may me forward prick.
To steal sands from the shore he loves a-life,
That can affect a foolish wittol's wife.
Now I forewarn, unless to keep her stronger
Thou dost begin, she shall be mine no longer.
Long have I borne much, hoping time would beat thee
To guard her well, that well I might entreat thee.
Thou suffer'st what no husband can endure,
But of my love it will an end procure.
Shall I, poor soul, be never interdicted?
Nor never with night's sharp revenge afflicted?
In sleeping shall I fearless draw my breath?
Wilt nothing do, why I should wish thy death?
Can I but loathe a husband grown a bawd?
By thy default thou dost our joys defraud.
Some other seek that may in patience strive with thee,
To pleasure me, forbid me to corrive with thee.

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P. OVIDII NASONIS AMORUM.

LIBER TERTIUS.

ELEGIA I.

Deliberatio poetæ, utrum elegos pergat scribere an potius tragædias.

An old wood stands uncut of long years' space,
'Tis credible some godhead haunts the place.
In midst thereof a stone-paved sacred spring,
Where round about small birds most sweetly sing.
Here while I walk, hid close in shady grove,
To find what work my muse might move, I strove.
Elegia came with hairs perfumèd sweet,
And one, I think, was longer, of her feet:
A decent form, thin robe, a lover's look,
By her foot's blemish greater grace she took.
Then with huge steps came violent Tragedy,
Stern was her front, her cloak on ground did lie.
Her left hand held abroad a regal sceptre,
The Lydian buskin in fit paces kept her.
And first she said, "When will thy love be spent,
O poet careless of thy argument?
Wine-bibbing banquets tell thy naughtiness,
Each cross-way's corner doth as much express.
Oft some points at the prophet passing by,
And 'This is he whom fierce love burns,' they cry.
A laughing-stock thou art to all the city;
While without shame thou sing'st thy lewdness' ditty.
'Tis time to move grave things in lofty style,
Long hast thou loitered; greater works compile.
The subject hides thy wit, men's acts resound;
This thou wilt say to be a worthy ground.
Thy muse hath played what may mild girls content,
And by those numbers is thy first youth spent.
Now give the Roman Tragedy a name,
To fill my laws thy wanton spirit frame."
This said, she moved her buskins gaily varnished,
And seven times shook her head with thick locks garnished.
The other smiled (I wot), with wanton eyes:
Err I, or myrtle in her right hand lies?
"With lofty words stout Tragedy (she said),
Why tread'st me down? art thou aye gravely play'd?
Thou deign'st unequal lines should thee rehearse;
Thou fight'st against me using mine own verse.
Thy lofty style with mine I not compare,
Small doors unfitting for large houses are.
Light am I, and with me, my care, light Love;
Not stronger am I, than the things I move.
Venus without me should be rustical:
This goddess' company doth to me befal.
What gate thy stately words cannot unlock,
My flattering speeches soon wide open knock.
And I deserve more than thou canst in verity,
By suffering much not borne by thy severity.
By me Corinna learns, cozening her guard,
To get the door with little noise unbarred;
And slipped from bed, clothed in a loose nightgown,
To move her feet unheard in setting down.
Ah, how oft on hard doors hung I engraved,
From no man's reading fearing to be saved!
But, till the keeper went forth, I forget not,
The maid to hide me in her bosom let not.
What gift with me was on her birthday sent,
But cruelly by her was drowned and rent.
First of thy mind the happy seeds I knew,
Thou hast my gift, which she would from thee sue."
She left; I said, "You both I must beseech,
To empty air may go my fearful speech.
With sceptres and high buskins th' one would dress me,

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So through the world should bright renown express me;
The other gives my love a conquering name,
Come, therefore, and to long verse shorter frame.
Grant, Tragedy, thy poet time's least tittle:
Thy labour ever lasts; she asks but little."
She gave me leave; soft loves in time make haste;
Some greater work will urge me on at last.

Elegia II.

Ad amicam cursum equorum spectantem.

I sit not here the noble horse to see;
Yet whom thou favour'st, pray may conqueror be.
To sit and talk with thee I hither came,
That thou may'st know with love thou mak'st me flame.
Thou view'st the course; I thee: let either heed
What please them, and their eyes let either feed.
What horse-driver thou favour'st most is best,
Because on him thy care doth hap to rest.
Such chance let me have: I would bravely run,
On swift steeds mounted till the race were done.
Now would I slack the reins, now lash their hide,
With wheels bent inward now the ring-turn ride.
In running if I see thee, I shall stay,
And from my hands the reins will slip away.
Ah, Pelops from his coach was almost felled,
Hippodamia's looks while he beheld!
Yet he attained, by her support, to have her:
Let us all conquer by our mistress' favour.
In vain, why fly'st back: force conjoins us now:
The place's laws this benefit allow.
But spare my wench, thou at her right hand seated;
By thy sides touching, ill she is entreated.
And sit thou rounder, that behind us see;
For shame press not her back with thy hard knee.
But on the ground thy clothes too loosely lie:
Gather them up, or lift them, lo, will I.
Envious garment, so good legs to hide!
The more thou look'st, the more the gown's envied.
Swift Atalanta's flying legs, like these,
Wish in his hands grasped did Hippomenes.
Coat-tucked Diana's legs are painted like them,
When strong wild beasts, she, stronger, hunts to strike them.
Ere these were seen, I burnt: what will these do?
Flames into flame, floods thou pour'st seas into,
By these I judge; delight me may the rest,
Which lie hid, under her thin veil suppresst.
Yet in the meantime wilt small winds bestow,
That from thy fan, moved by my hand, may blow?
Or is my heat of mind, not of the sky?
Is't women's love my captive breast doth fry?
While thus I speak, black dust her white robes ray;
Foul dust, from her fair body go away!
Now comes the pomp; themselves let all men cheer:
The shout is nigh; the golden pomp comes here.
First, Victory is brought with large spread wing,
Goddess, come here; make my love conquering.
Applaud you Neptune, that dare trust his wave,
The sea I use not: me my earth must have.
Soldier applaud thy Mars, no wars we move,
Peace pleaseth me, and in mid peace is love.
With augurs Phœbus, Phœbe with hunters stands.
To thee Minerva turn the craftsmen's hands.
Ceres and Bacchus countrymen adore,
Champions please Pollux, Castor loves horsemen more.
Thee gentle Venus, and the boy that flies,
We praise, great goddess aid my enterprise.
Let my new mistress grant to be beloved;
She becked, and prosperous signs gave as she moved.
What Venus promised, promise thou we pray
Greater than her, by her leave, thou'rt, I'll say.
The gods, and their rich pomp witness with me,
For evermore thou shalt my mistress be.

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Thy legs hang down, thou may'st, if that be best,
Awhile thy tiptoes on the footstool rest.
Now greatest spectacles the Prætor sends,
Four chariot-horses from the lists' even ends.
I see whom thou affect'st: he shall subdue;
The horses seem as thy desire they knew.
Alas, he runs too far about the ring;
What dost? thy waggon in less compass bring.
What dost, unhappy? her good wishes fade:
Let with strong hand the rein to bend be made.
One slow we favour, Romans him revoke:
And each give signs by casting up his cloak.
They call him back; lest their gowns toss thy hair,
To hide thee in my bosom straight repair.
But now again the barriers open lie,
And forth the gay troops on swift horses fly.
At least now conquer, and outrun the rest:
My mistress' wish confirm with my request.
My mistress hath her wish; my wish remain:
He holds the palm: my palm is yet to gain.
She smiled, and with quick eyes behight some grace:
Pay it not here, but in another place.

Elegia III.

De amica quæ perjuraverat.

What, are there gods? herself she hath forswore,
And yet remains the face she had before.
How long her locks were ere her oath she took,
So long they be since she her faith forsook.
Fair white with rose-red was before commixt;
Now shine her looks pure white and red betwixt.
Her foot was small: her foot's form is most fit:
Comely tall was she, comely tall she's yet.
Sharp eyes she had: radiant like stars they be,
By which she, perjured oft, hath lied to me.
In sooth, th' eternal powers grant maids' society
Falsely to swear; their beauty hath some deity.
By her eyes, I remember, late she swore,
And by mine eyes, and mine were painèd sore.
Say gods: if she unpunished you deceive,
For other faults why do I loss receive.
But did you not so envy Cepheus' daughter,
For her ill-beauteous mother judged to slaughter.
'Tis not enough, she shakes your record off,
And, unrevenged, mocked gods with me doth scoff.
But by my pain to purge her perjuries,
Cozened, I am the cozener's sacrifice.
God is a name, no substance, feared in vain,
And doth the world in fond belief detain.
Or if there be a God, he loves fine wenches,
And all things too much in their sole power drenches.
Mars girts his deadly sword on for my harm;
Pallas' lance strikes me with unconquered arm;
At me Apollo bends his pliant bow;
At me Jove's right hand lightning hath to throw.
The wrongèd gods dread fair ones to offend,
And fear those, that to fear them least intend.
Who now will care the altars to perfume?
Tut, men should not their courage so consume.
Jove throws down woods and castles with his fire,
But bids his darts from perjured girls retire.
Poor Semele among so many burned,
Her own request to her own torment turned.
But when her lover came, had she drawn back,
The father's thigh should unborn Bacchus lack.
Why grieve I? and of heaven reproaches pen?
The gods have eyes, and breasts as well as men.
Were I a god, I should give women leave,
With lying lips my godhead to deceive.
Myself would swear the wenches true did swear,
And I would be none of the gods severe.
But yet their gift more moderately use,
Or in mine eyes, good wench, no pain transfuse.

Elegia IV.

Ad virum servantem conjugem.

Rude man, 'tis vain thy damsel to commend
To keeper's trust: their wits should them defend.
Who, without fear, is chaste, is chaste in sooth:

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Who, because means want, doeth not, she doth.
Though thou her body guard, her mind is stained;
Nor, 'less she will, can any be restrained.
Nor can'st by watching keep her mind from sin,
All being shut out, the adulterer is within.
Who may offend, sins least; power to do ill
The fainting seeds of naughtiness doth kill.
Forbear to kindle vice by prohibition;
Sooner shall kindness gain thy will's fruition.
I saw a horse against the bit stiff-necked,
Like lightning go, his struggling mouth being checked:
When he perceived the reins let slack, he stayed,
And on his loose mane the loose bridle laid.
How to attain what is denied we think,
Even as the sick desire forbidden drink.
Argus had either way an hundred eyes,
Yet by deceit Love did them all surprise.
In stone and iron walls Danäe shut,
Came forth a mother, though a maid there put.
Penelope, though no watch looked unto her,
Was not defiled by any gallant wooer.
What's kept, we covet more: the care makes theft,
Few love what others have unguarded left.
Nor doth her face please, but her husband's love:
I know not what men think should thee so move.
She is not chaste that's kept, but a dear whore;
Thy fear is than her body valued more.
Although thou chafe, stolen pleasure is sweet play,
She pleaseth best, "I fear," if any say.
A free-born wench, no right 'tis up to lock,
So use we women of strange nations' stock.
Because the keeper may come say, "I did it,"
She must be honest to thy servant's credit.
He is too clownish whom a lewd wife grieves,
And this town's well-known custom not believes;
Where Mars his sons not without fault did breed,
Remus and Romulus, Ilia's twin-born seed.
Cannot a fair one, if not chaste, please thee?
Never can these by any means agree.
Kindly thy mistress use, if thou be wise;
Look gently, and rough husbands' laws despise.
Honour what friends thy wife gives, she'll give many,
Least labour so shalt win great grace of any.
So shalt thou go with youths to feasts together,
And see at home much that thou ne'er brought'st thither.

Elegia VI.

Ad amnem dum iter faceret ad amicam.

Flood with reed-grown slime banks, till I be past
Thy waters stay: I to my mistress haste.
Thou hast no bridge, nor boat with ropes to throw,
That may transport me, without oars to row.
Thee I have passed, and knew thy stream none such,
When thy wave's brim did scarce my ankles touch.
With snow thawed from the next hill now thou gushest,
And in thy foul deep waters thick thou rushest.
What helps my haste? what to have ta'en small rest?
What day and night to travel in her quest?
If standing here I can by no means get
My foot upon the further bank to set.
Now wish I those wings noble Perseus had,
Bearing the head with dreadful adders clad;
Now wish the chariot, whence corn fields were found,
First to be thrown upon the untilled ground:
I speak old poets' wonderful inventions,
Ne'er was, nor [e'er] shall be, what my verse mentions.
Rather, thou large bank-overflowing river,
Slide in thy bounds; so shalt thou run for ever.
Trust me, land-stream, thou shalt no envy lack,
If I a lover be by thee held back.
Great floods ought to assist young men in love,
Great floods the force of it do often prove.

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In mid Bithynia, 'tis said, Inachus
Grew pale, and, in cold fords, hot lecherous.
Troy had not yet been ten years' siege outstander,
When nymph Neæra rapt thy looks, Scamander.
What, not Alpheus in strange lands to run,
The Arcadian virgin's constant love hath won?
And Crusa unto Xanthus first affied,
They say Peneus near Phthia's town did hide.
What should I name Asop, that Thebe loved,
Thebe who mother of five daughters proved.
If Achelöus, I ask where thy horns stand,
Thou say'st, broke with Alcides' angry hand.
Not Calydon, nor Ætolia did please;
One Deianira was more worth than these.
Rich Nile by seven mouths to the vast sea flowing,
Who so well keeps his water's head from knowing,
Is by Evadne thought to take such flame,
As his deep whirlpools could not quench the same.
Dry Enipeus, Tyro to embrace,
Fly back his stream charged; the stream charged, gave place.
Nor pass I thee, who hollow rocks down tumbling,
In Tibur's field with watery foam art rumbling.
Whom Ilia pleased, though in her looks grief revelled,
Her cheeks were scratched, her goodly hairs dishevelled.
She, wailing Mars' sin and her uncle's crime,
Strayed barefoot through sole places on a time.
Her, from his swift waves, the bold flood perceived,
And from the mid ford his hoarse voice upheaved,
Saying, "Why sadly tread'st my banks upon,
Ilia, sprung from Idæan Laomedon?
Where's thy attire? why wanderest here alone?
To stay thy tresses white veil hast thou none?
Why weep'st, and spoil'st with tears thy watery eyes?
And fiercely knock'st thy breast that open lies?
His heart consists of flint and hardest steel,
That seeing thy tears can any joy then feel.
Fear not: to thee our court stands open wide,
There shalt be loved: Ilia, lay fear aside.
Thou o'er a hundred nymphs or more shalt reign,
For five score nymphs or more our floods contain.
Nor, Roman stock, scorn me so much I crave,
Gifts than my promise greater thou shalt have."
This said he: she her modest eyes held down,
Her woful bosom a warm shower did drown.
Thrice she prepared to fly, thrice she did stay,
By fear deprived of strength to run away.
Yet rending with enragèd thumb her tresses,
Her trembling mouth these unmeet sounds expresses.
"O would in my forefathers' tomb deep laid,
My bones had been, while yet I was a maid!
Why being a vestal am I wooed to wed,
Deflowered and stainèd in unlawful bed.
Why stay I? men point at me for a whore,
Shame, that should make me blush, I have no more."
This said: her coat hoodwinked her fearful eyes,
And into water desperately she flies.
'Tis said the slippery stream held up her breast,
And kindly gave her what she likèd best.
And I believe some wench thou hast affected,
But woods and groves keep your faults undetected.
While thus I speak the waters more abounded,
And from the channel all abroad surrounded.
Mad stream, why dost our mutual joys defer?
Clown, from my journey why dost me deter?
How would'st thou flow wert thou a noble flood?
If thy great fame in every region stood?
Thou hast no name, but com'st from snowy mountains,
No certain house thou hast, nor any fountains,

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Thy springs are nought but rain and melted snow,
Which wealth cold winter doth on thee bestow.
Either thou art muddy in mid winter tide,
Or full of dust dost on the dry earth slide.
What thirsty traveller ever drunk of thee?
Who said with grateful voice, "Perpetual be!"
Harmful to beasts, and to the fields thou proves,
Perchance these others, me mine own loss moves.
To this I fondly loves of floods told plainly,
I shame so great names to have used so vainly.
I know not what expecting, I ere while,
Named Achelöus, Inachus, and Nile.
But for thy merits I wish thee, white stream,
Dry winters aye, and suns in heat extreme.

Elegia VII.

Quod ab amica receptus, cum ea coire non potuit, conqueritur.

Either she was foul, or her attire was bad,
Or she was not the wench I wished to have had.
Idly I lay with her, as if I loved not,
And like a burden grieved the bed that moved not.
Though both of us performed our true intent,
Yet could I not cast anchor where I meant.
She on my neck her ivory arms did throw,
Her arms far whiter than the Scythian snow.
And eagerly she kissed me with her tongue,
And under mine her wanton thigh she flung,
Yea, and she soothed me up, and called me "Sir,"
And used all speech that might provoke and stir.
Yet like as if cold hemlock I had drunk,
It mocked me, hung down the head and sunk.
Like a dull cipher, or rude block I lay,
Or shade, or body was I, who can say?
What will my age do, age I cannot shun,
When in my prime my force is spent and done?
I blush, that being youthful, hot, and lusty,
I prove nor youth nor man, but old and rusty.
Pure rose she, like a nun to sacrifice,
Or one that with her tender brother lies.
Yet boarded I the golden Chie twice,
And Libas, and the white-cheeked Pitho thrice.
Corinna craved it in a summer's night,
And nine sweet bouts we had before daylight.
What, waste my limbs through some Thessalian charms?
May spells and drugs do silly souls such harms?
With virgin wax hath some imbast my joints?
And pierced my liver with sharp needles points?
Charms change corn to grass and make it die:
By charms are running springs and fountains dry.
By charms mast drops from oaks, from vines grapes fall,
And fruit from trees when there's no wind at all.
Why might not then my sinews be enchanted,
And I grow faint as with some spirit haunted?
To this, add shame: shame to perform it quailed me,
And was the second cause why vigour failed me.
My idle thoughts delighted her no more,
Than did the robe or garment which she wore.
Yet might her touch make youthful Pylius fire,
And Tithon livelier than his years require.
Even her I had, and she had me in vain,
What might I crave more, if I ask again?
I think the great gods grieved they had bestowed,
The benefit: which lewdly I foreslowed.
I wished to be received in, in I get me:
To kiss, I kissed; to lie with her, she let me.
Why was I blest? why made king to refuse it?
Chuff-like had I not gold and could not use it?
So in a spring thrives he that told so much,
And looks upon the fruits he cannot touch.
Hath any rose so from a fresh young maid,
As she might straight have gone to church and prayed.
Well I believe, she kissed not as she should,
Nor used the sleight and cunning which she could.
Huge oaks, hard adamants might she have moved,
And with sweet words caused deaf rocks to have loved.

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Worthy she was to move both gods and men,
But neither was I man nor livèd then.
Can deaf ears take delight when Phæmius sings?
Or Thamyris in curious painted things?
What sweet thought is there but I had the same?
And one gave place still as another came.
Yet notwithstanding, like one dead it lay,
Drooping more than a rose pulled yesterday.
Now, when he should not jet, he bolts upright,
And craves his task, and seeks to be at fight.
Lie down with shame, and see thou stir no more,
Seeing thou would'st deceive me as before.
Thou cozenest me: by thee surprised am I,
And bide sore loss with endless infamy.
Nay more, the wench did not disdain a whit
To take it in her hand, and play with it.
But when she saw it would by no means stand,
But still drooped down, regarding not her hand,
"Why mock'st thou me," she cried, "or being ill,
Who bade thee lie down here against thy will?
Either thou art witched with blood of frogs new dead,
Or jaded cam'st thou from some other's bed."
With that, her loose gown on, from me she cast her,
In skipping out her naked feet much graced her.
And lest her maid should know of this disgrace,
To cover it, spilt water on the place.

Elegia VIII.

Quod ab amica non recipiatur, dolet.

What man will now take liberal arts in hand,
Or think soft verse in any stead to stand?
Wit was sometimes more precious than gold;
Now poverty great barbarism we hold.
When our books did my mistress fair content,
I might not go whither my papers went.
She praised me, yet the gate shut fast upon her,
I here and there go, witty with dishonour.
See a rich chuff, whose wounds great wealth inferred,
For bloodshed knighted, before me preferred.
Fool, can'st thou him in thy white arms embrace?
Fool, canst thou lie in his enfolding space?
Know'st not this head a helm was wont to bear?
This side that serves thee, a sharp sword did wear.
His left hand whereon gold doth ill alight,
A target bore: blood-sprinkled was his right.
Can'st touch that hand wherewith some one lies dead?
Ah, whither is thy breast's soft nature fled?
Behold the signs of ancient fight, his scars,
Whate'er he hath his body gained in wars.
Perhaps he'll tell how oft he slew a man,
Confessing this, why dost thou touch him then?
I, the pure priest of Phœbus and the Muses,
At thy deaf doors sing verse in my abuses.
Not what we slothful know, let wise men learn,
But follow trembling camps and battles stern.
And for a good verse draw the first dart forth:
Homer without this shall be nothing worth.
Jove, being admonished gold had sovereign power,
To win the maid came in a golden shower.
Till then, rough was her father, she severe,
The posts of brass, the walls of iron were.
But when in gifts the wise adulterer came,
She held her lap ope to receive the same.
Yet when old Saturn heaven's rule possest,
All gain in darkness the deep earth supprest.
Gold, silver, iron's heavy weight, and brass,
In hell were harboured; here was found no mass.
But better things it gave, corn without ploughs,
Apples, and honey in oaks' hollow boughs.
With strong ploughshares no man the earth did cleave,
The ditcher no marks on the ground did leave.
Nor hanging oars the troubled seas did sweep,
Men kept the shore and sailed not into deep.
Against thyself, man's nature, thou wert cunning,
And to thine own loss was thy wit swift running.

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Why gird'st thy cities with a towerèd wall,
Why let'st discordant hands to armour fall?
What dost with seas? with the earth thou wert content;
Why seek'st not heaven, the third realm, to frequent?
Heaven thou affects: with Romulus, temples brave,
Bacchus, Alcides, and now Cæsar have.
Gold from the earth instead of fruits we pluck;
Soldiers by blood to be enriched have luck.
Courts shut the poor out: wealth gives estimation.
Thence grows the judge, and knight of reputation.
All, they possess: they govern fields and laws,
They manage peace, and raw war's bloody jaws.
Only our loves let not such rich churls gain:
'Tis well if some wench for the poor remain.
Now, Sabine-like, though chaste she seems to live,
One her commands, who many things can give.
For me, she doth keeper and husband fear,
If I should give, both would the house forbear.
If of scorned lovers god be venger just,
O let him change goods so ill got to dust.

Elegia IX.

Tibulli mortem deflet.

If Thetis and the Morn their sons did wail,
And envious Fates great goddesses assail;
Sad Elegy, thy woeful hairs unbind:
Ah, now a name too true thou hast I find.
Tibullus, thy work's poet, and thy fame,
Burns his dead body in the funeral flame.
Lo, Cupid brings his quiver spoiléd quite,
His broken bow, his firebrand without light!
How piteously with drooping wings he stands,
And knocks his bare breast with self-angry hands.
The locks spread on his neck receive his tears,
And shaking sobs his mouth for speeches bears.
So at Æneas' burial, men report,
Fair-faced Iŭlus, he went forth thy court.
And Venus grieves, Tibullus' life being spent,
As when the wild boar Adon's groin had rent.
The gods' care we are called, and men of piety,
And some there be that think we have a deity.
Outrageous death profanes all holy things,
And on all creatures obscure darkness brings.
To Tracean Orpheus what did parents good?
Or songs amazing wild beasts of the wood?
Where Linus by his father Phœbus laid,
To sing with his unequalled harp is said.
See Homer from whose fountain ever filled,
Pierian dew to poets is distilled:
Him the last day in black Avern hath drowned:
Verses alone are with continuance crowned.
The work of poets lasts: Troy's labour's fame,
And that slow web night's falsehood did unframe.
So Nemesis, so Delia famous are,
The one his first love, the other his new care.
What profit to us hath our pure life bred?
What to have lain alone in empty bed?
When bad Fates take good men, I am forbod
By secret thoughts to think there is a God.
Live godly, thou shalt die; though honour heaven,
Yet shall thy life be forcibly bereaven.
Trust in good verse, Tibullus feels death's pains,
Scarce rests of all what a small urn contains.
Thee sacred poet could sad flames destroy?
Nor fearèd they thy body to annoy?
The holy gods' gilt temples they might fire,
That durst to so great wickedness aspire.
Eryx, bright empress, turned her looks aside,
And some, that she refrained tears, have denied.
Yet better is't, than if Corcyra's Isle,
Had thee unknown interred in ground most vile.
Thy dying eyes here did thy mother close,
Nor did thy ashes her last offerings lose.
Part of her sorrow here thy sister bearing,
Comes forth her unkembed locks asunder tearing.
Nemesis and thy first wench join their kisses
With thine, nor this last fire their presence misses.
Delia departing, "Happier loved," she saith,
"Was I: thou liv'dst, while thou esteem'dst my faith."

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Nemesis answers, "What's my loss to thee?
His fainting hand in death engraspèd me."
If aught remains of us but name and spirit,
Tibullus doth Elysium's joy inherit.
Their youthful brows with ivy girt to meet him,
With Calvus learned Catullus comes, and greet him,
And thou, if falsely charged to wrong thy friend,
Gallus, that car'dst not blood and life to spend,
With these thy soul walks: souls if death release,
The godly sweet Tibullus doth increase.
Thy bones, I pray, may in the urn safe rest,
And may th' earth's weight thy ashes naught molest.

Elegia X.

Ad Cererem, conquerens quod ejus sacris cum amica concumbere non permittatur.

Come were the times of Ceres' sacrifice;
In empty bed alone my mistress lies.
Golden-haired Ceres crowned with ears of corn,
Why are our pleasures by thy means forborne?
The goddess, bountiful all nations judge,
Nor less at man's prosperity any grudge.
Rude husbandmen baked not their corn before,
Nor on the earth was known the name of floor.
On mast of oaks, first oracles, men fed,
This was their meat, the soft grass was their bed.
First Ceres taught the seed in fields to swell,
And ripe-eared corn with sharp-edged scythes to fell.
She first constrained bulls' necks to bear the yoke,
And untilled ground with crooked ploughshares broke.
Who thinks her to be glad at lovers' smart,
And worshipped by their pain and lying apart?
Nor is she, though she loves the fertile fields,
A clown, nor no love from her warm breast yields:
Be witness Crete (nor Crete doth all things feign)
Crete proud that Jove her nursery maintain.
There, he who rules the world's starspangled towers,
A little boy drunk teat-distilling showers.
Faith to the witness Jove's praise doth apply;
Ceres, I think, no known fault will deny.
The goddess Iasion saw on Candian Ide,
With strong hand striking wild beasts' bristled hide.
She saw, and as her marrow took the flame,
Was divers ways distract with love and shame.
Love conquered shame, the furrows dry were burned,
And corn with least part of itself returned.
When well-tossed mattocks did the ground prepare,
Being fit-broken with the crooked share,
And seeds were equally in large fields cast,
The ploughman's hopes were frustrate at the last.
The grain-rich goddess in high woods did stray,
Her long hair's ear-wrought garland fell away.
Only was Crete fruitful that plenteous year,
Where Ceres went, each place was harvest there.
Ida, the seat of groves, did sing with corn,
Which by the wild boar in the woods was shorn.
Law-giving Minos did such years desire,
And wished the goddess long might feel love's fire.
Ceres, what sports to thee so grievous were,
As in thy sacrifice we them forbear?
Why am I sad, when Proserpine is found,
And Juno-like with Dis reigns under ground?
Festival days ask Venus, songs, and wine,
These gifts are meet to please the powers divine.

Elegia XI.

Ad amicam a cujus amore discedere non potest.

Long have I borne much, mad thy faults me make;
Dishonest love, my wearied breast forsake!
Now have I freed myself, and fled the chain,
And what I have borne, shame to bear again.
We vanquish, and tread tamed love under feet,
Victorious wreaths at length my temples greet.
Suffer, and harden: good grows by this grief,
Oft bitter juice brings to the sick relief.
I have sustained, so oft thrust from the door,
To lay my body on the hard moist floor.
I know not whom thou lewdly didst embrace,
When I to watch supplied a servant's place.

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I saw when forth a tirèd lover went,
His side past service, and his courage spent.
Yet this is less, than if he had seen me;
May that shame fall mine enemies' chance to be.
When have not I, fixed to thy side, close layed?
I have thy husband, guard, and fellow played.
The people by my company she pleased;
My love was cause that more men's love she seized.
What, should I tell her vain tongue's filthy lies,
And, to my loss, god-wronging perjuries?
What secret becks in banquets with her youths,
With privy signs, and talk dissembling truths?
Hearing her to be sick, I thither ran,
But with my rival sick she was not then.
These hardened me, with what I keep obscure:
Some other seek, who will these things endure.
Now my ship in the wishèd haven crowned,
With joy hears Neptune's swelling waters sound.
Leave thy once powerful words, and flatteries,
I am not as I was before, unwise.
Now love and hate my light breast each way move,
But victory, I think will hap to love.
I'll hate, if I can; if not, love 'gainst my will,
Bulls hate the yoke, yet what they hate have still.
I fly her lust, but follow beauty's creature,
I loathe her manners, love her body's feature.
Nor with thee, nor without thee can I live,
And doubt to which desire the palm to give.
Or less fair, or less lewd would thou might'st be:
Beauty with lewdness doth right ill agree.
Her deeds gain hate, her face entreateth love,
Ah, she doth more worth than her vices prove!
Spare me, oh, by our fellow bed, by all
The gods, who by thee, to be perjured fall.
And by thy face to me a power divine,
And by thine eyes whose radiance burns out mine!
Whate'er thou art, mine art thou: choose this course,
Wilt have me willing, or to love by force.
Rather I'll hoist up sail, and use the wind,
That I may love yet, though against my mind.

Elegia XII.

Dolet amicam suam ita suis carminibus innotuisse ut rivales multos sibi pararit.

What day was that, which all sad haps to bring,
White birds to lovers did not always sing?
Or is I think my wish against the stars?
Or shall I plain some god against me wars?
Who mine was called, whom I loved more than any,
I fear with me is common now to many.
Err I? or by my books is she so known?
'Tis so: by my wit her abuse is grown.
And justly: for her praise why did I tell?
The wench by my fault is set forth to sell.
The bawd I play, lovers to her I guide:
Her gate by my hands is set open wide.
'Tis doubtful whether verse avail or harm,
Against my good they were an envious charm.
When Thebes, when Troy, when Cæsar should be writ,
Alone Corinna moves my wanton wit.
With Muse opposed, would I my lines had done,
And Phœbus had forsook my work begun!
Nor, as use will not poets' record hear,
Would I my words would any credit bear.
Scylla by us her father's rich hair steals,
And Scylla's womb mad raging dogs conceals.
We cause feet fly, we mingle hares with snakes,
Victorious Perseus a winged steed's back takes.
Our verse great Tityus, a huge space outspreads,
And gives the viper-curlèd dog three heads.
We make Enceladus use a thousand arms,
And men entrailed by mermaid's singing charms.
The east winds in Ulysses' bags we shut,
And blabbing Tantalus in mid-waters put.
Niobe flint, Callist we make a bear,
Bird-changèd Progne doth her Itys tear.
Jove turns himself into a swan, or gold,
Or his bull's horns Europa's hand doth hold.
Proteus what should I name? teeth, Thebes' first seed?
Oxen in whose mouths burning flames did breed?
Heaven-star, Electra, that bewailed her sisters?
The ships, whose godhead in the sea now glisters?
The sun turned back from Atreus' cursed table?
And sweet touched harp that to move stones was able?

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Poets' large power is boundless and immense,
Nor have their words true history's pretence.
And my wench ought to have seemed falsely praised,
Now your credulity harm to me hath raised.

Elegia XIII.

De Junonis festo.

When fruit-filled Tuscia should a wife give me,
We touched the walls, Camillus, won by thee.
The priests to Juno did prepare chaste feasts,
With famous pageants, and their home-bred beasts.
To know their rites, well recompensed my stay,
Though thither leads a rough steep hilly way.
There stands an old wood with thick trees dark clouded:
Who sees it grants some deity there is shrouded.
An altar takes men's incense and oblation,
An altar made after the ancient fashion.
Here, when the pipe with solemn tunes doth sound,
The annual pomp goes on the covered ground.
White heifers by glad people forth are led,
Which with the grass of Tuscan fields are fed.
And calves from whose feared front no threatening flies,
And little pigs, base hogsties' sacrifice,
And rams with horns their hard heads wreathèd back;
Only the goddess-hated goat did lack.
By whom disclosed, she in the high woods took,
Is said to have attempted flight forsook.
Now is the goat brought through the boys with darts,
And given to him that the first wound imparts.
Where Juno comes, each youth and pretty maid,
Show large ways, with their garments there displayed.
Jewels, and gold their virgin tresses crown,
And stately robes to their gilt feet hang down.
As is the use, the nuns in white veils clad,
Upon their heads the holy mysteries had.
When the chief pomp comes, loud the people hollow;
And she her vestal virgin priests doth follow.
Such was the Greek pomp, Agamemnon dead;
Which fact and country wealth, Halesus fled.
And having wandered now through sea and land,
Built walls high towered with a prosperous hand.
He to the Hetrurians Juno's feast commended:
Let me and them by it be aye befriended.

Elegia XIV.

Ad amicam, si peccatura est, ut occulte peccet.

Seeing thou art fair, I bar not thy false playing,
But let not me poor soul know of thy straying.
Nor do I give thee counsel to live chaste,
But that thou would'st dissemble, when 'tis past.
She hath not trod awry, that doth deny it.
Such as confess have lost their good names by it.
What madness is't to tell night-pranks by day?
And hidden secrets openly to bewray?
The strumpet with the stranger will not do,
Before the room be clear, and door put-to.
Will you make shipwreck of your honest name,
And let the world be witness of the same?
Be more advised, walk as a puritan,
And I shall think you chaste, do what you can.
Slip still, only deny it when 'tis done,
And, before folk, immodest speeches shun.
The bed is for lascivious toyings meet,
There use all tricks, and tread shame under feet.
When you are up and dressed, be sage and grave,
And in the bed hide all the faults you have.
Be not ashamed to strip you, being there,
And mingle thighs, yours ever mine to bear.
There in your rosy lips my tongue entomb,
Practise a thousand sports when there you come.
Forbear no wanton words you there would speak,
And with your pastime let the bedstead creak
But with your robes put on an honest face,
And blush and seem as you were full of grace.
Deceive all; let me err; and think I'm right,
And like a wittol think thee void of slight.
Why see I lines so oft received and given?
This bed and that by tumbling made uneven?

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Like one start up your hair tost and displaced,
And with a wanton's tooth your neck newrased.
Grant this, that what you do I may not see;
If you weigh not ill speeches, yet weigh me.
My soul fleets when I think what you have done,
And thorough every vein doth cold blood run.
Then thee whom I must love, I hate in vain,
And would be dead, but dead with thee remain.
I'll not sift much, but hold thee soon excused,
Say but thou wert injuriously accused.
Though while the deed be doing you be took,
And I see when you ope the two-leaved book,
Swear I was blind; deny, if you be wise,
And I will trust your words more than mine eyes.
From him that yields, the palm is quickly got,
Teach but your tongue to say, "I did it not,"
And being justified by two words, think
The cause acquits you not, but I that wink.

Elegia XV.

Ad Venerem, quod elegis finem imponat.

Tender love's mother a new poet get,
This last end to my Elegies is set.
Which I Peligny's foster-child have framed.
(Nor am I by such wanton toys defamed.)
Heir of an ancient house, if help that can,
Not only by war's rage made gentleman.
In Virgil Mantua joys: in Catull Verone,
Of me Peligny's nation boasts alone;
Whom liberty to honest arms compelled,
When careful Rome in doubt their prowess held.
And some guest viewing watery Sulmo's walls,
Where little grounds to be inclosed befalls;
"How such a poet could you bring forth," says:
"How small soe'er, I'll you for greatest praise."
Both loves, to whom my heart long time did yield,
Your golden ensigns pluck out of my field,
Horned Bacchus graver fury doth distil,
A greater ground with great horse is to till.
Weak Elegies, delightful Muse, farewell;
A work, that after my death, here shall dwell.

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Epigrams by J. D[avies].

Ad Musam. I.

Fly merry Muse unto that merry town,
Where thou may'st plays, revels, and triumphs see,
The house of fame and theatre of renown,
Where all good wits and spirits love to be.

Fall in between their hands, that praise and love thee,
And be to them a laughter and a jest:
But as for them which scorning shall reprove thee,
Disdain their wits, and think thine own the best.

But if thou find any so gross and dull,
That thinks I do to private taxing lean:
Bid him go hang for he is but a gull,
And knows not what an epigram doth mean.
Which taxeth, under a particular name,
A general vice which merits public blame.

Of a Gull. II.

Oft in my laughing rhymes, I name a gull,
But this new term will many questions breed,
Therefore at first I will express at full,
Who is a true and perfect gull indeed.

A gull is he who fears a velvet gown,
And, when a wench is brave, dares not speak to her:
A gull is he which traverseth the town,
And is for marriage known a common wooer.

A gull is he, which while he proudly wears,
A silver-hilted rapier by his side,
Endures the lie, and knocks about the ears,
Whilst in his sheath his sleeping sword doth bide.

A gull is he which wears good handsome clothes,
And stands in presence stroking up his hair,
And fills up his unperfect speech with oaths,
But speaks not one wise word throughout the year:
But to define a gull in terms precise,
A gull is he which seems, and is not wise.

In Rufum. III.

Rufus the Courtier, at the theatre,
Leaving the best and most conspicuous place,
Doth either to the stage himself transfer,
Or through a grate, doth show his double face.

For that the clamorous fry of Inns of Court,
Fills up the private rooms of greater price,
And such a place where all may have resort,
He in his singularity doth despise.

Yet doth not his particular humour shun
The common stews and brothels of the town,
Though all the world in troops do thither run,
Clean and unclean, the gentle and the clown:
Then why should Rufus in his pride abhor,
A common seat, that loves a common whore?

In Quintum. IV.

Quintius the Dancer useth evermore,
His feet in measure, and in rule to move,
Yet on a time he called his mistress "whore,"
And thought with that sweet word to win her love.
Oh, had his tongue like to his feet been taught,
It never would have uttered such a thought.

In Plurimos. V.

Faustinus, Sextus, Cinna, Ponticus,
With Gella, Lesbia, Thais, Rhodope,
Rode all to Staines for no cause serious,
But for their mirth, and for their lechery.

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Scarce were they settled in their lodging, when
Wenches with wenches, men with men fell out;
Men with their wenches, wenches with their men,
Which straight dissolved this ill-assembled rout.

But since the devil brought them thus together,
To my discoursing thoughts it is a wonder,
Why presently as soon as they came thither,
The selfsame devil did them part asunder.
Doubtless it seems it was a foolish devil
That thus did part them, ere they did some evil.

In Titum. VI.

Titus the brave and valorous young gallant,
Three years together in the town hath been,
Yet my Lord Chancellor's tomb he hath not seen,
Nor the new waterwork, nor the elephant:
I cannot tell the cause without a smile,—
He hath been in the Counter all this while.

In Faustum. VII.

Faustus not lord, nor knight, nor wise, nor old,
To every place about the town doth ride,
He rides into the fields plays to behold,
He rides to take boat at the water-side;
He rides to Paul's, he rides to the Ordinary,
He rides unto the house of bawdry too:
Thither his horse so often doth him carry,
That shortly he will quite forget to go.

In Katum. VIII.

Kate being pleased, wished that her pleasure could
Endure as long as a buff jerkin would:
Content thee Kate, although thy pleasure wasteth,
Thy pleasure's place like a buff jerkin lasteth:
For no buff jerkin hath been oftener worn,
Nor hath more scrapings or more dressings borne.

In Librum. IX.

Liber doth vaunt how chastely he hath lived,
Since he hath been in town seven years and more,
For that he swears he hath four only swived,
A maid, a wife, a widow, and a whore:
Then Liber thou hast swived all womenkind,
For a fifth sort I know thou canst not find.

In Medontem. X.

Great Captain Medon wears a chain of gold,
Which at five hundred crowns is valuèd,
For that it was his grandsire's chain of old,
When great King Henry Bullogne conquerèd.
And wear it, Medon, for it may ensue,
That thou by virtue of this massy chain,
A stronger town than Bullogne may'st subdue,
If wise men's saws be not reputed vain.
For what said Philip king of Macedon?
"There is no castle so well fortified,
But if an ass laden with gold come on,
The guard will stoop, and gates fly open wide."

In Gellam. XI.

Gella, if thou dost love thyself, take heed,
Lest thou my rhymes unto thy lover read,
For straight thou grinn'st, and then thy lover seeth,
Thy canker-eaten gums and rotten teeth.

In Quintum. XII.

Quintus his wit infused into his brain,
Mislikes the place, and fled into his feet,
And there it wanders up and down the street,
Dabbled in the dirt, and soakèd in the rain.
Doubtless his wit intends not to aspire,
Which leaves his head to travel in the mire.

In Severum. XIII.

The puritan Severus oft doth read
This text that doth pronounce vain speech a sin,
"That thing defiles a man that doth proceed
From out the mouth, not that which enters in."

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Hence is it, that we seldom hear him swear;
And thereof like a Pharisee he vaunts;
But he devours more capons in a year,
Than would suffice an hundred protestants.
And sooth those sectaries are gluttons all,
As well the threadbare cobbler as the knight,
For those poor slaves which have not wherewithal,
Feed on the rich, till they devour them quite.
And so like Pharaoh's kine, they eat up clean,
Those that be fat, yet still themselves be lean.

In Leucam. XIV.

Leuca in presence once a fart did let,
Some laughed a little, she forsook the place;
And mad with shame, did eke her glove forget,
Which she returned to fetch with bashful grace:
And when she would have said "[I seek] my glove,"
"My fart" (quod she), which did more laughter move.

In Macrum. XV.

Thou canst not speak yet, Macer, for to speak,
Is to distinguish sounds significant;
Thou with harsh noise the air dost rudely break,
But what thou utterest common sense doth want:—
Half English words, with fustian terms among,
Much like the burthen of a northern song.

In Faustum. XVI.

"That youth," said Faustus, "hath a lion seen,
Who from a dicing house comes moneyless."
But when he lost his hair, where had he been,
I doubt me he had seen a lioness.

In Cosmum. XVII.

Cosmus hath more discoursing in his head,
Than Jove, when Pallas issued from his brain,
And still he strives to be deliverèd,
Of all his thoughts at once, but all in vain:
For as we see at all the playhouse doors,
When ended is the play, the dance and song,
A thousand townsmen, gentlemen, and whores,
Porters and serving-men together throng:
So thoughts of drinking, thriving, wenching, war,
And borrowing money, ranging in his mind,
To issue all at once so forward are,
As none at all can perfect passage find.

In Flaccum. XVIII.

The false knave Flaccus once a bribe I gave,
The more fool I to bribe so false a knave,
But he gave back my bribe, the more fool he,
That for my folly, did not cozen me.

In Cineam. XIX.

Thou, doggèd Cineas, hated like a dog,
For still thou grumblest like a mastiff dog,
Compar'st thyself to nothing but a dog,
Thou say'st thou art as weary as a dog,
As angry, sick, and hungry as a dog,
As dull and melancholy as a dog,
As lazy, sleepy, idle as a dog;
But why dost thou compare thee to a dog?
In that, for which all men despise a dog?
I will compare thee better to a dog.
Thou art as fair and comely as a dog,
Thou art as true and honest as a dog,
Thou art as kind and liberal as a dog,
Thou art as wise and valiant as a dog:
But Cineas I have often heard thee tell,
Thou art as like thy father as may be;
'Tis like enough, and 'faith I like it well,
But I am glad thou art not like to me.

In Gerontem. XX.

Geron his mouldy memory corrects
Old Holinshed our famous chronicler,
With moral rules, and policy collects
Out of all actions done these fourscore year.
Accounts the time of every old event,
Not from Christ's birth, nor from the prince's reign,
But from some other famous accident,
Which in men's general notice doth remain.
The siege of Boulogne, and the plaguy sweat,
The going to Saint Quintin's and Newhaven,
The rising in the North, the frost so great,
The cart-wheel prints on Thamis' face were graven.

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The fall of money, and burning of Pauls' steeple,
The blazing star, and Spaniard's overthrow:
By these events, notorious to the people,
He measures times, and things forepast doth show.
But most of all, he chiefly reckons by
A private chance, the death of his curst wife:
This is to him the dearest memory,
And the happiest accident of all his life.

In Marcum. XXI.

When Marcus comes from Mins', he still doth swear
By, "come on seven," that all is lost and gone,
But that's not true, for he hath lost his hair
Only for that he came too much on one.

In Ciprium. XXII.

The fine youth Cyprius is more terse and neat,
Than the new garden of the Old Temple is,
And still the newest fashion he doth get,
And with the time doth change from that to this,
He wears a hat now of the flat-crown block,
The treble ruff, long cloak, and doublet French;
He takes tobacco, and doth wear a lock,
And wastes more time in dressing than a wench.
Yet this new-fangled youth, made for these times,
Doth above all, praise old George Gascoigne's rhymes.

In Cineam. XXIII.

When Cineas comes amongst his friends in morning,
He slily looks who first his cap doth move:
Him he salutes, the rest so grimly scorning,
As if for ever they had lost his love.
I knowing how it doth the humour fit,
Of this fond gull to be saluted first:
Catch at my cap, but move it not a whit:
Which he perceiving seems for spite to burst.
But Cineas, why expect you more of me,
Than I of you? I am as good a man,
And better too by many a quality,
For vault, and dance, and fence, and rhyme I can:
You keep a whore at your own charge men tell me,
Indeed friend Cineas therein you excel me.

In Gallum. XXIV.

Gallus has been this summer in Friesland,
And now returned he speaks such warlike words,
As, if I could their English understand,
I fear me they would cut my throat like swords.
He talks of counterscarps and casamates,
Of curtains, parapets, and pallisadoes,
Of flankers, ravelins, gabions he prates,
And of false-brayes and sallies, and scaladoes:
But to requite such gulling terms as these,
With words of my profession I reply;
I tell of fourching, vouchers, and counterpleas,
Of withernams, essoines, and champarty:
So neither of us understanding either,
We part as wise as when we came together.

In Decium. [Drayton.] XXV.

Audacious painters have Nine Worthies made,
But poet Decius more audacious far,
Making his mistress march with men of war,
With title of tenth worthy doth her lade;
Methinks that gull did use his terms as fit,
Which termed his love "a giant for her wit."

In Gellam. XXVI.

If Gella's beauty be examined,
She hath a dull dead eye, a saddle nose,
An ill-shaped face, with morphew overspread,
And rotten teeth which she in laughing shows.
Briefly, she is the filthiest wench in town,
Of all that do the art of whoring use;
But when she hath put on her satin gown,
Her cut-lawn apron, and her velvet shoes,
Her green silk stockings and her petticoat
Of taffeta, with golden fringe around:
And is withal perfumed with civet hot,
Which doth her valiant stinking breath confound;
Yet she with these additions is no more,
Than a sweet, filthy, fine, ill-favoured whore.

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In Syllam. XXVII.

Sylla is often challenged to the field,
To answer like a gentleman his foes,
But then he doth this only answer yield,—
That he hath livings and fair lands to lose.
Sylla, if none but beggars valiant were,
The king of Spain would put us all in fear.

In Syllam. XXVIII.

Who dares affirm that Sylla dares not fight?
When I dare swear he dares adventure more,
Than the most brave and most all-daring wight,
That ever arms with resolution bore:
He that dares touch the most unwholesome whore,
That ever was retired into the spittle;
And dares court wenches standing at a door,
(The portion of his wit being passing little:)
He that dares give his dearest friends offences,
Which other valiant fools do fear to do;
And when a fever doth confound his senses,
Dares eat raw beef, and drink strong wine thereto:
He that dares take tobacco on the stage,
Dares man a whore at noon-day through the street,
Dares dance in Pauls', and in this formal age,
Dares say and do whatever is unmeet:
Whom fear of shame could never yet affright,
Who dares affirm that Sylla dares not fight?

In Heywodum. XXIX.

Heywood that did in epigrams excel,
Is now put down since my light Muse arose;
As buckets are put down into a well,
Or as a schoolboy putteth down his hose.

In Dacum. XXX.

Amongst the poets Dacus numbered is,
Yet could he never make an English rhyme,
But some prose speeches I have heard of his,
Which have been spoken many a hundred time;
The man that keeps the elephant hath one,
Wherein he tells the wonders of the beast;
Another Banks pronouncèd long agone,
When he his curtal's qualities expressed:
He first taught him that keeps the monuments
At Westminster, his formal tale to say,
And also him which puppets represents,
And also him which with the ape doth play;
Though all his poetry be like to this,
Amongst the poets Dacus numbered is.

In Priscum. XXXI.

When Priscus, raised from low to high estate,
Rode through the street in pompous jollity,
Caius his poor familiar friend of late,
Bespake him thus, "Sir, now you know not me:"
"'Tis likely, friend," quoth Priscus, "to be so,
For at this time myself I do not know."

In Brunum. XXXII.

Brunus which thinks himself a fair sweet youth
Is nine-and-thirty years of age at least;
Yet was he never, to confess the truth,
But a dry starveling when he was at best.
This gull was sick to show his nightcap fine,
And his wrought pillow overspread with lawn;
But hath been well since his grief's cause hath lien
At Trollop's by Saint Clement's Church in pawn.

In Francum. XXXIII.

When Francus comes to solace with his whore,
He sends for rods and strips himself stark naked;
For his lust sleeps, and will not rise before
By whipping of the wench it be awakèd.
I envy him not, but wish I had the power,
To make himself his wench but one half hour.

In Castorem. XXXIV.

Of speaking well, why do we learn the skill,
Hoping thereby honour and wealth to gain:
Sith railing Castor doth by speaking ill,
Opinion of much wit, and gold obtain.

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In Septimum. XXXV.

Septimius lives, and is like garlic seen,
For, though his head be white, his blade is green:
This old mad colt deserves a martyr's praise,
For he was burnèd in Queen Mary's days.

Of Tobacco. XXXVI.

Homer of Moly, and Nepenthe sings,
Moly the gods' most sovereign herb divine;
Nepenthe, Helen's drink, most gladness brings,
Heart's grief expels, and doth the wits refine.
But this our age another world hath found,
From whence an herb of heavenly power is brought;
Moly is not so sovereign for a wound,
Nor hath Nepenthe so great wonders wrought.
It is tobacco, whose sweet subtle fume,
The hellish torment of the teeth doth ease,
By drawing down, and drying up the rheum,
The mother and the nurse of each disease.
It is tobacco which doth cold expel,
And clears the obstructions of the arteries,
And surfeits threatening death digesteth well,
Decocting all the stomach's crudities.
It is tobacco which hath power to clarify
The cloudy mists before dim eyes appearing,
It is tobacco which hath power to rarify
The thick gross humour which doth stop the hearing,
The wasting hectic and the quartan fever,
Which doth of physic make a mockery:
The gout it cures, and helps ill breaths for ever,
Whether the cause in teeth or stomach be:
And though ill breaths were by it but confounded
Yet that vile medicine it doth far excel,
Which by Sir Thomas More hath been propounded,
For this is thought a gentlemanlike smell.
O that I were one of these mountebanks,
Which praise their oils and powders which they sell,
My customers would give me coin with thanks!
I for this ware, forsooth a tale would tell;
Yet would I use none of these terms before,
I would but say, that it the pox will cure;
This were enough, without discoursing more,
All our brave gallants in the town to allure.

In Crassum. XXXVII.

Crassus's lies are not pernicious lies,
But pleasant fictions, hurtful unto none
But to himself, for no man counts him wise,
To tell for truth, that which for false is known.
He swears that Gaunt is threescore miles about,
And that the bridge at Paris on the Seine,
Is of such thickness, length and breadth, throughout,
That six score arches can it scarce sustain:
He swears he saw so great a dead man's skull,
At Canterbury digged out of the ground,
That would contain of wheat three bushels full,
And that in Kent are twenty yeomen found,
Of which the poorest every year dispends
Five thousand pound: these and five thousand mo,
So oft he hath recited to his friends,
That now himself persuades himself 'tis so.
But why doth Crassus tell his lies so rife,
Of bridges, towns, and things that have no life:
He is a lawyer, and doth well espy,
That for such lies an action will not lie.

In Philonem. XXXVIII.

Philo the lawyer and the fortune-teller,
The schoolmaster, the midwife, and the bawd,
The conjuror, the buyer and the seller
Of painting which with breathing will be thaw'd,
Doth practise physic, and his credit grows,
As doth the ballad-singer's auditory,
Which hath at Temple Bar his standing chose,
And to the vulgar sings an alehouse story.
First stands a porter; then an oyster-wife
Doth stint her cry, and stay her steps to hear him;
Then comes a cutpurse ready with a knife,
And then a country client presseth near him:

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There stands the constable, there stands the whore,
And harkening to the song, mark not each other;
There by the serjeant stands the debtor poor,
And doth no more mistrust him than his brother:
This Orpheus to such hearers giveth music,
And Philo to such patients giveth physic.

In Fuscum. XXXIX.

Fuscus is free, and hath the world at will,
Yet in the course of life that he doth lead,
He's like a horse which turning round a mill,
Doth always in the self-same circle tread:
First he doth rise at ten, and at eleven
He goes to Gill's, where he doth eat till one;
Then sees he a play till six, and sups at seven,
And after supper straight to bed is gone.
And there till ten next day he doth remain,
And then he dines, then sees a comedy;
And then he sups, and goes to bed again,
Thus round he runs without variety:
Save that sometimes he comes not to the play,
But falls into a whore-house by the way.

In Afrum. XL.

The smell-feast Afer, travels to the Burse
Twice every day the flying news to hear,
Which, when he hath no money in his purse,
To rich men's tables he doth ever bear:
He tells how Groningen is taken in,
By the brave conduct of illustrious Vere;
And how the Spanish forces Brest would win,
But that they do victorious Norris fear.
No sooner is a ship at sea surprised,
But straight he learns the news and doth disclose it;
No sooner hath the Turk a plot devised
To conquer Christendom, but straight he knows it.*
Fair written in a scroll he hath the names,
Of all the widows which the plague hath made;
And persons, times and places, still he frames
To every tale, the better to persuade:
We call him Fame, for that the wide-mouth slave,
Will eat as fast as he will utter lies;
For Fame is said an hundred mouths to have,
And he eats more than would five score suffice.

In Paulum. XLI.

By lawful mart, and by unlawful stealth,
Paulus in spite of envy fortunate,
Derives out of the ocean so much wealth,
As he may well maintain a lord's estate:
But on the land a little gulf there is,
Wherein he drowneth all that wealth of his.

In Licum. XLII.

Lycus which lately is to Venice gone,
Shall if he do return, gain three for one:
But ten to one his knowledge and his wit,
Will not be bettered or increased a whit.

In Publium. XLIII.

Publius, student at the Common Law,
Oft leaves his books, and for his recreation,
To Paris Garden doth himself withdraw,
Where he is ravished with such delectation,
As down amongst the bears and dogs he goes;
Where whilst he skipping cries, "To head, to head,"
His satin doublet and his velvet hose,
Are all with spittle from above bespread.
Then is he like his father's country hall,
Stinking with dogs, and muted all with hawks;
And rightly too on him this filth doth fall,
Which for such filthy sports his books forsakes;
Leaving old Plowden, Dyer and Brooke alone,
To see old Harry Hunkes and Sacarson.

In Syllam. XLIV.

When I this proposition had defended,
"A coward cannot be an honest man,"
Thou Sylla seem'st forthwith to be offended,
And hold'st the contrary and swear'st he can:
But when I tell thee that he will forsake
His dearest friend, in peril of his life,
Thou then art changed and say'st thou didst mistake,
And so we end our argument and strife:
Yet I think oft, and think I think aright,
Thy argument argues thou wilt not fight.

* The above two lines were recovered by Mr. Dyce from a MS. in the British Museum.

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In Dacum. XLV.

Dacus with some good colour and pretence,
Terms his love's beauty "silent eloquence;"
For she doth lay more colours on her face,
Than ever Tully used his speech to grace.

In Marcum. XLVI.

Why dost thou, Marcus, in thy misery
Rail and blaspheme, and call the heavens unkind?
The heavens do owe no kindness unto thee,
Thou hast the heavens so little in thy mind:
For in thy life thou never usest prayer,
But at primero, to encounter fair.

Meditations of a Gull. XLVII.

See yonder melancholy gentleman,
Which hoodwinked with his hat, alone doth sit!
Think what he thinks and tell me, if you can,
What great affairs trouble his little wit.
He thinks not of the war 'twixt France and Spain,
Whether it be for Europe good or ill,
Nor whether the Empire can itself maintain
Against the Turkish power encroaching still;
Nor what great town in all the Netherlands
The States determine to besiege this spring,
Nor how the Scottish policy now stands,
Nor what becomes of the Irish mutining.
But he doth seriously bethink him whether
Of the gulled people he be more esteemed,
For his long cloak, or for his great black feather,
By which each gull is now a gallant deemed:
Or of a journey he deliberates,
To Paris Garden, Cock-pit, or the play:
Or how to steal a dog he meditates,
Or what he shall unto his mistress say:
Yet with these thoughts he thinks himself most fit
To be of counsel with a king for wit.

Ad Musam. XLVIII.

Peace, idle Muse, have done! for it is time,
Since lousy Ponticus envies me fame,
And swears the better sort are much to blame
To make me so well known for my ill rhyme:
Yet Banks his horse is better known than he,
So are the camels and the western hog,
And so is Lepidus his printed dog:
Why doth not Ponticus their fames envy?
Besides this Muse of mine, and the black feather,
Grew both together fresh in estimation,
And both grown stale, were cast away together:
What fame is this that scarce lasts out a fashion?
Only this last in credit doth remain,
That from henceforth each bastard cast forth rhyme,
Which doth but savour of a libel vein,
Shall call me father, and be thought my crime;
So dull and with so little sense endued,
Is my gross-headed judge, the multitude.

I. D.

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Ignoto.

I LOVE thee not for sacred chastity.
Who loves for that? nor for thy sprightly wit:
I love thee not for thy sweet modesty,
Which makes thee in perfection's throne to sit.
I love thee not for thy enchanting eye,
Thy beauty, ravishing perfection:
I love thee not for unchaste luxury,
Nor for thy body's fair proportion.
I love thee not for that my soul doth dance,
And leap with pleasure when those lips of thine,
Give musical and graceful utterance,
To some (by thee made happy) poet's line.
I love thee not for voice or slender small,
But wilt thou know wherefore? fair sweet, for all.

'Faith wench! I cannot court thy sprightly eyes,
With the base viol placed between my thighs:
I cannot lisp, nor to some fiddle sing,
Nor run upon a high stretched minikin.
I cannot whine in puling elegies.
Entombing Cupid with sad obsequies:
I am not fashioned for these amorous times,
To court thy beauty with lascivious rhymes:
I cannot dally, caper, dance and sing,
Oiling my saint with supple sonneting:
I cannot cross my arms, or sigh "Ah me,"
"Ah me forlorn!" egregious foppery!
I cannot buss thy fill, play with thy hair,
Swearing by Jove, "Thou art most debonnaire!"
Not I, by cock! but I shall tell thee roundly,
Hark in thine ear, zounds I can ( ) thee soundly.

Sweet wench, I love thee; yet I will not sue,
Or show my love as musky courtiers do;
I'll not carouse a health to honour thee,
In this same bezzling drunken courtesy:
And when all's quaffed, eat up my bousing glass,
In glory that I am thy servile ass.
Nor will I wear a rotten Bourbon lock,
As some sworn peasant to a female smock.
Well-featured lass, thou know'st I love thee dear,
Yet for thy sake I will not bore mine ear,
To hang thy dirty silken shoe-tires there:
Nor for thy love will I once gnash a brick,
Or some pied colours in my bonnet stick.
But by the chaps of hell, to do thee good,
I'll freely spend my thrice decocted blood.

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

[This beautiful song was first printed in 1599 in *The Passionate Pilgrim* as Shakspeare's, but in the following year is found in *England's Helicon* with the name *Chr. Marlow* appended to it, and followed by *The Nimph's Reply to the Sheepheard*, and *Another of the same nature, made since.* The former of these has always been assigned to Sir Walter Raleigh; but in *England's Helicon* both have the word *Ignoto* attached to them, which is equivalent to the "Anon." of the present day. Marlowe's famous song should never be printed without them. I have here given, in the first instance, the version made popular by Isaak Walton, and afterwards the three sister poems copied *verbatim et literatim* from Mr. Collier's beautiful reprint of the old Anthology.]

COME live with me, and be my love;
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.
And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

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And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair linèd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds
With coral clasps, and amber-studs:

And, if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

[Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.]

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The Passionate Sheepheard to his Loue.

COME liue with mee, and be my loue
And we will all the pleasures proue,
That Vallies, groues, hills and fieldes,
Woods, or steepie mountaine yeeldes.

And wee will sit vpon the Rocks,
Seeing the Sheepheards feede theyr flocks,
By shallow Riuers, to whose falls,
Melodious byrds sings Madrigalls.

And I will make thee beds of Roses
And a thousand fragrant poesies,
A cap of flowers and a kirtle,
Imbroydred all with leaues of Mirtle.

A gowne made of the finest wooll
Which from our pretty Lambes we pull,
Fayre lined slippers for the cold:
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and Iuie buds,
With Corall clasps and Amber studs,
And if these pleasures ~~may thee moue~~,
Come liue with mee, and be my loue.

The Sheepheards Swaines shall daunce and sing,
For thy delight each May-morning,
If these delights thy mind may moue;
Then liue with mee, and be my loue.

CHR. MARLOW.

FINIS.

The Nimphs Reply to the Sheepheard.

IF all the world and loue were young,
And truth in euery Sheepheards tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me moue,
To liue with thee, and be thy loue.

Time driues the flocks from field to fold,
When Riuers rage and Rocks grow cold,
And Philomell becommeth dombe,
The rest complaines of cares to come.

The flowers doe fade and wanton fieldes,
To wayward winter reckoning yeeldes,
A honny tongue, a hart of gall,
Is fancies spring, but sorrowes fall.

Thy gounes, thy shooes, thy beds of Roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy poesies,
Soone breake, soone wither, soone forgotten:
In follie ripe, in reason rotten.

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Thy belt of straw and Iuie buddes,
Thy Corall claspes, and Amber studdes,
All these in mee no meanes can moue,
To come to thee, and be thy loue.

But could youth last, and loue still breede,
Had ioyes no date, nor age no neede,
Then these delights my minde might moue,
To live with thee, and be thy loue.

IGNOTO.

FINIS.

Another of the same Nature, made since.

COME liue with mee, and be my deere,
And we will revel all the yeere,
In plaines and groaues, on hills and dales:
Where fragrant ayre breedes sweetest gales.

There shall you haue the beauteous Pine,
The Cedar, and the spreading Vine,
And all the woods to be a skreene:
Least Phœbus kisse my Sommers Queene.

The seate for your disport shall be
Ouer some Riuer in a tree,
Where siluer sands and pebbles sing,
Eternall ditties with the spring.

There shall you see the Nimphs at play,
And how the Satires spend the day,
The fishes gliding on the sands:
Offering their bellies to your hands.

The birds with heauenly tunèd throates,
Possesse woods Ecchoes with sweet noates,
Which to your sences will impart,
A musique to enflame the hart.

Vpon the bare and leafe-lesse Oake,
The Ring-Doues wooings will prouoke
A colder blood then you possesse,
To play with me and doo no lesse.

In bowers of Laurell trimly dight,
We will out-weare the silent night,
While Flora busie is to spread:
Her richest treasure on our bed.

Ten thousand Glow-wormes shall attend,
And all this sparkling lights shall spend,
All to adorne and beautifie:
Your lodging with most maiestie.

Then in mine armes will I enclose
Lillies faire mixture with the Rose,
Whose nice perfections in loue's play:
Shall tune me to the highest key.

Thus as we passe the welcome night,
In sportfull pleasures and delight,
The nimble Fairies on the grounds,
Shall daunce and sing mellodious sounds.

If these may serue for to entice,
Your presence to Loues Paradice,
Then come with me, and be my Deare;
And we will then begin the yeare.

IGNOTO.

FINIS.

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Fragment.

[FROM "ENGLAND'S PARNASSUS." 1600.]

I WALKED along a stream, for pureness rare,
  Brighter than sunshine; for it did acquaint
The dullest sight with all the glorious prey
That in the pebble-pavèd channel lay.

No molten crystal, but a richer mine,
  Even Nature's rarest alchymy ran there,—
Diamonds resolved, and substance more divine,
  Through whose bright-gliding current might appear

A thousand naked nymphs, whose ivory shine,
  Enamelling the banks, made them more dear
Than ever was that glorious palace' gate
Where the day-shining Sun in triumph sate.

Upon this brim the eglantine and rose,
  The tamarisk, olive, and the almond tree,
As kind companions, in one union grows,
  Folding their twining arms, as oft we see

Turtle-taught lovers either other close,
  Lending to dulness feeling sympathy:
And as a costly valance o'er a bed,
So did their garland-tops the brook o'erspread.

Their leaves that differed both in shape and show,
  Though all were green, yet difference such in green,
Like to the checkered bent of Iris' bow,
  Prided the running main, as it had been—

Dialogue in Verse.

[This Dialogue was first published by Mr. Collier in his volume of *Alleyn Papers*, edited for the Shakespeare Society. The original MS., found amongst the documents of Dulwich College, was written in prose on one side of a sheet of paper, with the name "Kitt Marlowe" inscribed in a modern hand on the back. "What connexion, if any, he may have had with it," says Mr. Collier, "it is impossible to determine, but it was obviously worthy of preservation, as a curious stage relic of an early date, and unlike anything else of the kind that has come down to us." The words in brackets were deficient in the original, and have been supplied by Mr. Collier. The Dialogue was probably intended as an interlude in a play, or as an entertainment, terminating with a dance, after a play. It is essentially dramatic in character; but it would be rash to speculate upon the authorship from the internal evidence.—R. BELL.]

JACK.

SEEST thou not yon farmer's son?
  He hath stolen my love from me, alas!
What shall I do? I am undone;
  My heart will ne'er be as it was.
Oh, but he gives her gay gold rings,
  And tufted gloves [for] holiday,
And many other goodly things,
  That hath stoln my love away.

FRIEND.

Let him give her gay gold rings
  Or tufted gloves, were they ne'er so [gay];
Or were her lovers lords or kings,
  They should not carry the wench away.

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JACK.

But a' dances wonders well,
And with his dances stole her love from me:
Yet she wont to say I bore the bell
For dancing and for courtesy.

DICK.

Fie, lusty younker, what do you here,
Not dancing on the green to-day?
For Pierce, the farmer's son, I fear,
Is like to carry your wench away.

JACK.

Good Dick, bid them all come hither,
And tell Pierce, from me beside,
That, if he think to have the wench,
Here he stands shall lie with the bride.

DICK.

Fie, Nan, why use thy old lover so,
For any other new-come guest?
Thou long time his love did know;
Why shouldst thou not use him best?

NAN.

Bonny Dick, I will not forsake
My bonny Rowland for any gold:
If he can dance as well as Pierce,
He shall have my heart in hold.

PIERCE.

Why, then, my hearts, let's to this gear;
And by dancing I may won
My Nan, whose love I hold so dear
As any realm under the sun.

GENTLEMAN.

Then, gentles, ere I speed from hence,
I will be so bold to dance
A turn or two without offence;
For, as I was walking along by chance,
I was told you did agree.

FRIEND.

'Tis true, good sir; and this is she
Hopes your worship comes not to crave her;
For she hath lovers two or three,
And he that dances best must have her.

GENTLEMAN.

How say you, sweet, will you dance with me?
And you [shall] have both land and [hill];
My love shall want nor gold nor fee.

NAN.

I thank you, sir, for your good will,
But one of these my love must be:
I'm but a homely country maid,
And far unfit for your degree:
[To dance with you I am afraid.]

FRIEND.

Take her, good sir, by the hand,
As she is fairest: were she fairer,
By this dance you shall understand,
He that can win her is like to wear her.

FOOL.

And saw you not [my] Nan to-day,
My mother's maid have you not seen?
My pretty Nan is gone away
To seek her love upon the green.
[I cannot see her 'mong so many:]
She shall have me, if she have any.

NAN.

Welcome, sweetheart, and welcome here,
Welcome, my [true] love, now to me.
This is my love [and my darling dear],
And that my husband [soon] must be.
And boy, when thou com'st home, thou'lt see
Thou art as welcome home as he.

GENTLEMAN.

Why, how now, sweet Nan? I hope you jest.

NAN.

No, by my troth, I love the fool the best:
And if you be jealous, God give you good-night!
I fear you're a gelding, you caper so light.

GENTLEMAN.

I thought she had jested and meant but a fable,
But now do I see she hath played with his bable.
I wish all my friends by me to take heed,
That a fool come not near you when you mean to speed.

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In obitum honoratissimi viri, Rogeri Manwood, Militis, Quæstorii Reginalis Capitalis Baronis.

NOCTIVAGI terror, ganeonis triste flagellum,
Et Jovis Alcides, rigido vulturque latroni,
Urnâ subtegitur. Scelerum, gaudete, nepotes!
Insons, luctificâ sparsis cervice capillis,
Plange! fori lumen, venerandæ gloria legis,
Occidit: heu, secum effœtas Acherontis ad oras
Multa abiit virtus. Pro tot virtutibus uni,
Livor, parce viro; non audacissimus esto
Illius in cineres, cujus tot millia vultus
Mortalium attonuit: sic cum te nuntia Ditis
Vulneret exsanguis, feliciter ossa quiescant,
Famaque marmorei superet monumenta sepulcri.

[Mr. Collier found this Epitaph, with Marlowe's name attached, on the back of the title-page of a copy of the 1629 edition of *Hero and Leander*. Sir Roger Manwood was born at Sandwich in 1525, and may have been an early Kentish acquaintance of Marlowe's. He was appointed Chief Baron of the Exchequer in 1578, and died December 14th, 1592. This Epitaph, therefore, must have been written within the last six months of Marlowe's life; unless, indeed, the Judge, who erected his own monument while still alive, had also taken the precaution to procure an Epitaph in advance.]

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The First Book of Lucan.

TO HIS KIND AND TRUE FRIEND, EDWARD BLUNT.

BLUNT, I purpose to be blunt with you, and, out of my dulness, to encounter you with a Dedication in memory of that pure elemental wit, Chr. Marlowe, whose ghost or genius is to be seen walk the Churchyard in, at the least, three or four sheets. Methinks you should presently look wild now, and grow humorously frantic upon the taste of it. Well, lest you should, let me tell you, this spirit was sometime a familiar of your own, *Lucan's First Book translated;* which, in regard of your old right in it, I have raised in the circle of your patronage. But stay now, Edward: if I mistake not, you are to accommodate yourself with some few instructions, touching the property of a patron, that you are not yet possessed of; and to study them for your better grace, as our gallants do fashions. First, you must be proud, and think you have merit enough in you, though you are ne'er so empty; then, when I bring you the book, take physic, and keep state; assign me a time by your man to come again; and, afore the day, be sure to have changed your lodging; in the mean time sleep little, and sweat with the invention of some pitiful dry jest or two, which you may happen to utter, with some little, or not at all, marking of your friends, when you have found a place for them to come in at; or, if by chance something has dropped from you worth the taking up, weary all that come to you with the often repetition of it; censure scornfully enough, and somewhat like a traveller; commend nothing, lest you discredit your (that which you would seem to have) judgment. These things, if you can mould yourself to them, Ned, I make no question but they will not become you. One special virtue in our patrons of these days I have promised myself you shall fit excellently, which is, to give nothing; yes, thy love I will challenge as my peculiar object, both in this, and, I hope, many more succeeding offices. Farewell: I affect not the world should measure my thoughts to thee by a scale of this nature: leave to think good of me when I fall from thee.

Thine in all rites of perfect friendship,

THOMAS THORPE.

WARS worse than civil on Thessalian plains,
And outrage strangling law, and people strong,
We sing, whose conquering swords their own breasts lanced,
Armies allied, the kingdom's league uprooted,
Th' affrighted world's force bent on public spoil,
Trumpets and drums, like deadly threatening other,
Eagles alike displayed, darts answering darts.
Romans, what madness, what huge lust of war,
Hath made barbarians drunk with Latin blood?
Now Babylon, proud through our spoil, should stoop,
While slaughtered Crassus' ghost walks unrevenged,
Will ye wage war, for which you shall not triumph?
Ah me! oh, what a world of land and sea
Might they have won whom civil broils have slain!
As far as Titan springs, where night dims heaven,
Ay, to the torrid zone where mid-day burns,
And where stiff winter, whom no spring re solves
Fetters the Euxine Sea with chains of ice;
Scythia and wild Armenia have been yoked,

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And they of Nilus' mouth, if there live any.
Rome, if thou take delight in impious war,
First conquer all the earth, then turn thy force
Against thyself: as yet thou want'st not foes.
That now the walls of houses half-reared totter,
That rampires fallen down, huge heaps of stone
Lie in our towns, that houses are abandoned,
And few live that behold their ancient seats;
Italy many years hath lien untilled
And choked with thorns; that greedy earth wants hinds;—
Fierce Pyrrhus, neither thou nor Hannibal
Art cause; no foreign foe could so afflict us:
These plagues arise from wreak of civil power.
But if for Nero, then unborn, the Fates
Would find no other means, and gods not slightly
Purchase immortal thrones, nor Jove joyed heaven
Until the cruel giants' war was done;
We plain not, Heavens, but gladly bear these evils
For Nero's sake: Pharsalia groan with slaughter,
And Carthage' souls be glutted with our bloods!
At Munda let the dreadful battles join;
Add, Cæsar, to these ills, Perusian famine,
The Mutin toils, the fleet at Leuca sunk,
And cruel field near burning Ætna fought!
Yet Rome is much bound to these civil arms,
Which made thee emperor. Thee (seeing thou, being old,
Must shine a star) shall heaven (whom thou lovest)
Receive with shouts; where thou wilt reign as king,
Or mount the Sun's flame-bearing chariot,
And with bright restless fire compass the earth,
Undaunted though her former guide be changed;
Nature and every power shall give thee place,
What god it please thee be, or where to sway.
But neither choose the north t' erect thy seat,
Not yet the adverse reeking southern pole,
Whence thou shouldst view thy Rome with squinting beams.
If any one part of vast heaven thou swayest,
The burdened axis with thy force will bend:
The midst is best; that place is pure and bright;
There, Cæsar, mayst thou shine, and no cloud dim thee.
Then men from war shall bide in league and ease,
Peace through the world from Janus' fane shall fly,
And bolt the brazen gates with bars of iron.
Thou, Cæsar, at this instant art my god:
Thee if I invocate, I shall not need
To crave Apollo's aid or Bacchus' help;
Thy power inspires the Muse that sings this war.
The causes first I purpose to unfold
Of these garboils, whence springs a long discourse;
And what made madding people shake off peace.
The Fates are envious, high seats quickly perish,
Under great burdens falls are ever grievous:
Rome was so great it could not bear itself.
So when this world's compounded union breaks,
Time ends, and to old Chaos all things turn,
Confused stars shall meet, celestial fire
Fleet on the floods, the earth shoulder the sea,
Affording it no shore, and Phœbe's wain
Chase Phœbus, and enraged affect his place,
And strive to shine by day, and full of strife
Dissolve the engines of the broken world.
All great things crush themselves; such end the gods
Allot the height of honour; men so strong
By land and sea, no foreign force could ruin.
Oh, Rome, thyself art cause of all these evils,
Thyself thus shivered out to three men's shares!
Dire league of partners in a kingdom last not.
Oh, faintly-joined friends, with ambition blind,
Why join you force to share the world betwixt you?

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While the earth the sea, and air the earth sustains,
While Titan strives against the world's swift course,
Or Cynthia, night's queen, waits upon the day,
Shall never faith be found in fellow kings:
Dominion cannot suffer partnership.
This need[s] no foreign proof nor far-fet story:
Rome's infant walls were steeped in brother's blood;
Nor then was land or sea, to breed such hate;
A town with one poor church set them at odds.
Cæsar's and Pompey's jarring love soon ended,
'Twas peace against their wills; betwixt them both
Stepped Crassus in. Even as the slender isthmus
Betwixt the Ægæan and the Ionian sea
Keeps each from other, but being worn away,
They both burst out, and each encounter other;
So whenas Crassus' wretched death, who stayed them,
Had filled Assyrian Carra's walls with blood,
His loss made way for Roman outrages.
Parthians, y'afflict us more than ye suppose;
Being conquered, we are plagued with civil war.
Swords share our empire: Fortune, that made Rome
Govern the earth, the sea, the world itself,
Would not admit two lords; for Julia,
Snatched hence by cruel Fates, with ominous howls
Bare down to hell her son, the pledge of peace,
And all bands of that death-presaging alliance.
Julia, had heaven given thee longer life,
Thou hadst restrained thy headstrong husband's rage,
Yea, and thy father too, and, swords thrown down,
Made all shake hands, as once the Sabines did:
Thy death broke amity, and trained to war
These captains emulous of each other's glory.
Thou fear'd'st, great Pompey, that late deeds would dim
Old triumphs, and that Cæsar's conquering France
Would dash the wreath thou war'st for pirates' wrack:
Thee war's use stirred, and thoughts that always scorned
A second place. Pompey could bide no equal,
Nor Cæsar no superior: which of both
Had justest cause, unlawful 'tis to judge:
Each side had great partakers; Cæsar's cause
The gods abetted, Cato liked the other.
Both differed much. Pompey was strook in years,
And by long rest forgot to manage arms,
And, being popular, sought by liberal gifts
To gain the light unstable commons' love.
And joyed to hear his theatre's applause:
He lived secure, boasting his former deeds,
And thought his name sufficient to uphold him:
Like to a tall oak in a fruitful field,
Bearing old spoils and conquerors' monuments,
Who, though his root be weak, and his own weight
Keep him within the ground, his arms all bare,
His body, not his boughs, send forth a shade:
Though every blast it nod, and seem to fall,
When all the woods about stand bolt upright,
Yet he alone is held in reverence.
Cæsar's renown for war was less; he restless,
Shaming to strive but where he did subdue;
When ire or hope provoked, heady, and bold;
At all times charging home, and making havoc;
Urging his fortune, trusting in the gods,
Destroying what withstood his proud desires,
And glad when blood and ruin made him way:
So thunder, which the wind tears from the clouds,
With crack of riven air and hideous sound
Filling the world, leaps out and throws forth fire,
Affrights poor fearful men, and blasts their eyes
With overthwarting flames, and raging shoots
Alongst the air, and, not resisting it,

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Falls, and returns, and shivers where it lights.
Such humours stirred them up: but this war's seed
Was even the same that wracks all great dominions.
When Fortune made us lords of all, wealth flowed,
And then we grew licentious and rude;
The soldiers' prey and rapine brought in riot;
Men took delight in jewels, houses, plate,
And scorned old sparing diet, and ware robes
Too light for women; Poverty, who hatched
Rome's greatest wits, was loathed, and all the world
Ransacked for gold, which breeds the world decay;
And then large limits had their butting lands;
The ground, which Curius and Camillus tilled,
Was stretched unto the fields of hinds unknown.
Again, this people could not brook calm peace;
Them freedom without war might not suffice:
Quarrels were rife; greedy desire, still poor,
Did vile deeds; then 'twas worth the price of blood,
And deemed renown, to spoil their native town!
Force mastered right, the strongest governed all;
Hence came it that th' edicts were overruled,
That laws were broke, tribunes with consuls strove,
Sale made of offices, and people's voices
Bought by themselves and sold, and every year
Frauds and corruption in the Field of Mars;
Hence interest and devouring usury sprang,
Faith's breach, and hence came war, to most men welcome.
Now Cæsar overpassed the snowy Alps;
His mind was troubled, and he aimed at war:
And coming to the ford of Rubicon,
At night in dreadful vision fearful Rome
Mourning appeared, whose hoary hairs were torn,
And on her turret-bearing head dispersed,
And arms all naked; who, with broken sighs,
And staring, thus bespoke: "What mean'st thou, Cæsar?
Whither goes my standard? Romans if ye be
And bear true hearts, stay here!" This spectacle
Stroke Cæsar's heart with fear; his hair stood up,
And faintness numbed his steps there on the brink.
He thus cried out: "Thou thunderer that guard'st
Rome's mighty walls, built on Tarpeian rock!
Ye gods of Phrygia and Iŭlus' line,
Quirinus' rites, and Latian Jove advanced
On Alba hill! Oh, vestal flames! oh, Rome,
My thought's sole goddess, aid mine enterprise!
I hate thee not, to thee my conquests stoop:
Cæsar is thine, so please it thee, thy soldier.
He, he afflicts Rome that made me Rome's foe."
This said, he, laying aside all lets of war,
Approached the swelling stream with drum and ensign:
Like to a lion of scorched desert Afric,
Who, seeing hunters, pauseth till fell wrath
And kingly rage increase, then having whisked
His tail athwart his back, and crest heaved up,
With jaws wide-open ghastly roaring out,
Albeit the Moor's light javelin or his spear
Sticks in his side, yet runs upon the hunter.
In summer-time the purple Rubicon,
Which issues from a small spring, is but shallow,
And creeps along the vales, dividing just
The bounds of Italy from Cisalpine France.
But now the winter's wrath, and watery moon
Being three days old, enforced the flood to swell,
And frozen Alps thawed with resolving winds.
The thunder-hoofed horse, in a crooked line,
To scape the violence of the stream, first waded;
Which being broke, the foot had easy passage.
As soon as Cæsar got unto the bank

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And bounds of Italy, "Here, here," saith he,
"An end of peace; here end polluted laws!
Hence, leagues and covenants! Fortune, thee I follow!
War and the Destinies shall try my cause."
This said, the restless general through the dark,
Swifter than bullets thrown from Spanish slings,
Or darts which Parthians backward shoot, marched on;
And then, when Lucifer did shine alone,
And some dim stars, he Ariminum entered.
Day rose, and viewed these tumults of the war:
Whether the gods or blustering south were cause
I know not, but the cloudy air did frown.
The soldiers having won the market-place,
There spread the colours, with confusèd noise
Of trumpet's clang, shrill cornets, whistling fifes.
The people started; young men left their beds,
And snatched arms near their household-gods hung up,
Such as peace yields; worm-eaten leathern targets,
Through which the wood peered, headless darts, old swords
With ugly teeth of black rust foully scarred.
But seeing white eagles, and Rome's flags well known,
And lofty Cæsar in the thickest throng,
They shook for fear, and cold benumbed their limbs,
And muttering much, thus to themselves complained:
"Oh walls unfortunate, too near to France!
Predestinate to ruin! all lands else
Have stable peace: here war's rage first begins;
We bide the first brunt. Safer might we dwell
Under the frosty bear, or parching east,
Waggons or tents, than in this frontier town.
We first sustained the uproars of the Gauls
And furious Cimbrians, and of Carthage Moors:
As oft as Rome was sacked, here 'gan the spoil."
Thus sighing whispered they, and none durst speak,
And show their fear or grief; but as the fields
When birds are silent thorough winter's rage,
Or sea far from the land, so all were whist.
Now light had quite dissolved the misty night,
And Cæsar's mind unsettled musing stood;
But gods and fortune pricked him to this war,
Infringing all excuse of modest shame,
And labouring to approve his quarrel good.
The angry senate, urging Gracchus' deeds,
From doubtful Rome wrongly expelled the tribunes
That crossed them: both which now approached the camp,
And with them Curio, sometime tribune too,
One that was fee'd for Cæsar, and whose tongue
Could tune the people to the nobles' mind.
"Cæsar," said he, "while eloquence prevailed,
And I might plead, and draw the commons' minds
To favour thee, against the senate's will,
Five years I lengthened thy command in France;
But law being put to silence by the wars,
We, from our houses driven, most willingly
Suffered exile: let thy sword bring us home.
Now, while their part is weak and fears, march hence:
Where men are ready, lingering ever hurts.
In ten years wonn'st thou France: Rome may be won
With far less toil, and yet the honour's more;
Few battles fought with prosperous success
May bring her down, and with her all the world.
Nor shalt thou triumph when thou com'st to Rome,
Nor Capitol be adorned with sacred bays;
Envy denies all; with thy blood must thou
Aby thy conquest past: the son decrees
To expel the father: share the world thou canst not:
Enjoy it all thou mayst." Thus Curio spake;
And therewith Cæsar, prone enough to war,
Was so incensed as are Eleus' steeds
With clamours, who, though locked and chained in stalls,
Souse down the walls, and make a passage forth.
Straight summoned he his several companies
Unto the standard: his grave look appeased
The wrestling tumult, and right hand made silence;

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And thus he spake: "You that with me have borne
A thousand brunts, and tried me full ten years,
See how they quit our bloodshed in the north,
Our friends' death, and our wounds, our wintering
Under the Alps! Rome rageth now in arms
As if the Carthage Hannibal were near;
Cornets of horse are mustered for the field;
Woods turned to ships; both land and sea against us.
Had foreign wars ill-thrived, or wrathful France
Pursued us hither, how were we bested,
When, coming conqueror, Rome afflicts me thus?
Let come their leader whom long peace hath quailed,
Raw soldiers lately pressed, and troops of gowns,
Babbling Marcellus, Cato whom fools reverence!
Must Pompey's followers, with strangers' aid
(Whom from his youth he bribed), needs make him king?
And shall he triumph long before his time,
And, having once got head, still shall he reign?
What should I talk of men's corn reaped by force,
And by him kept of purpose for a dearth?
Who sees not war sit by the quivering judge,
And sentence given in rings of naked swords,
And laws assailed, and armed men in the senate?
'Twas his troop hemmed in Milo being accused;
And now, lest age might wane his state, he casts
For civil war, wherein through use he's known
To exceed his master, that arch-traitor Sylla.
As brood of barbarous tigers, having lapped
The blood of many a herd, whilst with their dams
They kennelled in Hyrcania, evermore
Will rage and prey; so Pompey, thou, having licked
Warm gore from Sylla's sword, art yet athirst:
Jaws fleshed with blood continue murderous.
Speak, when shall this thy long-usurped power end?
What end of mischief? Sylla teaching thee,
At last learn, wretch, to leave thy monarchy!
What, now Sicilian pirates are suppressed,
And jaded king of Pontus poisoned slain,
Must Pompey as his last foe plume on me,
Because at his command I wound not up
My conquering eagles? say I merit naught,
Yet, for long service done, reward these men,
And so they triumph, be't with whom ye will.
Whither now shall these old bloodless souls repair?
What seats for their deserts? what store of ground
For servitors to till? what colonies
To rest their bones? say, Pompey, are these worse
Than pirates of Sicilia? they had houses.
Spread, spread these flags that ten years' space have conquered!
Let's use our tried force: they that now thwart right,
In wars will yield to wrong: the gods are with us;
Neither spoil nor kingdom seek we by these arms,
But Rome, at thraldom's feet, to rid from tyrants."
This spoke, none answered, but a murmuring buzz
Th' unstable people made: their household-gods
And love to Rome (though slaughter steeled their hearts,
And minds were prone) restrained them; but war's love
And Cæsar's awe dashed all. Then Lælius,
The chief centurion, crowned with oaken leaves
For saving of a Roman citizen,
Stepped forth, and cried: "Chief leader of Rome's force,
So be, I may be bold to speak a truth,
We grieve at this thy patience and delay.
What, doubt'st thou us? even now when youthful blood
Pricks forth our lively bodies, and strong arms
Can mainly throw the dart, wilt thou endure
These purple grooms, that senate's tyranny?
Is conquest got by civil war so heinous?
Well, lead us, then, to Syrtes' desert shore,
Or Scythia, or hot Libya's thirsty sands.

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This band, that all behind us might be quailed,
Hath with thee passed the swelling ocean,
And swept the foaming breast of Arctic Rhene.
Love over-rules my will; I must obey thee,
Cæsar: he whom I hear thy trumpets charge,
I hold no Roman; by these ten blest ensigns
And all thy several triumphs, shouldst thou bid me
Entomb my sword within my brother's bowels,
Or father's throat, or women's groaning womb,
This hand, albeit unwilling, should perform it;
Or rob the gods, or sacred temples fire,
These troops should soon pull down the church of Jove;
If to encamp on Tuscan Tiber's streams,
I'll boldly quarter out the fields of Rome:
What walls thou wilt be levelled to the ground,
These hands shall thrust the ram, and make them fly,
Albeit the city thou wouldst have so razed
Be Rome itself." Here every band applauded,
And, with their hands held up, all jointly cried
They'll follow where he please. The shouts rent heaven,
As when against pine-bearing Ossa's rocks
Beats Thracian Boreas, or when trees, bowed down
And rustling, swing up as the wind fets breath.
When Cæsar saw his army prone to war,
And Fates so bent, lest sloth and long delay
Might cross him, he withdrew his troops from France,
And in all quarters musters men for Rome.
They by Lemannus' nook forsook their tents;
They whom the Lingones foiled with painted spears,
Under the rocks by crooked Vogesus;
And many came from shallow Isara,
Who, running long, falls in a greater flood,
And, ere he sees the sea, loseth his name;
The yellow Ruthens left their garrisons;
Mild Atax glad it bears not Roman boats,
And frontier Varus that the camp is far,
Sent aid; so did Alcides' port, whose seas
Eat hollow rocks, and where the north-west wind
Nor zephyr rules not, but the north alone
Turmoils the coast, and enterance forbids;
And others came from that uncertain shore
Which is nor sea nor land, but ofttimes both,
And changeth as the ocean ebbs and flows;
Whether the sea rolled always from that point
Whence the wind blows, still forcèd to and fro;
Or that the wandering main follow the moon;
Or flaming Titan, feeding on the deep,
Pulls them aloft, and makes the surge kiss heaven;
Philosophers, look you; for unto me,
Thou cause, whate'er thou be whom God assigns
This great effect, art hid. They came that dwell
By Nemes' fields and banks of Satirus,
Where Tarbell's winding shores embrace the sea;
The Santons that rejoice in Cæsar's love;
Those of Bituriges, and light Axon pikes;
And they of Rhene and Leuca, cunning darters,
And Sequana that well could manage steeds;
The Belgians apt to govern British cars;
Th' Averni too, which boldly feign themselves
The Romans' brethren, sprung of Ilian race;
The stubborn Nervians stained with Cotta's blood;
And Vangions who, like those of Sarmata,
Wear open slops; and fierce Batavians,
Whom trumpet's clang incites; and those that dwell
By Cinga's stream, and where swift Rhodanus
Drives Araris to sea; they near the hills,
Under whose hoary rocks Gebenna hangs;
And, Trevier, thou being glad that wars are past thee;
And you, late-shorn Ligurians, who were wont
In large-spread hair to exceed the rest of France;
And where to Hesus and fell Mercury
They offer human flesh, and where Jove seems
Bloody like Dian, whom the Scythians serve.
And you, French Bardi, whose immortal pens
Renown the valiant souls slain in your wars,
Sit safe at home and chant sweet poesy.
And, Druides, you now in peace renew
Your barbarous customs and sinister rites:

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In unfelled woods and sacred groves you dwell;
And only gods and heavenly powers you know,
Or only know you nothing; for you hold
That souls pass not to silent Erebus
Or Pluto's bloodless kingdom, but elsewhere
Resume a body; so (if truth you sing)
Death brings long life. Doubtless these northern men,
Whom death, the greatest of all fears, affright not,
Are blest by such sweet error; this makes them
Run on the sword's point, and desire to die,
And shame to spare life which being lost is won.
You likewise that repulsed the Caÿc foe,
March towards Rome; and you, fierce men of Rhene,
Leaving your country open to the spoil.
These being come, their huge power made him bold
To manage greater deeds; the bordering towns
He garrisoned; and Italy he filled with soldiers.
Vain fame increased true fear, and did invade
The people's minds, and laid before their eyes
Slaughter to come, and swiftly bringing news
Of present war, made many lies and tales:
One swears his troops of daring horsemen fought
Upon Mevania's plain, where bulls are grazed:
Other that Cæsar's barbarous bands were spread
Along Nar flood that into Tiber falls,
And that his own ten ensigns and the rest
Marched not entirely, and yet hid the ground;
And that he's much changed, looking wild and big,
And far more barbarous than the French, his vassals;
And that he lags behind with them, of purpose,
Born 'twixt the Alps and Rhene, which he hath brought
From out their northern parts, and that Rome,
He looking on, by these men should be sacked.
Thus in his fright did each man strengthen fame,
And, without ground, feared what themselves had feigned.
Nor were the commons only strook to heart
With this vain terror; but the court, the senate,
The fathers selves leaped from their seats, and, flying,
Left hateful war decreed to both the consuls.
Then, with their fear and danger all-distract,
Their sway of flight carries the heady rout,
That in chained troops break forth at every port:
You would have thought their houses had been fired,
Or, dropping-ripe, ready to fall with ruin.
So rushed the inconsiderate multitude
Thorough the city, hurried headlong on,
As if the only hope that did remain
To their afflictions were t' abandon Rome.
Look how, when stormy Auster from the breach
Of Libyan Syrtes rolls a monstrous wave,
Which makes the mainsail fall with hideous sound,
The pilot from the helm leaps in the sea,
And mariners, albeit the keel be sound,
Shipwreck themselves; even so, the city left,
All rise in arms; nor could the bed-rid parents
Keep back their sons, or women's tears their husbands:
They stayed not either to pray or sacrifice;
Their household-gods restrain them not; none lingered,
As loth to leave Rome whom they held so dear:
Th' irrevocable people fly in troops.
Oh, gods, that easy grant men great estates,
But hardly grace to keep them! Rome, that flows
With citizens and captives, and would hold
The world, were it together, is by cowards
Left as a prey, now Cæsar doth approach.
When Romans are besieged by foreign foes,
With slender trench they escape night-stratagems,
And sudden rampire raised of turf snatched up,
Would make them sleep securely in their tents.
Thou, Rome, at name of war runn'st from thyself,
And wilt not trust thy city-walls one night:
Well might these fear, when Pompey feared and fled.

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Now evermore, lest some one hope might ease
The commons' jangling minds, apparent signs arose,
Strange sights appeared; the angry threatening gods
Filled both the earth and seas with prodigies.
Great store of strange and unknown stars were seen
Wandering about the north, and rings of fire
Fly in the air, and dreadful bearded stars,
And comets that presage the fall of kingdoms;
The flattering sky glittered in often flames,
And sundry fiery meteors blazed in heaven,
Now spear-like long, now like a spreading torch;
Lightning in silence stole forth without clouds,
And, from the northern climate snatching fire,
Blasted the Capitol; the lesser stars,
Which wont to run their course through empty night,
At noon-day mustered; Phœbe, having filled
Her meeting horns to match her brother's light,
Strook with th' earth's sudden shadow, waxèd pale;
Titan himself, throned in the midst of heaven,
His burning chariot plunged in sable clouds,
And whelmed the world in darkness, making men
Despair of day, as did Thyestes' town,
Mycenæ, Phœbus flying through the east.
Fierce Mulciber unbarrèd Ætna's gate,
Which flamèd not on high, but headlong pitched
Her burning head on bending Hespery.
Coal black Charybdis whirled a sea of blood.
Fierce mastives howled. The vestal fires went out;
The flame in Alba, consecrate to Jove,
Parted in twain, and with a double point
Rose, like the Theban brothers' funeral fire.
The earth went off her hinges; and the Alps
Shook the old snow from off their trembling laps.
The ocean swelled as high as Spanish Calpe
Or Atlas' head. Their saints and household gods
Sweat tears, to show the travails of their city:
Crowns fell from holy statues. Ominous birds
Defiled the day; and wild beasts were seen,
Leaving the woods, lodge in the streets of Rome.
Cattle were seen that muttered human speech;
Prodigious births with more and ugly joints
Than nature gives, whose sight appals the mother;
And dismal prophecies were spread abroad:
And they whom fierce Bellona's fury moves
To wound their arms, sing vengeance; Cybel's priests,
Curling their bloody locks, howl dreadful things.
Souls quiet and appeased sighed from their graves;
Clashing of arms was heard; in untrod woods
Shrill voices schright; and ghosts encounter men.
Those that inhabited the suburb-fields
Fled: foul Erinnys stalked about the walls,
Shaking her snaky hair and crookèd pine
With flaming top; much like that hellish fiend
Which made the stern Lycurgus wound his thigh,
Or fierce Agave mad; or like Megæra
That scared Alcides, when by Juno's task
He had before looked Pluto in the face.
Trumpets were heard to sound; and with what noise
An armèd battle joins, such and more strange
Black night brought forth in secret. Sylla's ghost
Was seen to walk, singing sad oracles;
And Marius' head above cold Tav'ron peering.
His grave broke open, did affright the boors.
To these ostents, as their old custom was,
They call th' Etrurian augurs: amongst whom
The gravest, Arruns, dwelt in forsaken Luca,
Well-skilled in pyromancy; one that knew
The hearts of beasts, and flight of wandering fowls.
First he commands such monsters Nature hatched
Against her kind, the barren mules' loathed issue,
To be cut forth and cast in dismal fires;
Then, that the trembling citizens should walk
About the city; then, the sacred priests
That with divine lustration purged the walls,
And went the round, in and without the town;

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Next, an inferior troop, in tucked-up vestures,
After the Gabine manner; then, the nuns
And their veiled matron, who alone might view
Minerva's statue; then, they that keep and read
Sibylla's secret works, and wash their saint
In Almo's flood; next, learnèd augurs follow;
Apollo's soothsayers, and Jove's feasting priests;
The skipping Salii with shields like wedges;
And Flamens last, with net-work woollen veils.
While these thus in and out had circled Rome,
Look what the lightning blasted, Arruns takes,
And it inters with murmurs dolorous,
And calls the place Bidental. On the altar
He lays a ne'er-yoked bull, and pours down wine,
Then crams salt leaven on his crookèd knife:
The beast long struggled, as being like to prove
An awkward sacrifice; but by the horns
The quick priest pulled him on his knees, and slew him:
No vein sprung out, but from the yawning gash,
Instead of red blood, wallowed venomous gore.
These direful signs made Arruns stand amazed,
And searching farther for the god's displeasure,
The very colour scared him; a dead blackness
Ran through the blood, that turned it all to jelly,
And stained the bowels with dark loathsome spots;
The liver swelled with filth; and every vein
Did threaten horror from the host of Cæsar;
A small thin skin contained the vital parts;
The heart stirred not; and from the gaping liver
Squeezed matter through the caul; the entrails peered;
And which (ah me!) ever pretendeth ill,
At that bunch where the liver is, appeared
A knob of flesh, whereof one half did look
Dead and discoloured, the other lean and thin.
By these he seeing what mischiefs must ensue,
Cried out, "Oh, gods, I tremble to unfold
What you intend! great Jove is now displeased;
And in the breast of this slain bull are crept
Th' infernal powers. My fear transcends my words;
Yet more will happen than I can unfold:
Turn all to good, be augury vain, and Tages,
Th' art's master, false!" Thus, in ambiguous terms
Involving all, did Arruns darkly sing.
But Figulus, more seen in heavenly mysteries,
Whose like Ægyptian Memphis never had
For skill in stars and tuneful planeting,
In this sort spake: "The world's swift course is lawless
And casual; all the stars at random range;
Or if Fate rule them, Rome, thy citizens
Are near some plague. What mischief shall ensue?
Shall towns be swallowed? shall the thickened air
Become intemperate? shall the earth be barren!
Shall water be congealed and turned to ice?
Oh, gods, what death prepare ye? with what plague
Mean ye to rage? the death of many men
Meets in one period. If cold noisome Saturn
Were now exalted, and with blue beams shined,
Then Ganymede would renew Deucalion's flood,
And in the fleeting sea the earth be drenched.
Oh, Phœbus, shouldst thou with thy rays now singe
The fell Nemæan beast, th' earth would be fired,
And heaven tormented with thy chafing heat:
But thy fires hurt not. Mars, 'tis thou inflam'st
The threatening Scorpion with the burning tail,
And fir'st his cleyes: why art thou thus enraged?
Kind Jupiter hath low declined himself;
Venus is faint; swift Hermes retrograde;
Mars only rules the heaven. Why do the planets
Alter their course, and vainly dim their virtue?
Sword-girt Orion's side glisters too bright:
War's rage draws near; and to the sword's strong hand
Let all laws yield, sin bear the name of virtue:
Many a year these furious broils let last:
Why should we wish the gods should ever end them?
War only gives us peace. Oh, Rome, continue
The course of mischief, and stretch out the date

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Of slaughter! only civil broils make peace."
These sad presages were enough to scare
The quivering Romans; but worse things affright them.
As Mænas full of wine on Pindus raves,
So runs a matron through th' amazèd streets,
Disclosing Phœbus' fury in this sort:
"Pæan, whither am I haled? where shall I fall,
Thus borne aloft? I see Pangæus' hill
With hoary top, and, under Hæmus' mount,
Philippi plains. Phœbus, what rage is this?
Why grapples Rome, and makes war, having no foes?
Whither turn I now? thou lead'st me toward th' east,
Where Nile augmenteth the Pelusian sea:
This headless trunk that lies on Nilus' sand
I know. Now throughout the air I fly
To doubtful Syrtes and dry Afric, where
A Fury leads the Emathian bands. From thence
To the pine-bearing hills; thence to the mounts
Pyrene; and so back to Rome again.
See, impious war defiles the senate-house!
New factions rise. Now through the world again
I go. Oh, Phœbus, show me Neptune's shore,
And other regions! I have seen Philippi."
This said, being tired with fury, she sunk down.

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The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus.

[From the Quarto of 1604.]

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

The Pope.
Cardinal of Lorrain.
Emperor.
Duke of Vanholt.
Faustus.
Valdes, } *friends to* Faustus.
Cornelius, }
Wagner, *servant to* Faustus.
Clown.
Robin.
Ralph.
Vintner, Horse-Courser, Knight, Old Man, Friars, *and* Attendants.

Duchess of Vanholt.

Lucifer.
Belzebub.
Mephistophilis.
Good Angel.
Evil Angel.
The Seven Deadly Sins.
Devils.
The Spirits *representing* Alexander the Great *and his* Paramour, *and* Helen *of Troy*.
Chorus.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Not marching now in fields of Thrasymene,
Where Mars did mate the Carthaginians;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In Courts of Kings where state is overturned;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to vaunt her heavenly verse:
Only this, gentlemen—we must perform
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad;
To patient judgments we appeal our plaud,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town called Rhodes;
Of riper years to Wertenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So soon he profits in Divinity,
The fruitful plot of scholarism graced,
That shortly he was graced with Doctor's name,
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of Theology;
Till swollen with cunning, of a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And, melting, heavens conspired his overthrow;
For falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon cursed Necromancy.
Nothing so sweet as Magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss.
And this the Man that in his Study sits!

[*Exit.*

Faustus *in his Study.*

Faust. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess;
Having commenced be a Divine in show,
Yet level at the end of every Art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravished me,
Bene disserere est finis logices.
Is to dispute well Logic's chiefest end?
Affords this Art no greater miracle?
Then read no more, thou hast attained that end;
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:
Bid Economy farewell and Galen come,
Seeing *Ubi desinit Philosophus ibi incipit Medicus,*
Be a physician, Faustus, heap up gold

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And be eternized for some wondrous cure.
Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas,
The end of physic is our body's health.
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attained that end?
Is not thy common talk found Aphorisms?
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escaped the Plague,
And thousand desperate maladies been eased?
Yet art thou still but Faustus and a man.
Couldst thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteemed.
Physic farewell.—Where is Justinian?
Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alter rem alter valorem rei, &c.
A pretty case of paltry legacies!
Exhæreditare filium non potest pater nisi, &c.
Such is the subject of the Institute
And universal Body of the Law.
This study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but external trash;
Too servile and illiberal for me.
When all is done Divinity is best;
Jerome's Bible, Faustus, view it well.
Stipendium peccati mors est. Ha! *Stipendium, &c.*
The reward of sin is death. That's hard.
Si peccasse negamus fallimur et nulla est in nobis veritas. If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and there's no truth in us. Why then, belike we must sin, and so consequently die;
Aye, we must die an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this, *Che sera sera,*
What will be shall be? Divinity, adieu!
These metaphysics of Magicians
And necromantic books are heavenly:
Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters:
Aye, these are those that Faustus most desires.
Oh what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, of omnipotence
Is promised to the studious artisan!
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command: Emperors and Kings
Are but obeyed in their several provinces,
Nor can they raise the winds or rend the clouds;
But his dominion that exceeds in this
Stretches as far as doth the mind of man.
A sound Magician is a mighty god:
Here, Faustus, tire thy brains to gain a Deity.

Enter Wagner.

Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,
The German Valdes and Cornelius;
Request them earnestly to visit me.
Wag. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
Faust. Their conference will be a greater help to me
Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

Enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel.

G. Ang. Oh, Faustus, lay that damnèd book aside,
And gaze not on it lest it tempt thy soul,
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head.
Read, read the Scriptures. That is blasphemy.
E. Ang. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art,
Wherein all Nature's treasure is contained,
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements.
[*Exeunt* Angels.
Faust. How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me of all ambiguities,
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the Ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates;
I'll have them read me strange Philosophy
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wertenberg,
I'll have them fill the public schools with silk
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad;
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,
And reign sole King of all the Provinces;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of War
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge,
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

Enter Valdes *and* Cornelius.

Come German Valdes and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference.
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise Magic and concealèd arts:

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Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy
That will receive no object, for my head
But ruminates on necromantic skill.
Philosophy is odious and obscure,
Both Law and Physic are for petty wits;
Divinity is basest of the three,
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile:
'Tis Magic, Magic that hath ravished me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;
And I that have with concise syllogisms
Gravelled the pastors of the German Church,
And made the flowering pride of Wertenberg
Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits
On sweet Musæus when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.

Vald. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience
Shall make all nations to canonize us.
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish Lords,
So shall the Spirits of every element
Be always serviceable to us three;
Like lions shall they guard us when we please;
Like Almain Rutters with their horsemen's staves
Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;
Sometimes like women or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the Queen of love:
From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,
And from America the golden fleece
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury;
If learnèd Faustus will be resolute.

Faust. Valdes, as resolute am I in this
As thou to live; therefore object it not.

Corn. The miracles that Magic will perform
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in Astrology,
Enriched with Tongues, well seen in Minerals,
Hath all the principles Magic doth require.
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renowned,
And more frequented for this mystery
Than heretofore the Delphian Oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks,
Aye, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth;
Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want?

Faust. Nothing, Cornelius! Oh this cheers my soul!
Come show me some demonstrations magical
That I may conjure in some lusty grove,
And have these joys in full possession.

Vald. Then haste thee to some solitary grove
And bear wise Bacon's and Albertus' works,
The Hebrew Psalter and New Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite
We will inform thee ere our conference cease.

Corn. Valdes, first let him know the words of art;
And then, all other ceremonies learned,
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.

Vald. First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.

Faust. Then come and dine with me, and after meat,
We'll canvas every quiddity thereof;
For ere I sleep I'll try what I can do:
This night I'll conjure tho' I die therefore.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter two Scholars.

1st Schol. I wonder what's become of Faustus that was wont to make our schools ring with *sic probo?*

2nd Schol. That shall we know, for see here comes his boy.

Enter Wagner.

1st Schol. How now, sirrah! Where's thy master?

Wag. God in heaven knows.

2nd Schol. Why, dost not thou know?

Wag. Yes, I know. But that follows not.

1st Schol. Go to, sirrah! leave your jesting, and tell us where he is.

Wag. That follows not necessary by force of argument, that you, being licentiates, should stand upon: therefore acknowledge your error and be attentive.

2nd Schol. Why, did'st thou not say thou knewest?

Wag. Have you any witness on't?

1st Schol. Yes, sirrah, I heard you.

Wag. Ask my fellows if I be a thief.

2nd Schol. Well, you will not tell us?

Wag. Yes, sir, I will tell you; yet if you were not dunces, you would never ask me such a question; for is not he *corpus naturale?* and is not that *mobile?* then wherefore should you ask me such a question? But that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to love, I would say), it were not for you to come

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within forty foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt to see you both hanged the next sessions. Thus having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a Precisian, and begin to speak thus:—Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, would inform your worships; and so the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren, my dear brethren. [*Exit.*

1st Schol. Nay, then, I fear he is fallen into that damned Art, for which they two are infamous through the world.

2nd Schol. Were he a stranger, and not allied to me, yet should I grieve for him. But come, let us go and inform the Rector, and see if he by his grave counsel can reclaim him.

1st Schol. Oh, but I fear me nothing can reclaim him.

2nd Schol. Yet let us try what we can do. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Faustus *to conjure.*

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from the antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest,
Seeing thou hast prayed and sacrificed to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward anagrammatized,
The breviated names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the Heavens,
And characters of signs and erring stars,
By which the spirits are enforced to rise:
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,
And try the uttermost magic can perform.
Sint mihi Dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex Jehovæ! Ignei, aerii, aquatani spiritus, salvete! Orientis princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut appareat et surgat Mephistophilis, quod tumeraris; per Jehovam, Gehennam, et consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis!

Enter Mephistophilis.

I charge thee to return and change thy shape;
Thou art too ugly to attend on me.
Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;
That holy shape becomes a devil best.
[*Exit* Mephistophilis.
I see there's virtue in my heavenly words;
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistophilis,
Full of obedience and humility!
Such is the force of Magic, and my spells:
No, Faustus, thou art conjuror laureat,
Thou can'st command great Mephistophilis:
Quin regis Mephistophilis fratris imagine.

Re-enter Mephistophilis, *like a* Franciscan Friar.

Meph. Now, Faustus, what would'st thou have me do?

Faust. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To do whatever Faustus shall command,
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.

Meph. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave:
No more than he commands must we perform.

Faust. Did not he charge thee to appear to me?

Meph. No, I came hither of mine own accord.

Faust. Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? Speak.

Meph. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens;*
For when we hear one rack the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,
We fly in hope to get his glorious soul;
Nor will we come, unless he use such means
Whereby he is in danger to be damned.
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity,
And pray devoutly to the Prince of Hell.

Faust. So Faustus hath
Already done; and holds this principle,
There is no Chief but only Belzebub,
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word *damnation* terrifies not him,
For he confounds Hell in Elysium;
His ghost be with the old philosophers!
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy lord?

Meph. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

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Faust. Was not that Lucifer an Angel once?
Meph. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly loved of God.
Faust. How comes it then that he is Prince of Devils?
Meph. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer
Conspired against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damned with Lucifer.
Faust. Where are you damned?
Meph. In Hell.
Faust. How comes it then that thou art out of Hell?
Meph. Why this is Hell, nor am I out of it:
Think'st thou that I who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of Heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand Hells,
In being deprived of everlasting bliss?
Oh, Faustus, leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul.
Faust. What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate
For being deprivèd of the joys of Heaven?
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer:
Seeing Faustus hath incurred eternal death
By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,
Say he surrenders up to him his soul,
So he will spare him four and twenty years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness:
Having thee ever to attend on me;
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,
To slay mine enemies, and aid my friends,
And always be obedient to my will.
Go, and return to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve me of thy master's mind.
Meph. I will, Faustus. [*Exit.*
Faust. Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.
By him I'll be great Emperor of the world,
And make a bridge thorough the moving air,
To pass the ocean with a band of men:
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
And make that country continent to Spain,
And both contributory to my Crown.
The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any Potentate of Germany.
Now that I have obtained what I desired,
I'll live in speculation of this Art
Till Mephistophilis return again. [*Exit.*

Enter Wagner *and* Clown.

Wag. Sirrah boy, come hither.
Clown. How, boy! Swowns, boy! I hope you have seen many boys with such picka-devaunts as I have; boy, quotha!
Wag. Tell me, sirrah, hast thou any comings in?
Clown. Aye, and goings out too. You may see else.
Wag. Alas, poor slave! see how poverty jesteth in his nakedness! the villain is bare and out of service, and so hungry that I know he would give his soul to the Devil for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood-raw.
Clown. How. My soul to the Devil for a shoulder of mutton, though 'twere blood raw! Not so, good friend. By'r Lady, I had need have it well roasted and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear.
Wag. Well, wilt thou serve us, and I'll make thee go like *Qui mihi discipulus?*
Clown. How, in verse?
Wag. No, sirrah; in beaten silk and stavesacre.
Clown. How, how, Knave's acre! Aye, I thought that was all the land his father left him. Do you hear? I would be sorry to rob you of your living.
Wag. Sirrah, I say in stavesacre.
Clown. Oho! Oho! Stavesacre! Why then belike if I were your man I should be full of vermin.
Wag. So thou shalt, whether thou beest with me or no. But, sirrah, leave your jesting, and bind yourself presently unto me for seven years, or I'll turn all the lice about thee into familiars, and they shall tear thee in pieces.
Clown. Do you hear, sir? You may save that labour: they are too familiar with me already: swowns! they are as bold with my flesh as if they had paid for their meat and drink.
Wag. Well, do you hear, sirrah? Hold, take these guilders. [*Gives money.*
Clown. Gridirons! what be they?
Wag. Why, French crowns.
Clown. Mass, but in the name of French crowns, a man were as good have as many English counters. And what should I do with these?
Wag. Why, now, sirrah, thou art at an hour's warning, whensoever and wheresoever the Devil shall fetch thee.
Clown. No, no. Here, take your gridirons again.
Wag. Truly I'll none of them.

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Clown. Truly but you shall.

Wag. Bear witness I gave them to him.

Clown. Bear witness I give them you again.

Wag. Well, I will cause two Devils presently to fetch thee away—Baliol and Belcher.

Clown. Let your Baliol and your Belcher come here, and I'll knock them! They were never so knocked since they were Devils! Say I should kill one of them, what would folks say? "Do ye see yonder tall fellow in the round slop—he has killed the Devil." So I should be called kill-devil all the parish over.

Enter two Devils: *the* Clown *runs up and down crying.*

Wag. Baliol and Belcher! Spirits, away!

Clown. What, are they gone? A vengeance on them, they have vile long nails! There was a he-devil, and a she-devil! I'll tell you how you shall know them; all he-devils has horns, and all she-devils has clift and cloven feet.

Wag. Well, sirrah, follow me.

Clown. But, do you hear—if I should serve you, would you teach me to raise up Banios and Belcheos?

Wag. I will teach thee to turn thyself to anything; to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or anything,

Clown. How! a Christian fellow to a dog or a cat, a mouse or a rat! No, no, sir. If you turn me into anything, let it be in the likeness of a little pretty frisking flea, that I may be here and there and everywhere. Oh, I'll tickle the pretty wenches' plackets; I'll be amongst them, i' faith.

Wag. Well, sirrah, come.

Clown. But, do you hear, Wagner?

Wag. How! Baliol and Belcher!

Clown. O Lord! I pray, sir, let Banio and Belcher go sleep.

Wag. Villain—call me Master Wagner, and let thy left eye be diametrically fixed upon my right heel, with *quasi vestigiis nostris insistere.* [*Exit.*

Clown. God forgive me, he speaks Dutch fustian. Well, I'll follow him: I'll serve him, that's flat. [*Exit.*

Faustus *discovered in his Study.*

Faust. Now, Faustus, must
Thou needs be damned, and canst thou not be saved:
What boots it then to think of God or Heaven?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair:
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub;
Now go not backward: no, Faustus, be resolute:
Why waver'st thou? Oh, something soundeth in mine ears
Abjure this Magic, turn to God again!
Aye, and Faustus will turn to God again.
To God?——He loves thee not—
The God thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fixed the love of Belzebub;
To him I'll build an altar and a church,
And offer lukewarm blood of newborn babes.

Enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel.

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable Art.

Faust. Contrition, prayer, repentance! What of them?

G. Ang. Oh, they are means to bring thee unto Heaven.

E. Ang. Rather, illusions—fruits of lunacy,
That make men foolish that do trust them most.

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, think of Heaven, and heavenly things.

E. Ang. No, Faustus, think of honours and of wealth. [*Exeunt* Angels.

Faust. Of wealth!
Why the Signiory of Embden shall be mine.
When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,
What God can hurt thee; Faustus, thou art safe:
Cast no more doubts. Come, Mephistophilis,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer;—
Is't not midnight? Come, Mephistophilis;
Veni, veni, Mephistophile!

Enter Mephistophilis.

Now tell me, what says Lucifer thy lord?

Meph. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,
So he will buy my service with his soul.

Faust. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

Meph. But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly,
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood,
For that security craves great Lucifer.
If thou deny it, I will back to Hell.

Faust. Stay, Mephistophilis!
Tell me what good will my soul do thy lord.

Meph. Enlarge his kingdom.

Faust. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

Meph. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

Faust. Why, have you any pain that torture others?

Meph. As great as have the human souls of men.
But tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?

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And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.
Faust. Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.
Meph. Then, Faustus, stab thine arm courageously,
And bind thy soul that at some certain day
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.
Faust. [*Stabbing his arm.*] So, Mephistophilis, for love of thee
I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood
Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,
Chief lord and regent of perpetual night!
View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,
And let it be propitious for my wish.
Meph. But, Faustus, thou must
Write it in manner of a deed of gift.
Faust. Aye, so I will. [*Writes.*] But, Mephistophilis,
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.
Meph. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight. [*Exit.*
Faust. What might the staying of my blood portend?
Is it unwilling I should write this bill?
Why streams it not that I may write afresh?
Faustus gives to thee his soul. Ah, there it stayed.
Why should'st thou not? Is not thy soul thine own?
Then write again, *Faustus gives to thee his Soul.*

Re-enter Mephistophilis *with a chafer of coals.*

Meph. Here's fire. Come, Faustus, set it on.
Faust. So now the blood begins to clear again;
Now will I make an end immediately.
[*Writes.*
Meph. Oh, what will not I do to obtain his soul. [*Aside.*
Faust. Consummatum est: this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeathed his soul to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription on mine arm?
Homo, fuge! Whither should I fly?
If unto God, he'll throw me down to Hell.
My senses are deceived; here's nothing writ:—
I see it plain; here in this place is writ
Homo, fuge! Yet shall not Faustus fly.
Meph. I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind. [*Aside, and exit.*

Re-enter Mephistophilis *with* Devils, *who give crowns and rich apparel to* Faustus, *dance, and depart.*

Faust. Speak, Mephistophilis, what means this show?
Meph. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind withal,
And to show thee what Magic can perform.
Faust. But may I raise up Spirits when I please?
Meph. Aye, Faustus, and do greater things than these.
Faust. Then there's enough for a thousand souls.
Here, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,
A deed of gift of Body and of Soul:
But yet conditionally that thou perform
All articles prescribed between us both.
Meph. Faustus, I swear by Hell and Lucifer
To effect all promises between us made.
Faust. Then hear me read them: *On these conditions following. First, that* Faustus *may be a Spirit in form and substance. Secondly, that* Mephistophilis *shall be his servant, and at his command. Thirdly, shall do for him and bring him whatsoever he desires. Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house invisible. Lastly, that he shall appear to the said* John Faustus, *at all times, and in what form or shape soever he pleases. I,* John Faustus, *of Wertenberg, Doctor, by these presents, do give both body and soul to* Lucifer, *Prince of the East, and his minister,* Mephistophilis; *and furthermore grant unto them, that twenty-four years being expired, the articles above written inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said* John Faustus, *body and soul, flesh, blood, or goods, into their habitation wheresoever. By me,*
John Faustus.

Meph. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?
Faust. Aye, take it, and the Devil give thee good on't!
Meph. Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt.
Faust. First will I question with thee about Hell.
Tell me where is the place that men call Hell?
Meph. Under the Heavens.
Faust. Aye, but whereabout?
Meph. Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortured and remain for ever;
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed

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In one self place; for where we are is Hell,
And where Hell is there must we ever be:
And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be Hell that are not Heaven.

Faust. Come, I think Hell's a fable.

Meph. Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.

Faust. Why, think'st thou then that Faustus shall be damned?

Meph. Aye, of necessity, for here's the scroll
Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

Faust. Aye, and body too; but what of that?
Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine
That, after this life, there is any pain?
Tush; these are trifles, and mere old wives' tales.

Meph. But, Faustus, I'm an instance to the contrary,
For I am damnèd, and am now in Hell.

Faust. How! now in Hell?
Nay, an this be Hell, I'll willingly be damned here;
What? walking, disputing et cætera?
But, leaving off this, let me have a wife,
The fairest maid in Germany;
For I am wanton and lascivious,
And cannot live without a wife.

Meph. How—a wife?
I prithee, Faustus, talk not of a wife.

Faust. Nay, sweet Mephistophilis, fetch me one, for I will have one.

Meph. Well—thou wilt have one. Sit here till I come: I'll fetch thee a wife in the devil's name. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Mephistophilis *with a Devil drest like a woman, with fireworks.*

Meph. Tell me, Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?

Faust. A plague on her for a hot whore!

Meph. But, Faustus,
Marriage is but a ceremonial toy;
If thou lovest me, think no more of it.
I'll cull thee out the fairest courtesans,
And bring them every morning to thy bed;
She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have,
Be she as chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as Saba, or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Here, take this book, peruse it thoroughly: [*Gives a book.*
The iterating of these lines brings gold;
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder and lightning;
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,
And men in armour shall appear to thee,
Ready to execute what thou desir'st.

Faust. Thanks, Mephistophilis; yet fain would I have a book wherein I might behold all spells and incantations, that I might raise up spirits when I please.

Meph. Here they are, in this book. [*Turns to them.*

Faust. Nay, let me have one book more,—and then I have done,—wherein I might see all plants, herbs, and trees that grow upon the earth.

Meph. Here they be.

Faust. Oh, thou art deceived.

Meph. Tut, I warrant thee. [*Turns to them.*

Faust. When I behold the heavens, then I repent,
And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,
Because thou hast deprived me of those joys.

Meph. Why, Faustus,
Thinkest thou Heaven is such a glorious thing?
I tell thee 'tis not half so fair as thou,
Or any man that breathes on earth.

Faust. How prov'st thou that?

Meph. 'Twas made for man, therefore is man more excellent.

Faust. If it were made for man, 'twas made for me;
I will renounce this Magic and repent.

Enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel.

G. Ang. Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee.

E. Ang. Thou art a Spirit; God cannot pity thee.

Faust. Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a Spirit?
Be I a Devil, yet God may pity me;
Aye, God will pity me if I repent.

E. Ang. Aye, but Faustus never shall repent. [*Exeunt* Angels.

Faust. My heart's so hardened I cannot repent.
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven,
But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears
Faustus, thou art damned! Then swords and knives,
Poison, guns, halters, and envenomed steel
Are laid before me to despatch myself,
And long ere this I should have slain myself,
Had not sweet pleasure conquered deep despair,

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Have not I made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love and Œnon's death?
And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistophilis?
Why should I die then, or basely despair?
I am resolved: Faustus shall ne'er repent—
Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,
And argue of divine Astrology.
Tell me, are there many heavens above the moon?
Are all celestial bodies but one globe,
As is the substance of this centric earth?

Meph. As are the elements, such are the spheres
Mutually folded in each other's orb,
And, Faustus,
All jointly move upon one axletree
Whose terminine is termed the wide world's pole;
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter
Feigned, but are erring stars.

Faust. But tell me, have they all one motion both, *situ et tempore.*

Meph. All jointly move from east to west in twenty-four hours upon the poles of the world; but differ in their motion upon the poles of the zodiac.

Faust. Tush!
These slender trifles Wagner can decide;
Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?
Who knows not the double motion of the planets?
The first is finished in a natural day;
The second thus: as Saturn in thirty years; Jupiter in twelve: Mars in four; the Sun, Venus, and Mercury in a year; the Moon in twenty-eight days. Tush, these are freshmen's suppositions. But tell me, hath every sphere a dominion or *intelligentia?*

Meph. Aye.

Faust. How many heavens, or spheres, are there?

Meph. Nine: the seven planets, the firmament, and the empyreal heaven.

Faust. Well, resolve me in this question: Why have we not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time, but in some years we have more, in some less?

Meph. Per inæqualem motum respectu totius.

Faust. Well, I am answered. Tell me who made the world.

Meph. I will not.

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

Meph. Move me not, for I will not tell thee.

Faust. Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me anything?

Meph. Aye, that is not against our kingdom; but this is. Think thou on Hell, Faustus, for thou art damned.

Faust. Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

Meph. Remember this. [*Exit.*

Faust. Aye, go, accursed Spirit, to ugly Hell.
'Tis thou hast damned distressèd Faustus' soul.
Is't not too late?

Re-enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel.

E. Ang. Too late,

G. Ang. Never too late, if Faustus can repent.

E. Ang. If thou repent, Devils shall tear thee in pieces.

G. Ang. Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin. [*Exeunt* Angels.

Faust. Ah, Christ my Saviour,
Seek[ing] to save distressèd Faustus' soul.

Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, *and* Mephistophilis.

Luc. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just;
There's none but I have interest in the same.

Faust. Oh, who art thou that look'st so terrible?

Luc. I am Lucifer,
And this is my companion-prince in Hell.

Faust. Oh, Faustus, they are come to fetch away thy soul!

Luc. We come to tell thee thou dost injure us;
Thou talk'st of Christ contrary to thy promise;
Thou should'st not think of God: think of the Devil,
And of his dam too.

Faust. Nor will I henceforth: pardon me in this,
And Faustus vows never to look to Heaven,
Never to name God, or to pray to him,
To burn his Scriptures, slay his Ministers,
And make my Spirits pull his Churches down.

Luc. Do so, and we will, highly gratify thee. Faustus, we are come from Hell to show thee some pastime: sit down, and thou shalt see all the Seven Deadly Sins appear in their proper shapes.

Faust. That sight will be as pleasing unto me,

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As Paradise was to Adam the first day
Of his creation.

Luc. Talk not of paradise nor creation, but mark this show: talk of the Devil, and nothing else: come away!

Enter the Seven Deadly Sins.

Now, Faustus, examine them of their several names and dispositions.

Faust. What art thou—the first?

Pride. I am Pride. I disdain to have any parents. I am like to Ovid's flea: I can creep into every corner of a wench; sometimes, like a perriwig, I sit upon her brow; or like a fan of feathers, I kiss her lips; indeed I do—what do I not? But, fie, what a scent is here! I'll not speak another word, except the ground were perfumed, and covered with cloth of arras.

Faust. What art thou—the second?

Covet. I am Covetousness, begotten of an old churl in an old leathern bag; and might I have my wish I would desire that this house and all the people in it were turned to gold, that I might lock you up in my good chest. Oh, my sweet gold!

Faust. What art thou—the third?

Wrath. I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother: I leapt out of a lion's mouth when I was scarce half an hour old; and ever since I have run up and down the world with this case of rapiers, wounding myself when I had nobody to fight withal. I was born in Hell; and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

Faust. What art thou—the fourth?

Envy. I am Envy, begotten of a chimney-sweeper and an oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books were burnt. I am lean with seeing others eat. O that there would come a famine through all the world, that all might die, and I live alone! then thou should'st see how fat I would be. But must thou sit and I stand! Come down with a vengeance!

Faust. Away, envious rascal! What art thou—the fifth?

Glut. Who, I, sir? I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me, but a bare pension, and that is thirty meals a day and ten bevers—a small trifle to suffice nature. Oh, I come of a royal parentage! My grandfather was a Gammon of Bacon, my Grandmother a hogshead of Claret wine; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickleherring, and Martin Martlemas-beef; oh, but my godmother, she was a jolly gentlewoman, and well beloved in every good town and city; her names was Mistress Margery March-beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

Faust. No, I'll see thee hanged: thou wilt eat up all my victuals.

Glut. Then the Devil choke thee!

Faust. Choke thyself, glutton! Who art thou—the sixth?

Sloth. I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank, where I have lain ever since; and you have done me great injury to bring me from thence: let me be carried thither again by Gluttony and Lechery. I'll not speak another word for a king's ransom.

Faust. What are you, Mistress Minx, the seventh and last?

Lech. Who, I, sir? I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton better than an ell of fried stockfish; and the first letter of my name begins with L.

Faust. Away to Hell, to Hell!

[*Exeunt the* Sins.

Luc. Now, Faustus, how dost thou like this?

Faust. Oh, this feeds my soul!

Luc. Tut, Faustus, in Hell is all manner of delight.

Faust. O might I see Hell, and return again,
How happy were I then!

Luc. Thou shalt; I will send for thee at midnight.
In meantime take this book; peruse it throughly,
And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

Faust. Great thanks, mighty Lucifer!
This will I keep as chary as my life.

Luc. Farewell, Faustus, and think on the Devil.

Faust. Farewell, great Lucifer!

[*Exeunt* Lucifer *and* Belzebub.

Come, Mephistophilis.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Learned Faustus,
To know the secrets of Astronomy,
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount himself to scale Olympus top,
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoky dragons' necks.
He now is gone to prove Cosmography,
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his Court,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
That to this day is highly solemnized.

[*Exit.*

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Enter Faustus *and* Mephistophilis.

Faust. Having now, my good Mephistophilis,
Passed with delight the stately town of Trier,
Environed round with airy mountain tops,
With walls of flint, and deep entrenchèd lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering prince;
From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,
We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines;
Then up to Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth, and paved with finest brick,
Quarter the town in four equivalents:
There saw we learnèd Maro's golden tomb,
The way he cut, an English mile in length,
Thorough a rock of stone in one night's space;
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,
In one of which a sumptuous temple stands,
That threats the stars with her aspiring top.
Thus hitherto has Faustus spent his time:
But tell me, now, what resting place is this?
Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

Meph. Faustus, I have; and because we will not be unprovided, I have taken up his Holiness' privy-chamber for our use.

Faust. I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.

Meph. Tut, 'tis no matter, man, we will be bold with his good cheer,
And now, my Faustus, that thou may'st perceive
What Rome containeth to delight thee with,
Know that this city stands upon seven hills
That underprop the groundwork of the same:
Just through the midst runs flowing Tiber's stream,
With winding banks that cut it in two parts:
Over the which four stately bridges lean,
That make safe passage to each part of Rome:
Upon the bridge called Ponte Angelo
Erected is a castle passing strong,
Within whose walls such store of ordnance are,
And double cannons formed of carvèd brass,
As match the days within one complete year;
Besides the gates and high pyramides,
Which Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.

Faust. Now by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake
Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear
That I do long to see the monuments
And situation of bright-splendent Rome:
Come therefore, let's away.

Meph. Nay, Faustus, stay; I know you'd see the Pope,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
Where thou shalt see a troop of bald-pate friars,
Whose *summum bonum* is in belly cheer.

Faust. Well, I'm content to compass then some sport,
And by their folly make us merriment.
Then charm me [so] that I
May be invisible, to do what I please
Unseen of any whilst I stay in Rome.
[Mephistophilis *charms him.*

Meph. So, Faustus, now
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discerned.

Sound a Sennet. Enter the Pope *and the* Cardinal of Lorrain *to the Banquet, with* Friars *attending.*

Pope. My Lord of Lorrain, wilt please you draw near?

Faust. Fall to, and the devil choke you an you spare!

Pope. How now! Who's that which spake?—Friars, look about.

First Friar. Here's nobody, if it like your Holiness.

Pope. My lord, here is a dainty dish was sent me from the Bishop of Milan.

Faust. I thank you, sir.
[*Snatches the dish.*

Pope. How now! Who's that which snatched the meat from me? Will no man look? My Lord, this dish was sent me from the Cardinal of Florence.

Faust. You say true; I'll ha't.
[*Snatches the dish.*

Pope. What, again! My lord, I'll drink to your grace.

Faust. I'll pledge your grace.
[*Snatches the cup.*

C. of Lor. My lord, it may be some ghost newly crept out of Purgatory, come to beg a pardon of your Holiness.

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Pope. It may be so. Friars' prepare a dirge to lay the fury of this ghost. Once again, my lord, fall to.

[*The* Pope *crosses himself.*

Faust. What, are you crossing of yourself?
Well, use that trick no more I would advise you. [*The* Pope *crosses himself again.*
Well, there's the second time. Aware the third,
I give you fair warning.

[*The* Pope *crosses himself again, and* Faustus *hits him a box of the ear; and they all run away.*

Come on, Mephistophilis, what shall we do?

Meph. Nay, I know not. We shall be cursed with bell, book, and candle.

Faust. How! bell, book, and candle,—candle, book, and bell,
Forward and backward to curse Faustus to Hell!
Anon you shall hear a hog grunt, a calf bleat, an ass bray,
Because it is Saint Peter's holiday.

Re-enter the Friars *to sing the Dirge.*

First Friar. Come, brethren, let's about our business with good devotion.

[*They sing.*

Cursed be he that stole away his Holiness' meat from the table! Maledicat Dominus.
Cursed be he that struck his Holiness a blow on the face! Maledicat Dominus!
Cursed be he that took Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate! Maledicat Dominus!
Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge! Maledicat Dominus!
Cursed be he that took away his Holiness' wine! Maledicat Dominus! Et omnes Sancti! Amen!

[Mephistophilis *and* Faustus *beat the Friars, and fling fireworks among them: and so exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the view
Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,
He stayed his course, and so returnèd home;
Where such as bear his absence but with grief,
I mean his friends, and near'st companions,
Did gratulate his safety with kind words,
And in their conference of what befell,
Touching his journey through the world and air,
They put forth questions of Astrology,
Which Faustus answered with such learned skill,
As they admired and wondered at his wit.
Now is his fame spread forth in every land,
Amongst the rest the Emperor is one,
Carolus the Fifth, at whose palace now
Faustus is feasted 'mongst his noblemen.
What there he did in trial of his art,
I leave untold—your eyes shall see performed. [*Exit.*

Enter Robin *the* Ostler, *with a book in his hand.*

Robin. Oh, this is admirable! here I ha' stolen one of Dr. Faustus' conjuring books, and i' faith I mean to search some circles for my own use. Now will I make all the maidens in our parish dance at my pleasure, stark naked before me; and so by that means I shall see more than e'er I felt or saw yet.

Enter Ralph *calling* Robin.

Ralph. Robin, prithee come away; there's a gentleman tarries to have his horse, and he would have his things rubbed and made clean: he keeps such a chafing with my mistress about it; and she has sent me to look thee out; prithee come away.

Robin. Keep out, keep out, or else you are blown up; you are dismembered, Ralph: keep out, for I am about a roaring piece of work.

Ralph. Come, what doest thou with that same? Thou can'st not read.

Robin. Yes, my master and mistress shall find that I can read, he for his forehead, she for her private study; she's born to bear with me, or else my art fails.

Ralph. Why, Robin, what book is that?

Robin. What book! why the most intolerable book for conjuring that e'er was invented by any brimstone devil.

Ralph. Can'st thou conjure with it?

Robin. I can do all these things easily with it; first, I can make thee drunk with ibbocras at any tabern in Europe for nothing; that's one of my conjuring works.

Ralph. Our Master Parson says that's nothing.

Robin. True, Ralph; and more, Ralph, if thou hast any mind to Nan Spit, our kitchenmaid, then turn her and wind her to thy own use as often as thou wilt, and at midnight.

Ralph. O brave Robin, shall I have Nan Spit, and to mine own use? On that condi-

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tion I'd feed thy devil with horsebread as long as he lives, of free cost.

Robin. No more, sweet Ralph: let's go and make clean our boots, which lie foul upon our hands, and then to our conjuring in the devil's name. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Robin *and* Ralph *with a silver goblet.*

Robin. Come, Ralph, did not I tell thee we were for ever made by this Doctor Faustus' book? *ecce signum*, here's a simple purchase for horsekeepers; our horses shall eat no hay as long as this lasts.

Ralph. But, Robin, here comes the Vintner.

Robin. Hush! I'll gull him supernaturally.

Enter Vintner.

Drawer, I hope all is paid: God be with you; come, Ralph.

Vint. Soft, sir; a word with you. I must yet have a goblet paid from you, ere you go.

Robin. I, a goblet, Ralph; I, a goblet! I scorn you, and you are but a &c. I, a goblet! search me.

Vint. I mean so, sir, with your favour. [*Searches him.*

Robin. How say you now?

Vint. I must say somewhat to your fellow. You, sir!

Ralph. Me, sir! me, sir! search your fill. [Vintner *searches him.*] Now, sir, you may be ashamed to burden honest men with a matter of truth.

Vint. Well, one of you hath this goblet about you.

Robin. You lie, drawer, 'tis afore me. [*Aside.*] Sirrah you, I'll teach you to impeach honest men;—stand by;—I'll scour you for a goblet!—stand aside you had best, I charge you in the name of Belzebub.—Look to the goblet, Ralph. [*Aside to* Ralph.

Vint. What mean you, sirrah?

Robin. I'll tell you what I mean. [*Reads from a book.*] *Sanctobulorum Periphrasticon*—Nay, I'll tickle you, Vintner. Look to the goblet, Ralph. [*Aside to* Ralph.

[*Reads.*] *Polypragmos Belseborams framanto pacostiphos tostu, Mephistophilis, &c.*

Enter Mephistophilis, *sets squibs at their backs, and then exit. They run about.*

Vint. O nomine Domini! what meanest hou, Robin? thou hast no goblet.

Ralph. Peccatum peccatorum! Here's thy goblet, good Vintner.

[*Gives the goblet to* Vintner, *who exit.*

Robin. Misericordia pro nobis! What shall I do? Good devil, forgive me now, and I'll never rob thy library more.

Re-enter Mephistophilis.

Meph. Monarch of Hell, under whose black survey
Great potentates do kneel with awful fear,
Upon whose altars thousand souls do lie,
How am I vexèd with these villains' charms?
From Constantinople am I hither come
Only for pleasure of these damnèd slaves.

Robin. How from Constantinople? You have had a great journey: will you take sixpence in your purse to pay for your supper, and begone?

Meph. Well, villains, for your presumption, I transform thee into an ape, and thee into a dog; and so begone. [*Exit.*

Robin. How, into an ape; that's brave! I'll have fine sport with the boys. I'll get nuts and apples enow.

Ralph. And I must be a dog.

Robin. I' faith thy head will never be out of the pottage pot. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Emperor, Faustus, *and a* Knight *with* Attendants.

Emp. Master Doctor Faustus, I have heard strange report of thy knowledge in the black art, how that none in my empire nor in the whole world can compare with thee for the rare effects of magic: they say thou hast a familiar spirit, by whom thou can'st accomplish what thou list. This therefore is my request, that thou let me see some proof of thy skill, that mine eyes may be witnesses to confirm what mine ears have heard reported: and here I swear to thee by the honour of mine imperial crown, that, whatever thou doest, thou shalt be no ways prejudiced or endamaged.

Knight. I'faith he looks much like a conjuror. [*Aside.*

Faust. My gracious sovereign, though I must confess myself far inferior to the report men have published, and nothing answerable to the honour of your imperial majesty, yet for that love and duty binds me thereunto, I am content to do whatsoever your majesty shall command me.

Emp. Then, Doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say.
As I was sometime solitary set
Within my closet, sundry thoughts arose

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About the honour of mine ancestors,
How they had won by prowess such exploits,
Got such riches, subdued so many kingdoms
As we that do succeed, or they that shall
Hereafter possess our throne, shall
(I fear me) ne'er attain to that degree
Of high renown and great authority:
Amongst which kings is Alexander the Great,
Chief spectacle of the world's pre-eminence,
The bright shining of whose glorious acts
Lightens the world with his reflecting beams,
As when I hear but motion made of him
It grieves my soul I never saw the man:
If therefore thou by cunning of thine art
Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below,
Where lies entombed this famous conqueror,
And bring with him his beauteous paramour,
Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire
They used to wear during their time of life,
Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire,
And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live.

Faust. My gracious lord, I am ready to accomplish your request so far forth as by art, and power of my Spirit, I am able to perform.

Knight. I'faith that's just nothing at all. [*Aside.*

Faust. But, if it like your grace, it is not in my ability to present before your eyes the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes, which long since are consumed to dust.

Knight. Aye marry, Master Doctor, now there's a sign of grace in you, when you will confess the truth. [*Aside.*

Faust. But such spirits as can lively resemble Alexander and his paramour shall appear before your grace in that manner that they both lived in, in their most flourishing estate; which I doubt not shall sufficently content your imperial majesty.

Emp. Go to, Master Doctor, let me see them presently.

Knight. Do you hear, Master Doctor? You bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor!

Faust. How then, sir?

Knight. I'faith, that's as true as Diana turned me to a stag!

Faust. No, sir, but when Actæon died, he left the horns to you. Mephistophilis, begone. [*Exit* Mephistophilis.

Knight. Nay, an you go to conjuring, I'll begone. [*Exit.*

Faust. I'll meet with you anon for interrupting me so. Here they are, my gracious lord.

Re-enter Mephistophilis *with* Spirits *in the shape of* Alexander *and his* Paramour.

Emp. Master Doctor, I heard this lady while she lived had a wart or mole in her neck: how shall I know whether it be so or no?

Faust. Your highness may boldly go and see.

Emp. Sure these are no Spirits, but the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes. [*Exeunt* Spirits.

Faust. Will't please your highness now to send for the Knight that was so pleasant with me here of late?

Emp. One of you call him forth! [*Exit* Attendant.

Re-enter the Knight *with a pair of horns on his head.*

How now, Sir Knight! why I had thought thou had'st been a bachelor, but now I see thou hast a wife, that not only gives thee horns, but makes thee wear them. Feel on thy head.

Knight. Thou damnèd wretch and execrable dog,
Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock,
How darest thou thus abuse a gentleman?
Villain, I say, undo what thou hast done!

Faust. Oh, not so fast, sir; there's no haste; but, good, are you remembered how you crossed me in my conference with the Emperor? I think I have met with you for it.

Emp. Good Master Doctor, at my entreaty release him: he hath done penance sufficient.

Faust. My gracious lord, not so much for the injury he offered me here in your presence, as to delight you with some mirth, hath Faustus worthily requited this injurious Knight: which, being all I desire, I am content to release him of his horns: and, Sir Knight, hereafter speak well of scholars. Mephistophilis, transform him straight. [Mephistophilis *removes the horns.*] Now, my good lord, having done my duty I humbly take my leave.

Emp. Farewell, Master Doctor; yet, ere you go
Expect from me a bounteous reward.
[*Exeunt* Emperor, Knight, *and* Attendants.

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Faust. Now, Mephistophilis, the restless course
That Time doth run with calm and silent foot,
Shortening my days and thread of vital life,
Calls for the payment of my latest years:
Therefore, sweet Mephistophilis, let us
Make haste to Wertenberg.

Meph. What, will you go on horseback or on foot?

Faust. Nay, till I'm past this fair and pleasant green,
I'll walk on foot.

Enter a Horse-Courser.

Horse-C. I have been all this day seeking one Master Fustian: mass, see where he is! God save you, Master Doctor!

Faust. What, horse-courser! You are well met.

Horse-C. Do you hear, sir? I have brought you forty dollars for your horse.

Faust. I cannot sell him so: if thou likest him for fifty, take him.

Horse-C. Alas, sir, I have no more.—I pray you speak for me.

Meph. I pray you let him have him: he is an honest fellow, and he has a great charge, neither wife nor child.

Faust. Well, come, give me your money (Horse-Courser *gives* Faustus *the money*): my boy will deliver him to you. But I must tell you one thing before you have him; ride him not into the water at any hand.

Horse-C. Why, sir, will he not drink of all waters?

Faust. Oh yes, he will drink of all waters, but ride him not into the water: ride him over hedge or ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water.

Horse-C. Well, sir.—Now am I a made man for ever: I'll not leave my horse for [twice] forty: if he had but the quality of hey-ding-ding, hey-ding-ding, I'd make a brave living on him: he has a buttock as slick as an eel. [*Aside.*]—Well, God b'wi'ye, sir, your boy will deliver him me: but hark you, sir; if my horse be sick or ill at ease, if I bring his water to you, you'll tell me what it is.

Faust. Away, you villain; what, dost think I am a horse-doctor?

[*Exit* Horse-Courser.

What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemned to die?
Thy fatal time doth draw to final end;
Despair doth drive distrust into my thoughts:
Confound these passions with a quiet sleep:
Tush, Christ did call the thief upon the cross;
There rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit.

[*Sleeps in his chair.*

Re-enter Horse-Courser, *all wet, crying.*

Horse-C. Alas, alas! Doctor Fustian quotha? mass, Doctor Lopus was never such a doctor: has given me a purgation has purged me of forty dollars; I shall never see them more. But yet, like an ass as I was, I would not be ruled by him, for he bade me I should ride him into no water: now I, thinking my horse had had some rare quality that he would not have had me know of, I, like a venturous youth, rid him into the deep pond at the town's end. I was no sooner in the middle of the pond, but my horse vanished away, and I sat upon a bottle of hay, never so near drowning in my life. But I'll seek out my Doctor, and have my forty dollars again, or I'll make it the dearest horse!—Oh, yonder is his snipper-snapper.—Do you hear? you hey-pass, where's your master?

Meph. Why, sir, what would you? You cannot speak with him.

Horse-C. But I will speak with him.

Meph. Why, he's fast asleep. Come some other time.

Horse-C. I'll speak with him now, or I'll break his glass windows about his ears.

Meph. I tell thee he has not slept this eight nights.

Horse-C. An he have not slept this eight weeks I'll speak with him.

Meph. See where he is, fast asleep.

Horse-C. Aye, this is he. God save you, Master Doctor, Master Doctor, Master Doctor Fustian!—forty dollars, forty dollars for a bottle of hay!

Meph. Why, thou seest he hears thee not.

Horse-C. So ho, ho!—so ho, ho! [*Hollas in his ear.*] No, will you not wake? I'll make you wake ere I go. [*Pulls* Faustus *by the leg, and pulls it away.*] Alas, I am undone! What shall I do?

Faust. Oh, my leg, my leg! Help, Mephistophilis! Call the officers. My leg, my leg!

Meph. Come, villain, to the constable.

Horse-C. O lord, sir, let me go, and I'll give you forty dollars more.

Meph. Where be they?

Horse-C. I have none about me. Come to my ostry and I'll give them you.

Meph. Begone quickly.

[Horse-Courser *runs away.*

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Faust. What, is he gone? Farewell, he! Faustus has his leg again, and the Horse-courser, I take it, a bottle of hay for his labour. Well, this trick shall cost him forty dollars more.

Enter Wagner.

How now, Wagner, what's the news with thee?

Wag. Sir, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company.

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt! an honourable gentleman, to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning. Come, Mephistophilis, let's away to him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke of Vanholt, *the* Duchess, *and* Faustus.

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this merriment hath much pleased me.

Faust. My gracious lord, I am glad it contents you so well.—But it may be, madam, you take no delight in this. I have heard that great-bellied women do long for some dainties or other: what is it, madam? tell me, and you shall have it.

Duchess. Thanks, good Master Doctor; and for I see your courteous intent to pleasure me, I will not hide from you the thing my heart desires; and were it now summer, as it is January and the dead time of the winter, I would desire no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

Faust. Alas, madam, that's nothing! Mephistophilis, begone.—[*Exit* Mephistophilis.] Were it a greater thing than this, so it would content you, you should have it.

Re-enter Mephistophilis *with grapes.*

Here they be, madam; wilt please you taste on them?

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this makes me wonder above the rest, that being in the dead time of winter, and in the month of January, how you should come by these grapes?

Faust. If it like your grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world, that, when it is here winter with us, in the contrary circle it is summer with them, as in India, Saba, and farther countries in the East; and by means of a swift Spirit that I have I had them brought hither, as you see. —How do you like them, madam; be they good?

Duchess. Believe me, Master Doctor, they be the best grapes that ever I tasted in my life before.

Faust. I am glad they content you so, madam.

Duke. Come, madam, let us in, where you must well reward this learned man for the great kindness he hath showed to you.

Duchess. And so I will, my lord; and, whilst I live, rest beholding for this courtesy.

Faust. I humbly thank your grace.

Duke. Come, Master Doctor, follow us and receive your reward. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Wagner.

Wag. I think my master shortly means to die,
For he hath given to me all his goods:
And yet, methinks, if that death were [so] near,
He would not banquet, and carouse and swill
Amongst the students, as even now he doth,
Who are at supper with such belly-cheer
As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life.
See where they come! belike the feast is ended. [*Exit.*

Enter Faustus, *with two or three* Scholars *and* Mephistophilis.

1st Schol. Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautifullest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived: therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us that favour, as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

Faust. Gentlemen,
For that I know your friendship is unfeigned,
And Faustus' custom is not to deny
The just requests of those that wish him well,
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
No otherways for pomp and majesty,
Than when Sir Paris crossed the seas with her,
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.
Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

[*Music sounds, and* Helen *passeth over the stage.*

2nd Schol. Too simple is my wit to tell her praise,
Whom all the world admires for majesty.

3rd Schol. No marvel though the angry Greeks pursued
With ten years' war the rape of such a Queen,

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Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.
1st Schol. Since we have seen the pride of Nature's works,
And only paragon of excellence,
Let us depart; and for this glorious deed
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore.
Faustus. Gentlemen, farewell—the same I wish to you. [*Exeunt* Scholars.

Enter an Old Man.

Old Man. Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail
To guide thy steps unto the way of life,
By which sweet path thou may'st attain the goal
That shall conduct thee to celestial rest!
Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears,
Tears falling from repentant heaviness
Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness,
The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul
With such flagitious crimes of heinous sin
As no commiseration may expel,
But Mercy, Faustus, of thy Saviour sweet,
Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.
Faust. Where art thou, Faustus? wretch, what hast thou done?
Damned art thou, Faustus, damned; despair and die!
Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice
Says "Faustus! come! thine hour is almost come!"
And Faustus now will come to do thee right.
[Mephistophilis *gives him a dagger.*
Old Man. Ah stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps!
I see an angel hovers o'er thy head,
And, with a vial full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same into thy soul:
Then call for Mercy, and avoid Despair.
Faust. Ah, my sweet friend, I feel
Thy words do comfort my distressèd soul.
Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.
Old Man. I go, sweet Faustus, but with heavy cheer,
Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul. [*Exit.*
Faust. Accursèd Faustus, where is Mercy now?
I do repent; and yet I do despair:
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast:
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?
Meph. Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul
For disobedience to my sovereign Lord;
Revolt, or I'll in piecemeal tear thy flesh.
Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption.
And with my blood again I will confirm
My former vow I made to Lucifer.
Meph. Do it then quickly, with unfeignèd heart,
Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.
Faust. Torment, sweet friend, that base and crookèd age,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our Hell affords.
Meph. His faith is great: I cannot touch his soul;
But what I may afflict his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.
Faust. One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,
To glut the longing of my heart's desire,—
That I might have unto my paramour
That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean
Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.
Meph. Faustus, this or what else thou shalt desire
Shall be performed in twinkling of an eye.

Re-enter Helen.

Faust. Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
[*Kisses her.*
Her lips suck forth my soul; see where it flies!—
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again,
Here will I dwell, for Heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy shall Wertenberg be sacked:
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumèd crest:
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appeared to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azured arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Old Man.

Old Man. Accursèd Faustus! miserable man,

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That from thy soul exclud'st the Grace of Heaven,
And fly'st the throne of his tribunal seat!

Enter Devils.

Satan begins to sift me with his pride:
As in this furnace God shall try my faith,
My faith, vile Hell, shall triumph over thee.
Ambitious fiends! see how the heavens smile
At your repulse, and leave your state to scorn!
Hence, Hell! for hence I fly unto my God.
[*Exeunt, on one side* Devils—*on the other*, Old Man.

Enter Faustus *with* Scholars.

Faust. Ah, gentlemen!

1st Schol. What ails Faustus?

Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still! but now I die eternally. Look, comes he not, comes he not?

2nd Schol. What means Faustus?

3rd Schol. Belike he is grown into some sickness by being over solitary.

1st Schol. If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him. 'Tis but a surfeit. Never fear, man.

Faust. A surfeit of deadly sin that hath damned both body and soul.

2nd Schol. Yet, Faustus, look up to Heaven: remember God's mercies are infinite.

Faust. But Faustus' offence can never be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, oh, would I had never seen Wertenberg, never read book! and what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea all the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea Heaven itself, Heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy; and must remain in Hell for ever, Hell, aye Hell, for ever! Sweet friends! what shall become of Faustus being in Hell for ever?

3rd Schol. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured; on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! Ah, my God, I would weep, but the Devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood instead of tears! Your life and soul! Oh, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands, but see! they hold them, they hold them!

All. Who, Faustus?

Faust. Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning!

All. God forbid!

Faust. God forbade it indeed; but Faustus hath done it: for vain pleasure of twenty-four years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood: the date is expired; the time will come, and he will fetch me.

1st Schol. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I named God; to fetch both body and soul if I once gave ear to divinity: and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away! lest you perish with me.

2nd Schol. Oh, what shall we do to save Faustus?

Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

3rd Schol. God will strengthen me. I will stay with Faustus.

1st Schol. Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room, and there pray for him.

Faust. Aye, pray for me, pray for me! and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

2nd Schol. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell: if I live till morning I'll visit you: if not——Faustus is gone to Hell.

All. Faustus, farewell.

[*Exeunt* Scholars. *The clock strikes eleven.*

Faust. Ah, Faustus, now
Hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually!
Stand still, you ever moving spheres of Heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O lente, lente, currite noctis equi!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The Devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.
Oh, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down?

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See, see where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul—half a drop: ah, my Christ!
Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him: O spare me, Lucifer!—
Where is it now? 'tis gone; and see where God
Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!
Mountains and hills, come, come and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
No, no!
Then will I headlong run into the earth;
Earth gape! Oh, no, it will not harbour me!
You stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted Death and Hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud,
That when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to Heaven.
[*The clock strikes the half hour.*
Ah, half is past! 'twill all be past anon!
O God!
If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake whose blood hath ransomed me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in Hell a thousand years—
A hundred thousand, and—at last—be saved!
Oh, no end is limited to damnèd souls!
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Ah, Pythagoras' Metempsychosis!
Were that [but] true, this soul should fly from me,
And I be changed unto some brutish beast.
All beasts are happy, for [that] when they die
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements;
But mine must live, still to be plagued in Hell.
Curst be the parents that engendered me!
No, Faustus: curse thyself: curse Lucifer
That hath deprived thee of the joys of Heaven. [*The clock strikes twelve.*
Oh, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to Hell.
[*Thunder and lightning* [*and rain*].
O soul,
Be changèd into little water drops,
And fall into the ocean—ne'er be found.
[*Enter* Devils.
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!
Ugly Hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books!—Ah, Mephistophilis!
[*Exeunt* Devils *with* Faustus.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough,
That sometime grew within this learnèd man.
Faustus is gone; regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heaven permits.
[*Exit.*

Terminat hora diem; terminat auctor opus.

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Ballad of Faustus.

[As an appropriate accompaniment of Marlowe's great drama, the contemporary ballad, giving the story of the play, is printed from the copy selected by Mr. Dyce from the Roxburghe Collection in the British Museum.]

THE JUDGMENT OF GOD SHOWED UPON ONE JOHN FAUSTUS, DOCTOR IN DIVINITY.

Tune of *Fortune my Foe.*

ALL Christian men, give ear a while to me,
How I am plunged in pain, but cannot die;
I lived a life the like did none before,
Forsaking Christ, and I am damned therefore.

At Wittenburge, a town in Germany,
There was I born and bred of good degree;
Of honest stock which afterwards I shamed;
Accursed therefore, for Faustus was I named.

In learning, loe, my uncle brought up me,
And made me Doctor in Divinity;
And when he died, he left me all his wealth,
Whose cursèd gold did hinder my soul's health.

Then did I shun the holy Bible-book,
Nor on God's word would ever after look;
But studied accursèd conjuration,
Which was the cause of my utter damnation.

The devil in fryars weeds appeared to me,
And streight to my request he did agree,
That I might have all things at my desire;
I gave him soul and body for his hire.

Twice did I make my tender flesh to bleed,
Twice with my blood I wrote the devil's deed,
Twice wretchedly I soul and body sold,
To live in pleasure, and do what things I would.

For four and twenty years this bond was made,
And at the length my soul was truly paid:
Time ran away, and yet I never thought
How dear my soul our Saviour Christ had bought.

Would I had first been made a beast by kind!
Then had not I so vainly set my mind;
Or would, when reason first began to bloom,
Some darksome den had been my dismal tomb!

Woe to the day of my nativity!
Woe to the time that once did foster me!
And woe unto the hand that sealed the bill!
Woe to myself, the cause of all my ill!

The time I past away with much delight,
'Mongst princes, peers, and many a worthy knight;
I wrought such wonders by my magic skill,
That all the world may talk of Faustus still.

The devil he carried me up into the sky,
Where I did see how all the world did lie;
I went about the world in eight days space,
And then returned unto my native place.

What pleasure I did wish to please my mind
He did perform, as bond and seal did bind;
The secrets of the stars and planets told,
Of earth and seas with wonders manifold.

When four and twenty years was almost run,
I thought of all things that was past and done;
How that the devil would soon claim his right,
And carry me to everlasting night.

Then all too late I cursed my wicked deed,
The dread whereof doth make my heart to bleed;
All days and hours I mourned wondrous sore,
Repenting me of all things done before.

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I then did wish both sun and moon to stay,
All times and seasons never to decay;
Then had my time ne'er come to dated end,
Nor soul and body down to hell descend.

At last, when I had but one hour to come,
I turned my glass for my last hour to run,
And called in learned men to comfort me;
But faith was gone, and none could comfort me.

By twelve o'clock my glass was almost out;
My grievèd conscience then began to doubt;
I wisht the students stay in chamber by;
But as they staid, they heard a dreadful cry.

Then present, lo, they came into the hall,
Whereas my brains was cast against the wall;
Both arms and legs in pieces torn they see,
My bowels gone: this was an end of me.

You conjurors, and damnèd witches all,
Example take by my unhappy fall;
Give not your souls and bodies unto hell,
See that the smallest hair you do not sell.

But hope that Christ his kingdom you may gain,
Where you shall never fear such mortal pain;
Forsake the devil and all his crafty ways,
Embrace true faith that never more decays.

Printed by and for A. M., and sold by the Booksellers of London.

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Notes, Explanatory and Illustrative.

Tamburlaine the Great.

PARTS I. & II.

Two editions of these Plays were published during the life-time of Marlowe.

I. Quarto, 1590.

Tamburlaine the Great. Who, from a Scythian Shepheard by his rare and woonderfull Conquests, became a most puissant and mightye Monarque. And, (for his tyranny, and terrour in Warre) was tearmed, The Scourge of God. Deuided into two Tragicall Discourses, as they were sundrie times shewed vpon Stages in the Citie of London. By the right honourable the Lord Admyrall, his seruauntes. Now first, and newlie published. London. Printed by Richard Ihones: at the signe of the Rose and Crowne neere Holborne Bridge. 1590. *4to.*

[This edition is only known by two leaves, the title and the address to the reader, which are pasted into a copy of the 4to of 1605, preserved at Bridgewater House.]

II. Octavo, 1590. The general title is the same as No. 1. The half-title of the Second Part is—

The Second Part of the bloody Conquests of mighty Tamburlaine. With his impassionate fury, for the death of his Lady and loue faire Zenocrate; his fourme of exhortacion and discipline to his three sons, with the maner of his own death.

[Of this edition two copies are found in our public libraries; Garrick's at the British Museum, and Malone's in the Bodleian. Mr. Dyce and Mr. W. C. Hazlitt vary slightly in their descriptions of them, but the discrepancies would perhaps vanish if there was an opportunity of placing the volumes side by side.]

The Printer's address is given from the Octavo Edition, 1592.

To the Gentlemen Readers and Others that take pleasure in Reading Histories.

Gentlemen and courteous readers whosoever: I have here published in print, for your sakes, the two tragical discourses of the Scythian shepherd Tamburlaine, that became so great a conqueror and so mighty a monarch. My hope is, that they will be now no less acceptable unto you to read after your serious affairs and studies than they have been lately delightful for many of you to see when the same were shewed in London upon stages. I have purposely omitted and left out some fond and frivolous gestures, digressing, and, in my poor opinion, far unmeet for the matter, which I thought might seem more tedious unto the wise than any way else to be regarded, though haply they have been of some vain-conceited fondlings greatly gaped at, what time they were shewed upon the stage in their graced deformities: nevertheless now to be mixtured in print with such matter of worth, it would prove a great disgrace to so honourable and stately a history. Great folly were it in me to commend unto your wisdoms either the eloquence of the author that writ them or the worthiness of the matter itself. I therefore leave unto your learned censures both the one and the other, and myself the poor printer of them

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unto your most courteous and favourable protection; which if you vouchsafe to accept, you shall evermore bind me to employ what travail and service I can to the advancing and pleasuring of your excellent degree.

Yours, most humble at commandment,

R[ichard] J[ones], Printer.

P. 1. *Prologue.* *From jigging veins of rhyming mother wits,* &c. &c.

Mr. Collier attaches great importance to these words, and regards them as the death knell of rhyme and clownish conceits.

P. 2 *b.* *How now, my lord, what* mated *and amazed.*

Mated is *humbled*, from the French verb *mater*. It is still preserved in check-*mate*.

P. 2 *b.* *I* pass *not for his threats.*

To *pass*—to *care*. Bradford the Martyr says, "We have sinned so many ten-times as we have hair of our heads and beards, yet *pass* not."

P. 3 *a.* *Now sit and laugh our* regiment *to scorn.*

Regiment was formerly used for *rule, authority*. In 1558 John Knox wrote a book called "The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous *Regimen* of Women."

P. 3 *a.* *And that which might* resolve *me into tears.*

Resolve was much more frequently used than *dissolve*.—See Hamlet's Soliloquy.

P. 3 *a.* *We in the name of other Persian* states.

States means here *persons of high estate*, as opposed to *commons*.

P. 3 *b.* *In spite of them shall* malice *my estate.*

Malice is employed as a verb by Surrey, Spenser, Daniel, Jonson, &c., meaning *bear malice against*.

P. 3 *b.* *Intending your* investion *so near.*

Investiture. Either word is awkward to pronounce.

P. 3 *b.* *To* injury *or suppress your worthy title.*

The use of this word as a verb was not uncommon. Nares quotes *Danet's Comines*, "princes should take great heed how they *injurie* any man."

P. 3 *b.* *Who, travelling with these my uncle's lords,*
To Memphis from his country of Media.

Mr. Dyce remarks that in these lines as previously printed there is "evidently some corruption." I have ventured to give them as above. They formerly stood:

Who, travelling with these Median Lords,
To Memphis from my uncle's country of Media.

P. 4 *a.* *Of this success and loss* unvalued.

Not to be estimated. Milton uses *unremoved* for *irremovable*.

P. 4 *b.* *More rich and* valurous *than Zenocrate's.*

A more poetical form than *valuable*; as *valure* was of *value*.

P. 4 *b.* Resolved *for dissolved.*—*See* P. 3 *a.*

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P. 5 *a*. *In every part exceeding* brave *and rich—and* P. 5 *b*. (*last line*). *Gaily attired.* In Green's *Tu Quoque* we have

"For I have gold and therefore will be brave."

P. 5 *a*. *Stay ask a* parle *first.*

A more poetical form of *parley*, with the advantage of sounding as either one syllable or two at discretion.

P. 5 *a*. *Open the* mails, *yet guard the treasure sure.*

Bags, portmanteaus—Shakspeare makes a verb of it:

"Mailed up in shame, with papers on my back."

P. 6 *a*. Renownèd *man.*

Mr. Dyce invariably prints this word as renowmêd, which appears to have been Marlowe's way of spelling it; but the sound is awkward, and hardly worth preserving, except in a note.

P. 6 *a*. *And christian* merchants, *that with Russian* stems
Plough up huge furrows in the Caspian sea,
Shall vail *to us as lords of all the lake.*

Merchants stands for *merchant-men: stems* means *prows*, but we still talk of "from stem to stern," and of "stemming the tide." Marlowe was thinking of his native Cinque Port country and the narrow seas, when he spoke of "vailing," *i.e.*, lowering the top sails (not merely the *flags*, as Mr. Dyce says) in token of respect. The object was that they should *pull up* to a certain extent, as well as make their *bow.*

P. 7 *a*. '*Twixt his manly* pitch,
A pearl, *more worth than all the world, is placed.*

Pitch was the height to which a falcon soared, and thence height in general. Here it means the *shoulders* of Tamburlaine, the "pearl" being his *head.*

P. 7 *a*. *His arms and fingers long and sinewy.*

This reading belongs to Mr. Dyce. Of the old editions the octavo gave,

His arms and fingers long and snowy,

and the quarto,

His armès long, his fingers snowy-white.

And so, if I had not found Marlowe using the word sinewy elsewhere, I should have been inclined to leave it. Vandyck always drew his knights and nobles with hands such as the quarto describes.

P. 7 *a*. *Though strait the passage and the* port *be made.*

The gates of Edinburgh are at this day called the *ports*, and we still talk of a sally-port.

P. 7 *a*. *In* fair *Persia noble Tamburlaine.*

Fair must here be pronounced as a dissyllable, a liberty frequently taken, apparently quite unconsciously, by the old dramatists. Just as Scott's ear detected nothing unusual in his line,

Exalt the unicorn's horn.

But the *burr* of the Borderer puts the extra syllable after the *r*, as *Unicor-run*, whereas the Elizabethan practice seems to have been to place it in front as *fai-er.*

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P. 7 *b*. *Such* scald *knaves as love him not.*

Scald originally signified scaly-headed, or scabby-headed, and was thence used as a general term of contempt. In the authorized version of the Bible the word *scall* (from which *scald* is derived) occurs twelve times in eight consecutive verses of Leviticus.

P. 8 *a*. *And make him* false *his faith unto his king.*

"She falsed her faith, and brake her wedlock's band."—*Edward IV.*, 1626.

P. 8 *a*. *Scouting abroad upon these champion plains.*

Marlowe always uses this form of champain.

P. 9 *b*. *Kings are* clouts *that every man shoots at,*
Our crown the pin *that thousands seek to cleave.*

The *clout* was the mark at which archers practised; the *pin* was the peg which fastened it to the tree or post.

P. 10 *b*. *Cannot compare with kingly joys in earth.*

In earth, for *on* earth. Mr. Dyce points out the same form in the Lord's Prayer.

P. 11 *a*. *I judge the* purchase *more important far.*

Purchase was used for *plunder* or *loot*.

"They will steal anything and call it *purchase*."

Nares quotes Spenser to show that it was not a mere cant word, but the above line of Marlowe's would have been more to the purpose.

"Of nightly stelths and pillage severall
Which he had got abroad by *purchas* criminall.—*F. Q.* ii. 26.

P. 11 *a*. *And lose more labour than the gain will* quit.

To quit—to repay—to requite.

"Enkindle all the sparks of nature
To *quit* this horrid act."—*King Lear.*

P. 11 *b*. Sacks *every vein and* artier *of my heart.*

Takes by storm and pillages every *artery*. Mr. Mitford doubted whether the word *artier* was ever used in this sense, but Mr. Dyce has given a string of instances.

P. 11 *b*. *Moved me to* manage *arms against thy state.*

Manage means to lead, to conduct in form, to make war. Prior has

"What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain."

P. 11 *b*. *Warring within our breasts for* regiment.

See Note 3 *a*. Here it means dominion.

P. 12 *a*. *And like a harpy* tires *on my life.*

To tire was a term in falconry meaning to seize eagerly with the beak. It must here be pronounced as a dissyllable, like *fair*, in *Note* 7 *a*. See also *Note* 195 *a*.

P. 12 *b*. *Great kings of Barbary and my portly* bassoes.

Basso was used for Bashaw or Pacha.

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P. 12 *b*. *And warlike bands of* Christians renied.

Mr. Mitford wished very needlessly to change this to "Christian renegades."

P. 12 *b*. *He be so mad to* manage arms *with me.—See Note* 11 *b*.

P. 15 *a*. *Are punished with* bastones *so grievously.*

Mr. Dyce says "*bastones—i.e.* bastinadoes;" but the bastinado, as I have seen it, was always applied to the soles of the feet, and was therefore a punishment inapplicable to rowers, whom it would have rendered unfit for work. I have seen a string of bakers, convicted of using false weights, doing their best to hobble away from a Turkish court of justice, amid the jeers of a delighted populace. "Bastones" simply means batons, sticks.

P. 15 *a*. Inhabited *with straggling runagates.*

"She shall be *inhabited* of devils for a great time."—*Baruch* iv. 35.

P. 15 *b*. *And in my* sarell *tend my concubines.*

Sarell for *seraglio*. *French*, serail.

P. 15 *b*. *Your threefold army, and my* hugy *host.*

Hugy for *huge* is used by Dryden. Carew, in his *Survey of Cornwall*, applies the epithet to the Rocking Stone, which some Vandal the other day blew up with gunpowder.

P. 15 *b*. *Did* pash *the jaws of serpents venomous.*

Pash—to crush to pieces. In the *Virgin Martyr*, Massinger uses the phrase "to *pash* your gods to pieces."

P. 16 *a*. *And* manage words *with her as we will arms.—See Note* 11 *b*.

To carry on a war of words.

P. 16 *b*. *And make your strokes to wound the senseless* light.

Light is *lure* in the old editions. *Air* would be a better word: but, as Mr. Dyce remarks, it ends the line next but one above it. *Wind* would perhaps have been better.

P. 16 *b*. *Disdainful Turkess, and unreverend* Boss.

Mr. Mitford wished this word changed to *Bassa*, which would have been simple nonsense; but Mr. Dyce found in Cotgrave's Dictionary "A fat bosse. *Femme bien grasse et grosse; une coche*," and I am afraid this is the meaning intended by the fair Zenocrate.

P. 17 *a*. *That dare to* manage arms *with him.—See Note* 11 *b*.

P. 17 *a*. *Thou by the fortune of this damnèd* foil.

Foil, of course, meaning sword. But the old editions read *soil*, which is very probably right, as referring to the ill-chosen *field* of battle.

P. 17 *b*. *The galleys and those* pilling *brigandines.*

To *pill* was to plunder, to pillage; so Shakspeare—

> "Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
> In sharing that which you have *pilled* from me."—*Richard III.*

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P. 18 *a*. *Hear the* basilisks!

A piece of ordnance, so called from its fancied resemblance to the fabulous serpent of that name.

"Of *basilisks*, of cannon, culverin."—1 *Henry IV.*

P. 19 *a*. *And pour it in this* glorious *tyrant's throat.*

Glorious for *boastful, ostentatious.* Johnson gives this as the leading meaning of the word.

P. 21 *b*. *I will make thee slice the brawns of thy arms into* carbonades *and eat them.*

Pieces of fowl, or flesh, cut across and broiled on coals. So Massinger, in *Believe as You List* (iv. 3), makes the fat Flamen say, that he was told to "eat his own *carbonadoes.*"

P. 21 *b*. *Methinks 'tis a great deal better than a* consort *of music.*

Consort was a *band.* It must not be confounded with *concert*, for which, however, it was sometimes used.

P. 22 *b*. *As far as from the frozen* plage *of heaven.*

Plage means *region.* It was used by Chaucer in the plural. The word is the same in French.

P. 25 *b*. *Griping our bowels with* retorquèd *thoughts.*

Bent back; involuntarily retrospective.

P. 25 *b*. *Than noisome* parbreak *of the Stygian snakes.*

Vomit. Spenser has

"Her filthy *parbreak* all the place defiled hath."

P. 28 *a*. *As vast and deep as* Euphrātes *or Nile.*

Mr. Dyce says that the name of this river was always so pronounced by the old poets.

Tamburlaine the Great.

PART II.

P. 30 *b* and 31 *a*. *What, shall we* parle *with the Christian?—See* 5 *a.*

Parle for *parley*, and pronounced as a dissyllable.

P. 30 *b* and 31 *a*. *Sclavonians, Almains,* Rutters, Muffes, *and Danes.*

I do not know what people are meant by *Muffes*. *Rutter* is reiter, or reuter. I find Tyndale the Martyr (when holding forth against Wolsey), says of Becket that he "encountered whosoever came against him, and overthrew the jolliest *rutter* that was in all the host of France."—p. 292.

P. 31 *a*. *Giants as big as* hugy *Polypheme.—See Note* 15 *b.*

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P. 31 *a*. *And make this* champion *mead a bloody fen.*—*See Note* 8 *a*.

P. 31 *a*. Fear not *Orcanes, but great Tamburlaine.*
Fear not here means *frighten not.*

P. 31 *b*. *From Scythia to the oriental* plage—*See Note* 22 *b*.

P. 32 *a*. *A friendly* parle *might become you both.*—*See* 5 *a* and 30 *b*.

P. 32 *a*. *So* prest *are we; i.e.*, so ready.—*See* post 183 *b*.

P. 32 *a*. *Never to draw it out, or* manage arms.—*See Note* 11 *b*.

P. 33 *a*. *Shall ride before thee on* Barbarian *steeds.*
Horses of Barbary; barbs.

P. 33 *b*. *Lest time be past, and lingering* let *us both.*
To let—to hinder, prevent, anticipate.

P. 34 *a*. *Which when he* tainted *with his tender rod.*
Touched, struck lightly. It is not in Nares.

P. 34 *b*. *And cleave him to the* channel *with my sword.*
The channel, or collar, bone.

P. 35 *b*. *When Boreas* rents *a thousand swelling clouds.*
To *rent* was constantly used for to *rend.*

P. 35 *b*. *And lain in* leaguer *fifteen months and more.*
Leaguer was the camp of a *besieging* force, as distinguished from other camps.

P. 35 *b*. *And with my power did march to Zanzibar,*
The eastern *part of Afric.*

I have taken the liberty to print *eastern* instead of the *western* of all previous editions.

P. 36 *a*. *Your highness knows for Tamburlaine's* repair.
One of the meanings which Johnson gives for *repair* is "the act of betaking one's self any whither."

P. 36 *b*. *Our faiths are sound and must be con*summ*ate.*
Mr. Dyce says on this line, "Old eds. *consinuate.* The modern editors print *continuate*, a word which occurs in Shakspeare's *Timon of Athens*, but which the metre determines to be inadmissible in the present passage. The Rev. J. Mitford proposes *continent* in the sense of restraining from violence." I have no doubt Mr. Dyce's emendation is correct.

P. 37 *b*. *That* Zoacum, *that fruit of bitterness.*
The description of this tree, says "The gentleman of the name of Robinson" (as Mr. Mitford calls the 1826 editor), is taken from chapter xxxvii. of the Koràn.

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P. 38 *a*. *What sayst thou yet, Gasellus, to his* foil.

Johnson defines *foil* to be "an advantage gained without a complete conquest," but Marlowe's noun seems rather to belong to Spenser's verb:

> "Whom he did all to pieces break and *foyle*
> In filthy dirt, and left so in the loathely soyle."

Since writing the above I have found a better instance of the use of the word in the vigorous English of Bradford the Martyr—"David, that good king, had a *foul foil* when he committed whoredom with his faithful servant's wife, Bethsabe. . . . . Yet at length, when the prophet by a parable had opened the poke, and brought him in remembrance of his own sin in such sort that he gave judgment against himself, then quaked he." It has been too much the fashion to rely exclusively on one Elizabethan dramatist to illustrate another.

P. 38 *a*. *Whose eyes shot fire from their ivory* bowers.

Mr. Dyce changed *bowers* into *brows*, and to my thinking made nonsense of the line. Marlowe intended to say that the eyes of Zenocrate were *embowered* in her ivory skin. Ivory brow has meaning, but hardly ivory brows—the plural conveying the idea of eyebrows. Fire is here a dissyllable. *See Note 7 a*.

P. 39 *b*. *Raise* cavalieros *higher than the clouds*.

Cavalier is the word still used for a mound for cannon, elevated above the rest of the works of a fortress, as a horseman is raised above a foot soldier. The word is used again at p. 41 *b*.

P. 41 *b*. *In* champion *grounds what figure serves you best*.—*See Note* 8 *a*.

P. 41 *b*. *The ditches must be deep; the* counterscarps
Narrow *and steep*.

The *counterscarp* is the wall of the ditch facing the fort. I cannot understand the advantage of its being *narrow*.

P. 41 *b*. *It must have high* argins *and* covered ways.

Argin is an earthwork, and here must mean the particular earthwork called the *glacis*. The *covered way* is the protected road between the *argin* and the *counterscarp*.

P. 42 *a*. *Hast thou beheld a peal of ordnance strike*
A ring of pikes, mingled with shot and horse.

This is hopelessly corrupt. Mr. Mitford wished to read a "ring of pikes and horse *mangled* with shot." I should myself like to have made it

> A ring of pikes, of mingled foot and horse.

P. 42 *b*. *Fit for the* followers *of great Tamburlaine*.

Followers—*i.e.*, successors.

P. 42 *b*. *Thus have we marched* northward *from Tamburlaine*.

Northward should no doubt be *southward*. It would not be easy to march northward to Bussorah!

P. 43 *a*. *And over thy* argins *and* covered ways.—*See Note* 41 *b*.

P. 43 *b*. *And with the* Jacob's staff *measure the height*.

The name still applied to an instrument for measuring heights and distances.

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P. 43 *b*. *Where we will have* gabions *of six foot broad*
To save our cannoniers from musket shot.

"*Gabions* or *Cannon-baskets*," says Kersey's Dictionary, are "great baskets, five or six foot high, which being filled with earth are placed upon batteries, &c." This word has always hitherto been printed "gallion," which (if it means anything) means some kind of ship! I am surprised that Mr. Dyce, the son and brother of soldiers, did not detect the right reading; more especially as Sir John Davies uses the word (p. 266 *b*) in an epigram which seems expressly intended to ridicule this part of *Tamburlaine*.

P. 45 *a*. *All brandishing their brands of quenchless fire,*
Stretching their monstrous jaws, *grin with their teeth.*

Jaws has always hitherto been printed *paws*. I do not see how they could have stretched their paws without dropping the brands they were brandishing.

P. 45 *b*. *Poor souls! they look as if their* death *were near,*
TAM. *And so* he *is, Casane.*

I have printed *death* instead of deaths, to adapt it to the reply of Tamburlaine.

P. 45 *b*. *To* false *his service to his Sovereign.—See Note* 8 *a*.

P. 46 *a*. *Or rip thy bowels, and* rent *out thy heart.—See Note* 35 *b*.

P. 46 *a*. *Good, my lord, let me take it.*

Here Almeda must be supposed to look tremblingly at Tamburlaine.

P. 46 *a*. *So, sirrah, now you are a king, you must* give arms.

Heraldic phraseology, played upon by Tamburlaine.

P. 46 *b*. *How now, ye pretty kings! Lo! here are* bugs.

Used as *bug-bear* now is—or *bugaboo*. Massinger has *bug-words*; and Shakspeare "Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs!"

P. 48 *b*. *Clothed with the pitchy cloud* for being seen.

In order not to be seen. So Spenser—

"Upon his tiptoes nicely up he went
For making noise."

P. 49 *a*. *As when an herd of lusty Cymbrian bulls*
Run mourning round about the females' miss.

"Females' miss," means the miss (or loss) of the females.

P. 50 *a*. [*She anoints her throat.*

Mr. Collier points out that all this extravagant device is borrowed from Ariosto, which shows either that Marlowe could read Italian, or that he had seen the MS. of Sir John Harrington's translation of the *Orlando Furioso*, which was not published till 1591, the year after Tamburlaine.

P. 50 *b*. *And blow the morning from their nosterils.*

Nostrils is so printed in the old quarto, and as it must be so pronounced in this place, I have thought it well to preserve the spelling. I have seen it printed nose-thrills.

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P. 51 *a*. *And pull their* kicking colts *out of their pastures.*

A stupid allusion to the first teeth, called colt's teeth, or milk teeth. The celebrated "pampered jades of Asia" must long before have lost those evidences of youth.

P. 53 *a*. [*two* spare kings.

There is something so gloriously ranting in this old stage direction, and so perfectly in keeping with what has gone before, that I cannot understand why editors have omitted it.

P. 53 *a*. *Whose chariot wheels have* burst *the Assyrian's bones.*

Burst—to break. Falstaff says of Shallow that John of Gaunt "burst his head in the tilt-yard."

P. 53 *b*. *But still the* ports *were shut*—gates.—*See Note 7 a.*

P. 54 *b*. *Which makes them* fleet *aloft and gape for air.*

Fleet is constantly used for float, so Marlowe *post*:—

"This isle shall fleet upon the Ocean,
And wander to the unfrequented Inde."

P. 57 *a*. Whereas *the Terrene and the Red Sea meet*

* * * * * *

I meant to cut a channel to them both.

Marlowe constantly uses *whereas* for *where*, and *whenas* for *when*. He foresaw the construction of the Suez Canal.

P. 57 *b*. *Your soul gives essence to our wretched* subjects.

Mr. Collier proposed to substitute *substance* for *subjects*.

P. 58 *b*. *As pure and fiery as* Phyteus' *beams.*

Phyteus perhaps stands for *Pythius*. Mr. Dyce says it was the custom of much earlier poets than Marlowe to make such transpositions, and instances *Phyton* for *Python* in Lydgate's *Warres of Troy*.

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The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus.

THERE is no trace of an edition of this Play being printed during the lifetime of its author. Mr. Hazlitt in his valuable *Handbook of Early English Literature* has enumerated three editions of this drama not known to Mr. Dyce, and thinks it highly probable that there may have been an earlier impression than any yet discovered.

1. The Tragicall History of D. Faustus. As it hath been acted by the Right Honourable the Earl of Nottingham his servants. Written by Ch. Marl. London: Printed by V. S., for Thomas Bushell, 1604. 4to. *Bodleian.*
[This edition, with the palpable errors corrected, will be found at p. 288 of this volume.]

2. The Tragicall History of D. Faustus, &c. London. Printed by G. E. for John Wright, and are to be sold at Christ Church Gate. 1609. 4to, 32 leaves. *Hamburgh Public Library.*

3. London: Printed by G. E., for John Wright. 1611. 4to. There was a copy in Heber's Library.

4. The Tragicall History of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus. Written by Ch. Mar. Printed for John Wright, and are to be sold at his shop without Newgate, at the signe of the Bible. 1616. 4to. *British Museum.* [This is the impression followed in the first version given in this volume.]

5, 6, 7, 8. Quartos printed respectively in 1620, 1624, 1631, and 1663.

P. 59 *a*. *Not marching in the fields of Thrasymene,*
Where Mars did mate *the warlike Carthagens.*

"Mate," says Mr. Dyce in his note to this passage, is "to confound—to defeat," which would have been an excellent interpretation if the warlike Carthagens had been confounded or defeated in the fields of Thrasymene. On the contrary the action at the lake of Thrasymenus was only second to that of Cannæ among the victories of Hannibal. The word *mate* in this passage must, therefore, mean "to marry." We use the same metaphor still, for when Marlowe poetically says that Mars did mate—*i.e.*, did *marry* the Carthaginians, we should call it *espoused* their cause. In Tamburlaine, see *Note* 2 *b*, the word had been used in its other sense. I am not aware that any of our Elizabethan commentators have ascertained what dramas are alluded to in these opening lines, or in those which follow regarding the "Courts of kings where state is overturned."

P. 59 *a*. *In* courts *of kings, where state is overturned.*

P. 60 *a*. *What doctrine call you this!* Che sera, sera.

The well-known motto of the Russell family. *Sera* was an old form of *sara*.

P. 60 *a*. *Here tire my brains to* get *a deity.*

So the 4to of 1616. Other editions read *gain* for *get*, but *get* in the sense of *grow to* seems more intelligible than the other reading.

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P. 60 *b*. *Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,*
Then was the fiery keel *at Antwerp bridge.*

It is evident from innumerable passages that Marlowe had a great turn for the military art; and the siege of Antwerp in its day was something more than the siege of Sebastopol has been in our own time. The engineers on both sides were Italians, and in the attack and defence exhausted all the resources of their art. The Prince of Parma occupied both banks of the Scheldt below the city, and had constructed an enormous work, half embankment, half bridge, to connect the two sides, and to cut off all communication with the sea. The citizens made the most strenuous efforts to destroy this barrier, but without any success until the engineer, Giambelli, prepared a fire-ship, which even in these days would be considered a masterpiece of destruction, and in 1585 was regarded as a more than mortal work. Its explosion was admirably timed, and its effects were prodigious. The bridge was burst through, the embankments with their cannon and their machinery of all kinds thrown into the air, eight hundred men and officers killed upon the spot, and the Prince of Parma himself struck down by a beam. The river too, forced from its bed by the force of the explosion, sent a vast wave over each bank which washed away the earthworks which had flanked the bridge. Such was the "fiery keel," which Faustus was to surpass.

P. 61 *a*. *Shall make all nations to canonise us.*

Mr. Dyce accentuates this line—

Shall make all nations to canónise us.

This surely has a very awkward sound. Is it not simpler to pronounce *nations* as a trisyllable, and *canonise* in the ordinary way?

P. 61 *a*. *And bear wise Bacon's and Albertus' works.*

Albertus stood as *Albanus* until corrected by Mr. Mitford. Cornelius saddled Faustus with a heavy burden. The "Works" of Albertus Magnus fill twenty-one thick folios, and those of Roger Bacon are asserted to have been one hundred and one in number.

P. 62 *a*. *Ut apparent et surgat Mephistophilis Dragon*, quod tumeraris.

The last word (or words it may be) is evidently corrupt. Mr. Mitford ingeniously proposed to read *quod numen est aeris*. Mr. J. Crossley has also exercised his skill on the passage in a communication to *Notes and Queries*.

P. 62 *b*. *Why, this is Hell, nor am I out of it.*

It would be easy to prove that Milton was well acquainted with Marlowe's Faustus. He must have had this line in his mind when he wrote—

Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell.

P. 63 *b*. *No, slave, in beaten silk and stavesaker.*

I am not aware of the meaning of *beaten* silk. Staves-acre is a species of larkspur (corrupted from the Greek name *staphys agria*). The seeds were particularly in repute for destroying vermin in the head. Coles, in his dictionary, calls it *herba pedicularis*.

P. 64 *a*. *Veni, veni, Mephistophile.*

So the 4to of 1616; the subsequent 4tos properly had Mephistophi*lis*.

P. 64 *b*. *I'll fetch thee* fire to *dissolve it straight.*

Fire is here a dissyllable.—*See Notes 7 a, 12 a.*

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P. 65 *b*. *Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed*
In one self place; *but* where we are is Hell.

Here Milton may be traced again. *See Note* 62 *b*. *Self* is used as *self-same*. Among archers at the present day a *self bow* is a bow made of one piece of wood.

P. 66 *a*. *And men in* harness *shall appear to thee.*

It is almost unnecessary to say that *harness* means *armour*.

P. 66 *a*. *Scene II. Enter* Faustus, *&c.*

In the old editions there was here inserted, altogether out of its place, the following lines which come in properly as the speech of the Chorus at 69 *a* :—

Enter Wagner.

Wag. Learnèd Faustus,
To know the secrets of astronomy,
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount himself to scale Olympus' top,
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yokèd dragons' necks:
He now is gone to prove cosmography,
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope, and manner of his court,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast.
That on this day is highly solemnized. [*Exit.*

P. 66 *b*. *Whose* terminus *is termed the world's wide pole.*

The editions of 1616, &c., have *termine*, which does not suit the metre; the 4to, 1604, has *terminine*. Most probably Marlowe wrote *terminus*.

P. 67 *b*. *And his dam too.*

This could never have been written by Marlowe, but must have been a piece of actor's *gag*. I should like to have omitted it.

P. 69 *a*. *There saw we learnèd Maro's golden tomb,*
The way he cut an English mile in length, &c.

During the Middle Ages the poet Virgil was regarded in Europe very much as Michael Scott was by the peasantry on the Scottish Border. Mr. Dyce quotes a passage from Petrarch describing the feat to which Marlowe alludes.

P. 69 *b*. *In one of which a* sumptuous temple *stands.*

The contemporary prose story fixes this as St. Mark's at Venice. "He wondered not a little at the fairnesse of S. Mark's Place, and the *sumptuous church* standing thereon, called S. Marke, how all the pavement was set with coloured stones, and all the rood or loft of the church double gilded over."

P. 71 *b*. *A* sennet *while the banquet is brought in.*

Nares describes this as a "word chiefly occurring in the stage directions of the old plays, and seeming to indicate a particular set of notes on the trumpet or cornet different from a flourish." It is spelled in six different ways.

P. 73 *a*. *Ah*, much! *when can you tell!*

Mr. Dyce says *much* is here "equivalent to—by no means, not at all. This ironical exclamation is very common in our old dramatists." It was the *not if I know it* of 1869.

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P. 73 *b*. *A shoulder of mutton to supper and a* tester *in your purse.*

Tester is still perhaps occasionally used for a sixpence. The proper name was teston, a French silver coin, and so called from *tête*, the head upon it. In the same way when the E. I. Company's rupees, with the head of William IV. were first introduced into Central Asia they were called *kuldars*.

P. 73 *a*. *Go back and see the* state *in readiness.*

The *state* was a raised platform on which was placed a chair with a canopy over it. In the "Mermaid" edition of Massinger it was said to "occur, I believe for the last time, in *Swift's* History of John Bull." Mr. Carruthers pointed out at the time that Arbuthnot's name should be substituted for Swift's.

P. 74 *a*. *He took his* rouse *with stoups of Rhenish wine.*

The word *rouse* has been made familiar to every one by Hamlet. In the *Gull's Hornbook*, which Mr. M'Mullen's excellent reprint has placed within everybody's reach, is a passage which Nares quotes as showing that it is in all probability of Danish origin. It is, therefore, peculiarly appropriate in the mouth in which Shakspeare has placed it.

P. 76 *b*. *Was this that damnèd head, whose* art *conspired.*

The old editions read *heart*, which, as Mr. Dyce says, is probably right.

P. 77 *b*. *Nay fear not, man,* they *have no power to kill.*

In all previous editions this has been printed "*we* have no power to kill." It appears to me that the change which I have made is absolutely necessary for the sense.

P. 78 *a*. *Enter Faustus, and the* Horse-Courser, *and Mephistophilis.*

It is natural to suppose that *Horse-Courser* means *Horse-Racer*, but it is not so. The compound should be Horse-Scorser—that is, *swopper* or *dealer*. Scott understood the word when he made Marmion say to Blount,

"Nay, Henry, cease,
Thou sworn horse-courser hold thy peace."

P. 81 *a*. *Mephistophilis brings in Helen; she passeth over the stage.*

Mr. Dyce here with great propriety quotes the description of Helen from the contemporary prose history. "This lady appeared before them in a most rich gowne of purple velvet, costly imbrodered; her haire hanged downe loose, as faire as the beaten gold, and of such length that it reached downe to her hammes; having most amorous cole-black eyes, a sweet and pleasant round face, with lips as red as a cherry; her cheeks of a rose colour, her mouth small, her neck white like a swan: tall and slender of personage; in summe there was no imperfect place in her; she looked round about with a rolling hawk's eye, a smiling and wanton countenance, which neere-hand inflamed the hearts of all the students; but that they persuaded themselves she was a spirit which make them lightly passe away such fancies."

P. 84 *b*. *Oh! Pythagoras' metempsychosis, &c.*

Mr. Dyce prints these lines—

"O, Pythagoras' metempsychosis were that but true
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
Into some brutish beast! all beasts are happy
For when thy die
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements," &c.

Here the first line has *fourteen* syllables, and the fourth only *four*. The arrangement which I have ventured upon seems more natural, but still far from satisfactory.

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The Jew of Malta.

THE earliest edition is 1633, which was introduced by Thomas Heywood with the dedication given at p. 86. The following is a copy of the title-page :—

The Famous Tragedy of the Rich Jew of Malta. As it was played before the King and Qveene in Her Majesties Theatre at White Hall, by her Majesties servants at the Cock-pit. Written by Christopher Marlo. London: Printed by I. B. for Nicholas Vavasour, and are to be sold at his Shop, in the Inner-Temple neare the Church, 1633. 4to.

P. 86. *You have been pleased to grace some of mine own works with your courteous patronage.*

In the preceding year Heywood had dedicated his own play of *The Iron Age*, Part I., to this same Mr. Thomas Hammon.

P. 86. *So many* censures *is now come at last.*

Censure was employed at least as late as Congreve's time for judgment, opinion.

P. 87. *Best of poets—Best of actors.*

In the old editions, opposite the first of these is printed *Marlo*, and after the second *Allin*. The other actor mentioned is Richard Perkins, a well-known performer.

P. 87. *Here were no bets at all, no wagers laid.*

Bets of this kind, says Mr. Collier, "were not uncommon in those days." A document is still preserved at Dulwich College which "relates to a wager which had been laid by some friend of Alleyn, that in the performance of a particular part, which either Bentley or Knell had formerly sustained, he should excel Peele, who, we may perhaps conclude, had plumed himself on his histrionic abilities." Malone has adduced two passages, one from Dekker's *Gull's Hornbook* and the other from *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, to the same effect. We are not told how wagers of this kind were decided. The only possible way was to refer them to the arbitration of some uninterested person.

P. 88 *a*. *Enter Barabas in his counting-house, with heaps of gold before him.*

Massinger must have had this speech of Barabas in his memory when he wrote the soliloquy of *Luke*, act iii. scene 3, of *The City Madam* (p. 441 *a*). The two passages may be compared with advantage. The geniuses of Marlowe and Massinger were opposite as the poles.

P. 88 *b*. *Here have I purst their paltry* silverlings.

The old editions read silver*b*ings, a misprint which is followed in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, viii. 253. The word *silverling* is used in Isaiah vii. 23, apparently as a "piece of silver."

P. 88 *b*. Tell *that which may maintain him all his life.*

To *tell* is to count. The word occurs again five lines lower down.

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P. 88 *b*. *Into what corner peers my* halcyon's *bill?*

It was anciently believed, says Steevens (Dodsley's *Old Plays*, viii. 253), that this bird, which is better known as the Kingfisher, would, if hung up, turn as the wind turned, and so serve the purpose of the dial in the Coffee-room at Lloyd's.

P. 89 *a*. *Will come and* custom *them.*

Steevens says that *custom* here means "to enter the goods they contain at the Custom-house," but from what follows it appears rather to mean the paying of the duty on them.

P. 90 *a*. *Assure yourselves I'll look unto—myself* [*Aside*].

Mr. Collier thought the *Aside* was an error, and suggested that *unto 't* should be substituted for *unto*. (Dodsley's *O. P.*, viii. 90.)

P. 91 *b*. *No, Governor, I will be no* convertite.

Convertite is a convert, as in *King John*, act v. sc. 1.

"But since you are a gentle convertite."

P. 93 *a*. *Our words will but increase his* ecstasy.

The word ecstasy is never now used for madness or distraction. But see *Hamlet*—

"That unmatched form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy."

P. 93 *a*. *Till they* reduce *the wrongs done to my father.*

Mr. Dyce suggests that *redress* should be substituted for *reduce*. But one of Johnson's definitions of *reduce* is to "bring back to the former state."

P. 93 *b*. *Besides, my girl, think me not all so* fond.

Fon was an old English word for *fool*, and was so used by Spenser. Fond here stands for *foolish*.

P. 93 *b*. *To make a nunnery, where none but their own* sect
Must enter in.

Sect and *sex* were in old times synonymous. So Falstaff says of Doll Tear-sheet, "So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm they are sick."

P. 94 *a*. *A counterfeit profession is better*
Than unforeseen *hypocrisy.*

Unforeseen has always hitherto been printed *unseen*. What I conceive to be Marlowe's meaning is, that a steady consistent piece of acting is better than having to put on the hypocrite at a moment's warning. The halting metre shows that the passage is corrupt, and my interpretation seems in perfect keeping with the first two lines of the speech.

P. 95 *a*. *Thus like the sad presaging raven, that tolls*
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak.

Davenant, in his *Love and Honour*, expresses the same wide-spread belief—

"So ravens croke
When they fly o'er the mansions of the sick,
Boding their death."

Mr. Collier has pointed out, in a note to his *History of Dramatic Poetry*, that these two lines are transferred bodily to an Epigram, printed in 1598.

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P. 96 *a*. *Hermosa placer de los dineros.*

Mr. Collier says, "We have before seen Barabas using an unintelligible jargon between Italian and Spanish, such as possibly may have been spoken by the Jews of Malta. Perhaps what is meant here is an exclamation on the beautiful appearance of money, *Hermoso parecer de los dineros*, but it is questionable whether this would be good Spanish."—Dodsley's *O. P.*, viii. 272.

P. 96 *a*. *Because we* vailed *not to the* Turkish *fleet.*

For *Turkish* the old editions read *Spanish*, which was corrected by Octavius Gilchrist. To *vail* is to lower, to let fall, from the French *avaler*.

P. 97 *a*. *And then we* luffed *and* tacked, *and fought at ease.*

The old editions read "left and tooke."

P. 97 *b*. *I would you were his father too, sir.*

This and the preceding speech of Barabas have been always hitherto printed as prose. They seem to be just as good verse as the other speeches in the scene.

P. 98 *a*. *And if he has, he is worth three hundred* plates.

Plates were simply pieces of silver money. In *Antony and Cleopatra* we have

"Realms and islands were
As plates dropped from his pocket."

It is the same originally as *flat*, and is a word of singular interest to untranscendental etymologists.

P. 98 *a*. *I'll buy you, and marry you to* Lady Vanity, *if you do well.*

Lady Vanity was a Vice or Puppet of that name, as familiar to Marlowe's audience as Judy or Punch to the populace of 1869.

P. 99 *a*. *O* brave, *master*, I worship your nose *for this.*

Dr. Johnson somewhere exclaims playfully, "*O brave we!*" The allusion to the nose is best explained by a passage from Rowley's *Search for Money*, 1609, p. 12, quoted in a note to Dodsley's *Old Plays*, viii. 279, from which it is evident that on the stage Barabas was always equipped with a false nose of large dimensions.

P. 99 *b*. *That I have* laughed agood *to see the cripples.*

Reed says, "Tout de bon—in good earnest," and quotes Turberville's *Songes and Sonets.*

"It makes me laugh a good to see thee loure."

P. 100 *b*. *Win it and wear it, it is yet* unsoiled.

Mr. Collier thinks that we perhaps ought to read *unfoiled.*

P. 100 *b*. *And yet I'll give her many a* golden cross.

A gold coin, stamped with a cross, was called a crusado, crusade, or cross.

P. 101. *Oh, is't the custom, then I am* resolved.

Resolved here means *satisfied*. So Ford, in '*Tis Pity, &c.*, says—

"Now you're *resolved*, sir, it was never she."

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P. 102 *a.* *Enter* Lodowick, *reading.*

There is great confusion here. Mr. Collier proposes to make *Mathias* enter reading, as it was Lodowick who sent the challenge. But the challenge must have been received long before this took place. It seems more probable that it was the *reply* of Mathias that was so offensive, or have been made to appear so by Barabas, in accordance with the resolution expressed in the penultimate line of the preceding act.

P. 103 *a.* *Because the* Governor *dispossessed thee once.*

I have substituted *Governor* for the *Prior* of all previous editions. I cannot find that the Grand Master of this Order was ever called a Prior, and Governor is the name given to him throughout the play.

P. 103 *b.* *Repentance! Spurca! what* pretendeth *this?*

Pretendeth is more than once used by Marlowe for *portendeth*, and quite consistently with its original meaning.

P. 104 *b.* *He that eats with the devil had need of a long spoon.*

This proverb was a favourite with most of our old poets. Chaucer has it in the Squire's Tale—

"Therefore behoveth him a ful long spone
That shall ete with a fiend."

P. 104 *b.* *Make her round and plump, and* batten *more than you are aware.*

Batten, not only with the old poets, but with Milton, Dryden, and Prior, was the equivalent of *fatten*.

P. 104 *b.* *Assure thyself thou shalt have broth* by the eye.

Steevens thought that *broth by the eye* meant broth which Ithamore should *see made*, but the authorities quoted by Mr. Dyce seem to establish that it meant broth in such quantity that it should fill the eye as well as the belly.

P. 105 *a.* *What wind* thus drives you *into Malta road?*

I have ventured to read thus in place of the harsh line of all previous editions—

What wind *drives you thus* into Malta road?

P. 106 *a.* *What, has he crucified a child?*

Among the credulous in the Middle Ages, the crucifying of Christian children was believed to be the favourite amusement of the Jews. Reed remarks that this accusation became most frequent whenever the king was in want of money.

P. 107 *a.* *Cellars of wine, and* sollars *full of wheat.*

"A *soller* is one of the technical words still frequently used in leases, and signifies a garret." It comes from the Latin *solarium*.

P. 107 *a.* *At Alexandria merchandise* unsold.

Mr. Dyce most unnecessarily substitutes *untold*. Barabas plainly means that he had investments in Egypt still undisposed of.

P. 107 *b.* *Marry*, the Turk *shall be one of my godfathers.*

"The Turk" means Ithamore.

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P. 109 *a*. *Within forty foot of the gallows, conning his* neck verse.

The words used by a criminal to establish his right to "benefit of clergy." The fifty-first Psalm was generally selected, and the opening words, *Miserere mei Deus*, came to be considered the *neck verse, par excellence*. The ceremony was not abolished till the reign of Queen Anne.

P. 109 *a*. *With* mustachios *like a raven's wing*.

In all the old quartos it stands *muschatoes*, and if not retained in the text this spelling should at least be preserved in a note. Mr. Dyce points out that Middleton speaks of "crow-black muchatoes," and Rowley has a line—

"My tuskes more stiffe than are a Cat's muschatoes."

P. 109 *b*. *What gentry can be in a poor Turk of tenpence?*

I cannot explain the connecting link, but Turk and tenpence were frequently combined by our old writers, and I am not sure that the use of the phrase would be thought out of place even now. Middleton, in *A Fair Quarrel*, has "Give me a valiant Turk, though not worth tenpence, rather;" and Mr. Dyce, in his note on the line, mentions that in *Westward Ho!* the Great Turk is called "the tenpenny infidel!"

P. 110 *a*. *Shalt live with me and be my love*.

A line introduced very humorously from Marlowe's own song.

P. 110 *b*. *Give me a* ream *of paper, we'll have a* kingdom *of gold for't*.

Mr. Dyce has pointed out that *realm* was frequently written *ream*, after being informed of which the quibble in the text may be appreciated.

P. 110 *b*. *That kiss again; she* runs division *of my lips*.

A musical term. Steevens quotes Shakspeare in illustration:—

"Sung by a young queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute."

P. 110 *b*. *He sent a shaggy*, tottered, *staring slave*.

Tottered is the same as *tattered*. The word seems to have been spelled indifferently with *a* or *o*; and perhaps there was the same laxity in the pronunciation. Even at this day, among the common people the words *wrap* and *wrapt* are constantly pronounced *wrop* and *wropt*.

P. 110 *b*. *Like one that is employed in catzerie,*
And cross-biting.

These lines offer a most graphic picture of an Alsatian ruffian. The word *catzerie* is formed from the exclamation *Cazzo diabolo*, used by Barabas at p. 106 *b*. Gifford explains that this word cazzo is "a cant exclamation, generally expressive among the Italian populace, who have it constantly in their mouth, of defiance or contempt." When imported into England it was used to signify an *object* of contempt, and from it was formed the word *catzerie*, which meant dirty work and knavery in general. "*Cross-biting*," says Nares, "is equivalent to what is now called swindling. Its connexion is obvious with the words *bite*, and *bit*, so constantly employed in the last century for *to cheat*, and *cheated*.

P. 111 *a*. *Why want'st thou any of thy* tale?

Tale is *reckoning*. See *ante*.

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P. 111 *b.* *Hey,* Rivo Castiliano! *a man's a man.*

The interjection *Rivo!* says Gifford, is "frequently introduced by our old poets, and generally as an incitement to boisterous mirth and revelry." He thinks it probable that it is a corruption of *rio,* and so used figuratively for a large quantity of liquor. If so, *Rivo Castiliano!* would be a poetical synonym for *sack,* as I do not suppose the roaring blades of those days cared to distinguish the particular province of Spain from which their sherry was derived. It is an oath which would have pleased Bob Acres.

P. 111 *b.* *And he and I,* snicle hand too fast, *strangled a friar.*

It is not easy to extract the meaning from this evidently corrupt passage. The friar was strangled with Ithamore's girdle, and *snickle* in the Craven country is still the word for a noose. I am inclined to think that "snicle hard and fast" would be nearer the true reading.

P. 112 *a.* *Whilst I in thy* incony *lap do tumble.*

Incony, according to Nares, is "sweet, pretty, delicate." Shakspeare uses it twice in *Love's L. L.,* and Ben Jonson in his *Tale of a Tub.* By its sound it might be connected either with the French *inconnu,* or the Scotch *uncanny.* The latter is the more probable derivation, and, if I am right in my conjecture, it would be equivalent to *bewitching,* or *witch-like.*

P. 114 *a.* *Fear not, my lord, for here against the* sluice.

All the old editions read *truce,* which is nonsense. Mr. Collier suggested *sluice.* Mr. Dyce prints *trench.* I have followed Mr. Collier's reading, as being suitable both in sense and sound. The spot intended is plainly that at which the drainage of the town passed from the ditch of the fort into the sea, which would of course be at a water-gate, or sluice.

P. 114 *b.* *For sith, as once you said,* 'tis in *this isle.*

In order to complete the sense, I have ventured to depart from previous texts, and substitute *'tis in* for *within.*

P. 115 *a.* *Here is my hand that I'll set Malta free,*
And thus we cast *it.*

Cast, says Johnson, is a "word of multifarious and indefinite use." He enumerates fifty-five meanings, and among them the twenty-eighth is to "contrive—to plan out."

P. 116 *a.* *By him that bears the* linstock, *kindled thus.*

The *Linstock,* or *Lintstock,* was "a carved stick, with a stock at one end to hold a gunner's match, and a sharp point at the other to stick it upright in the ground."—Kersey's Dictionary. The match was of *lint* or linen rope. The word is used by Dryden—

"The distance judged for shot of every size,
The *linstocks* touch, the ponderous ball expires."

P. 117 *b.* *Then Barabas breathe forth thy latest* hate.

I have ventured to substitute *hate* for *fate,* the reading of all former editions. *Hate* was the actuating principle in Barabas, and was hissed out with his latest breath.

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Edward the Second.

THERE are three early editions of Edward II.: 1598, 1612, and 1622, all quartos. In *Bohn's Lowndes*, p. 1479, vague mention is made of an impression of 1604.

1. *The troublesome raigne and lamentable death of Edward the second, King of England: with the tragicall fall of proud Mortimer: And also the life and death of Peirs Gaueston, the great Earle of Cornewall, and mighty favorite of king Edward the second, as it was publiquely acted by the right honorable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruaunles. Written by Chri. Marlow Gent. Imprinted at London by Richard Bradocke, for William Jones, dwelling neere Holbourne conduit, at the signe of the Gunne*, 1598. *4to.* 38 *leaves.—British Museum and Bodleian.*

2. *The troublesome raigne and lamentable death of Edward the second, King of England: with the tragicall fall of proud Mortimer. And also the life and death of Peirs Gaueston, the great Earle of Cornewall, and mighty favorite of King Edward the second, as it was publiquely acted by the right honorable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruants. Written by Christopher Marlow Gent. Printed at London for Roger Barnes, and are to be sould at his shop in Chauncerie Lane ouer against the Rolles*, 1612. *4to.* 38 *leaves.—British Museum.*

3. *The troublesome raigne and lamentable death of Edward the second, King of England: with the Tragicall fall of proud Mortimer. And also the life and death of Peirs Gauestone, the great Earle of Cornewall, and mighty Fauorite of King Edward the second. As it was publikely Acted by the late Queenes Maiesties Seruants at the Red Bull in S. Johns streete. Written by Christopher Marlow Gent. London, Printed for Henry Bell, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the Lame-hospitall Gate, neere Smithfield*, 1622. *4to.—Bodleian.*

P. 120 *a*. *I'll* bandy *with the barons and the earls.*

Bandy, says Nares, was "originally a term at tennis; from *bander*, Fr., of the same signification." Isaac Reed and Mr. Dyce quote Skinner, and say that it means "oppose with all my force, *totis viribus se opponere;*" but the ordinary idea of exchanging blows seems to suit this passage better.

P. 120 *b*. *If for these dignities thou be* envied.

Envy was constantly used by the old writers for its too frequent consequence, *hatred.*

> "Ile speake to him, and gently him salute,
> Tho' in my heart I *envie* much the man."
> *True Tragedie of Richard III.* 1594.

P. 120 *b*. *Is Edward pleased with kingly* regiment.

Regiment here, as in so many other places, stands for *rule.*—See *ante* 3 *a*.

P. 120 *b*. *And in the* channel *christen him anew.*

It is almost unnecessary to say that *channel* here means *kennel.*

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P. 121 *b*. *All* stomach *him, but none dare speak a word.*

To *stomach* at the present day means to swallow with reluctance and bear without open opposition; but anciently it meant to refuse to swallow, and to view and remember with anger. "Saul *stomached* David, and therefore hated him," says Bishop Hall.

P. 123 *a*. *This isle shall* fleet *upon the ocean.*

Fleet here means to *go floating*. *See Post* 190 *a*.

P. 123 *b*. *For shame subscribe, and let the* lown *depart.*

A *lown* was a scoundrel, a *low* fellow. Iago sings (Ed. 1623, p. 319)—

"King Stephen was and-a worthy Peere,
His Breeches cost him but a Crowne,
He held them Six pence all to deere,
With that he cal'd the Tailor *Lowne*."

P. 124 *a*. *I* pass *not for their anger. Come, let's go.*

To *pass not* means to *care not*. Nares remarks that it is "usually with a negative." So Michael Drayton—

"Transform me to what shape you can,
I *pass not* what it be."

P. 126 *a*. *But cannot brook a night-grown* mushroom.

Mushroom must here be pronounced as a word of three syllables. A man crying *musharooms* under my window, as I write, reminds me that this old pronunciation has not altogether passed away.

P. 127 *b*. *He wears a lord's revenue on his back,*
And Midas-like, he jets *it in the Court,*
With base outlandish cullions *at his heels.*

To *jet*, from the Fr. *jetter*, is to "strut or walk proudly; to throw the body about in walking." A *cullion*, from the Ital. *coglione*, was a term of great contempt for a base booby. Kent in *K. Lear* says—"I'll make a sop oth' Moonshine of you, you whoreson *Cullyenly* Barber-monger, draw." The first line of this passage is identical with Queen Margaret's description of the Duchess of Gloucester in *Henry VI.*, Part II.—

"She beares a Duke's revenewes on her backe."

P. 129 *a*. *If all things* sort out *as I hope they will.*

Sort out—i.e., turn out. This may still be traced as one of the many meanings of the French *sortir*.

P. 129 *a*. *Look, Lancaster, how* passionate *he is.*

Passionate, as Johnson defines it, is "feeling or expressing great commotion of mind." The passion here felt is sorrow.

P. 129 *b*. *I have the* jesses *that will pull you down.*

Jesses, says Nares, were "the short straps of leather, but sometimes of silk, which went round the legs of a hawk, in which were fixed the *varvels*, or little rings of silver, and to these the *leash*, or long strap, which the falconer twisted round his hand."

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P. 131 *a.* *The wild Oneyl, with swarms of Irish kerns.*

Kern was an Irish foot-soldier—what, I suppose, in the Highlands was called a clansman. Spenser, in his *View of the State of Ireland*, speaks of "a terrible yell, as if heaven and earth would have gone together, which is the very image of the Irish hubbub which their *kerne* use at their first encounter."—(Collier's ed., v. 361.)

P. 131 *b.* *And thereof came it that the fleering Scots,*
To England's high disgrace have made this jig.

A *jig*, says Nares, "meant anciently not only a merry dance, but merriment and humour in writing, and particularly a ballad." The song quoted by Lancaster is taken almost word for word from Fabyan's Chronicles.

P. 131 *b.* Wigmore *shall fly to set my uncle free.*

Ralph de Mortimer, who came into England with the Conqueror, obtained the Castle of Wigmore, co. Hereford, and the Roger Mortimer of this Play was summoned to Parliament as "de Wigmore." Robert Harley, Queen Anne's minister, to whom Wigmore belonged, remembered this when he chose the ambitious titles of Earl of Oxford and Mortimer. His colleague, Henry St. John, had far better grounds for selecting the high-sounding name of Bolingbroke.

P. 132 *b.* *This* tottered *ensign of my ancestors,*
Which swept the desert shore of that dead sea,
Whereof we got the name of Mortimer.

Tottered is *tattered*, see *Note ante* 110 *b.* In all Latin deeds the Mortimers are called "de Mortuo mari."

P. 134 *b.* *Why, my lord of Warwick,*
Will not these delays beget my hopes.

So the old editions; but Mr. Dyce changes the line to—

Will *now* these *short* delays beget my hopes.

I fail to see that the obscurity of the original is in any degree removed.

P. 134 *b.* *Will, if he* sees *him once*
Violate any promise to possess him.

Mr. Dyce, and all previous editors, read *seise*, which I have ventured to change to *sees*. If the king had *seized* Gaveston, what was the need of violating any promise to *possess* him? Marlowe evidently meant that the king's infatuation was such that the mere *sight* of Gaveston would make him violate all his promises.

P. 135 *a.* *Leave him on* "had I wist" *and let him go.*

Had I wist—i.e., had I known, is, says Mr. Dyce, "the exclamation of those who repent of what they have rashly done."

P. 136 *a.* *This* haught *resolve becomes your majesty.*

Haught is *proud*, from the Fr. *haut*. The same as haughty. Spenser, in one place, spells it *hault*, which, as Nares observes, is precisely the old French word. Milton chooses the modern French spelling, and, in his translation of the Eightieth Psalm, has the line—

"And drov'st out nations proud and *haut*."

P. 137 *b.* *A ranker* rout *of rebels never was.*

Rout might probably still be used for a rabble, or tumultuous crowd.

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P. 138 *b*. *They'd best betimes forsake them and their* trains.

The word *trains* also might still be used for artifices and stratagems. Milton speaks of—

"venereal *trains*
Softened with pleasure and voluptuous life."

P. 139 *b*. *And step into his father's* regiment.

Regiment here again means *government*.—*See ante* 3 *a*, 120 *b*.

P. 140 *a*. *Ah, sweet Sir John, even to the utmost verge*
Of Europe, or *the shore of Tanais.*

Mr. Dyce alters *or* to *on*, and says "the meaning seems to be—We will with thee to Hainault, even if it were situated on the utmost verge of Europe, &c." Exactly so—we will with thee to Hainault, even were it situated on the Tagus *or* the Tanais.

P. 140 *b*. *How mean you* an *the king, my father lives!*

This has hitherto been printed, "*and* the king," &c., but I think *an* is clearly the right reading.

P. 142 *a*. *Who made the* channel *overflow with blood.*

Here again the *channel* means the *kennel*.—*See ante* 120 *b*.

P. 144 *a*. *With awkward winds and* sore *tempests driven.*

Sore must here be pronounced as a word of two syllables. Mr. Dyce follows the quarto of 1622, and reads "*with* sore," which seems to me to disturb the sense of the line.

P. 145 *a*. *But what are kings when* regiment *is gone.*

Regiment—for government—rule.—*See ante* 3 *a*, 120 *b*, 139 *b*.

P. 146 *a*. *But, hapless Edward, thou art* fondly *led,*
They pass not *for thy frowns as late they did.*

Fondly led means foolishly guided—*see ante* 93 *b*—and *pass not* means care not; *see ante* 2 *b*, 124 *a*.

P. 146 *a*. *I'll not resign!* not *whilst I live!*
Traitors, be gone! join you with Mortimer!

The old editions read—

I'll not resign but whilst I live!
Traitors begone and join you with Mortimer.

Mr. Dyce adds two words to the first line.

I'll not resign, but whilst I live [be king].

Considering the stage direction of "King Edward *rageth*," I feel very confident that my reading of the passage is nearer to the original. When kings *rage* they don't use *buts* and *ands*.

P. 147 *b*. *That Edward* casts *to work his liberty.*

Casts—*i.e.*, plots, contrives.—*See ante* 115 *a*.

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P. 149 *a*. *Here's* channel water, *as our charge is given.*

Channel water is water from the kennel.—*See Notes* 120 *b*, 142 *a*. The word occurs again at 151 *a*.

P. 150 *a*. *And hast thou* cast *how to accomplish it.*

Cast—i.e., contrived.—See Notes 115 *a*, 147 *b*.

P. 152 *b*. *O let me not die; yet stay, oh stay a while.*

So the quartos of 1598 and 1612. Mr. Dyce prefers the reading of the quarto of 1622.

O let me not die yet! O stay a while.

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The Massacre at Paris.

THE only early edition of this Play is without a date and in 8vo. The following is a copy of the title :—

The Massacre at Paris: with the Death of the Duke of Guise. As it was plaide by the right honourable the Lord High Admirall his Servants. Written by Christopher Marlow. At London Printed by E. A. for Edward White, dwelling neere the little North doore of St. Paule's Church, at the signe of the Gun.

P. 157 *a.* *Sends Indian gold to coin me French* ecus.

Ecu, Fr. a crown. It is properly *petit ecu*, little shield.

P. 157 *a.* *And more,—of my knowledge, in one cloister* keep.

Keep—i.e., dwell. It is seldom used in this sense without an adjective after it, as *keep close.*

P. 157 *a.* *All this, and more, if more may be comprised,*
Do *bring the will of our desires to end.*

Mr. Dyce's, and other editions, read *To* bring. The change seems necessary for the sense.

P. 158 *a.* *We are betrayèd! come my lords, and let us*
Go tell the King of this.

I have ventured to alter the arrangement of these two lines. In former editions they are printed

We are betray'd! Come my lords
And let us go tell the King of this.

158 *b.* *Shall wear white crosses on their* burgonets.

A kind of helmet, from the Fr. *bourguignote;* a Spanish morion, or steel head-piece.

P. 159 *a.* *Shall in the* entrance *of this massacre.*

Entrance here means—opening, beginning. The same image is preserved in the common phrase "on the threshold." Mr. Dyce quotes a passage in illustration from Heywood's *Four Prentises of London.* 1615.

"Take them to guard: this entrance to our warres
Is full of spirit, and begets much hope."

P. 159 *b.* *Unto* Montfaucon *will we drag his corse.*

The old editions print this *Mount Faucon;* and Mr. Dyce quotes "Odcombe's odd cock" to show that a form still more Anglified was sometimes used. "A little on this side Paris, even at the towns end, there is the fayrest Gallowes that ever I saw, built upon a little hillocke called Mount Falcon, which consisteth of fourteene faire pillars of free-stone: this gallowes was made in the time of the Guisian massacre, to hang the Admiral of France, Chatillion, who was a Protestant, A.D. 1572."—*Coryat's Crudities.* 1611. A curious paper might be written on the peculiarities in our spelling and pronunciation of the names of foreign places. We long ago abandoned Bullen for Boulogne, and quite recently we have dropped the *u* out of Bourdeaux, but

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we still, both in writing and speaking, obstinately adhere to the *s* at the end of Marseille. These forms were, I suppose, originally imported by our soldiers and camp followers during the long wars of our Edwards and Henrys, and kept up by the garrison of Calais, an *English* town, which only thirty years before Marlowe wrote had contributed its two M.P.s to the House of Commons.

P. 159 *b and* 160 *a.* *That they which have already* set *the street*
May know their watchword; then go *toll the bell.*

In the first line *set* is used for *beset*, and it is so employed even so late as the time of Addison, who says that some particular measure of his opponents "shows how *hard they are set.*" Johnson gives no less than seventy-one meanings of the verb active *set!* The monosyllable in Roman in the second line is of my insertion. It seems required by the metre, and Guise had just before said "*Go* shoot the ordnance off."

P. 160 *b.* *He that will be a flat* dichotomist.

Dichotomy is a "division, or distribution of ideas in pairs." The Botanists appear to have borrowed and all but monopolized the term.

P. 161 *a.* *Argumentum testimonii est inartificiale.*

This was first corrected by Mr. Mitford from the old reading.

Argumentum testimonis est in arte fetialis.

P. 161 *a.* *Ne'er was there* collier's *son so full of pride.*

The father of Ramus is described as a *Carbonarius*, what we should now call a charcoal-burner. The sea-coal of our ancestors has seized the word *collier* as its exclusive property.

P. 161 *b.* *And now stay that bell,*
That to the devil's [*midnight*] *matins rings.*

This has hitherto been printed

And now stay
That bell that to the devil's matins rings.

Something was evidently wanting here, and, having the authority of Dryden for "midnight matins" I have ventured to insert the word.

P. 161 *b.* *I mean our wars against the* Muscovite.

This has always hitherto been printed *Muscovites*, but the word *princes* two lines below proves that like "the Turk" it should be in the singular number.

P. 163 *a.* *Yet is* there *patience of another sort*
Than to misdo the welfare of their king:
God grant my dearest friends may prove no worse.

When this play was passing through the press I gave this passage up in despair, as I suppose my predecessors did when they allowed it to pass without a note explanatory of its meaning. But subsequent reflection has convinced me that it can be restored to sense without the alteration of a single word, except to the eye. All that is necessary is to change *there* in the first line to *their*. The full sense then is—there are persons (you yourself, and my Protestant subjects, for instance) from whom I have deserved a scourge, but *their* feelings would never lead them to poison their king; God grant that my dearest relations may prove to have been no worse than those who ought to be my enemies, &c. [The change has been made in the stereotype plate.]

P. 165 *a.* *But to* defend *their strange* inventions.

Defend here means to hinder, to prohibit. Milton calls the forbidden fruit the

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defended fruit. *Inventions* may be pronounced as a word of four syllables, although the doing so is quite contrary to Marlowe's practice. Massinger, on the other hand, almost invariably spreads out words of this class.

P. 165 *a*. *And Guise for Spain hath new* incensed *the King.*

Incensed is here *incited*. Shakspeare has

> "He is attended with a desperate train,
> And what they may *incense* him to, being apt
> To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear."

The meaning is quite different from that of the same word in the speech of Guise in the next column.

P. 165 *b*. *So kindly, cousin Guise, you and your wife, &c.*

This passage has been so mutilated that it would be vain to try to patch it up. At its best it must have been unworthy the Marlowe of Doctor Faustus and Edward II.

P. 165 *b*. *'Tis more than kingly or* emperious—

i.e., going beyond the privilege of king or emperor. There is great spirit in this speech of the Guise, and it is one of many passages in Marlowe which convince me that Sir Walter Scott was familiar with his writings.

P. 166 *b*. *Enter a soldier.*

Any edition of this play would be incomplete which did not include the following long extract from that most important of all works on the stage, Mr. Collier's *History of Dramatic Poetry*. "With regard to this play I am in possession of a singular proof, if any were wanted, of the imperfect state in which it appears in the old printed copy, published perhaps from what could be taken down in short hand or otherwise during the representation. I have a single leaf of an original contemporary MS. of the play, possibly as it came from the hands of Marlow, which shows how much was omitted, and how injuriously the rest was garbled. Even the names of the characters were mistaken, and he who is called Mugeron in the old edition was, in fact, called *Minion*, consistently with his situation and habits. I will copy the MS. literatim, and the reader will be able to compare it with part of the play, as it is republished in Marlow's works.

Enter a soldier with a mushett.

Soldier. Now, Sir, to you that dares make a duke a cuckolde and use a counterfeyt key to his privye chamber, though you take out none but your owne treasure, yett you put in that displeases him, and fill up his rome that he shold occupye. Herein, sir, you forestall the markett, and set up your standinge where you shold not. But you will saye you leave him rome enoghe besides. That's no answere: he's to have the choyce of his owne free land, yf it be not too ffree; there's the questione. Now, for where he is your landlorde, you take upon you to be his and will needs enter by defaulte: whatt thoughe you were once in possession, yett comminge upon you once unawares, he frayde you out againe; therefore your entrye is mere intrusione. This is against the law, sir; and though I come not to keepe possesione, as I wold I might, yet I come to keepe you out, sir. You are well-come, sir. Have at you. [*He kills him.*

Enter Minion.

Minion. Trayterouse Guise! ah, thou hast morthered me!

Enter Guise.

> Hold the [e], tall soldier: take the [e] this and flye. [*Exit.*
> Thus fall, imperfett exhalatione,
> Which our great sonn of Fraunce cold not effecte;
> A fyery meteor in the fermament.

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Lye there, the kinge's delyght and Guise's scorne!
Revenge it, Henry, yf thou list or darst:
I did it onely in dispight of thee.
Fondly hast thou incenste the Guise's sowle,
That of it selfe was note enoughe to worke
Thy just degestione with extreamest shame.
The armye I have gatherd now shall ayme
More at thy end then exterpatione.
And when thou think'st I have forgotten this,
And that thou most reposest in my faythe,
Then will I wake thee from thy foolishe dreame,
And lett thee see thie selfe my prysoner. [*Exeunt.*

"It is rarely, indeed, that an opportunity can be thus obtained, of comparing an old printed copy of a play, with a contemporary MS. in order to show what was omitted. Here much of what falls from the soldier is not printed, and only four lines of the speech by Guise, which is at least as good as any other part of the play." —*History of Dramatic Poetry*, 1831, iii. 133.

In reference to the above, Mr. Dyce points out that the names Mugeron and Minion are both right, as the historians particularly mention *Maugeron* as one of the king's *minions*. He was not, however, the gallant of the Duchess of Guise, nor was he assassinated, but fell in a duel. St. Mégrin was the name of the real culprit and victim.

P. 166 *b*. *Hold thee*, tall *soldier*, *take thou this and fly*.

Johnson defines *tall* in this sense as *sturdy*, *lusty*, but he was thinking of it as used in his favourite jingle about "the prentises all, living in London both proper and *tall*." He should rather have said, *bold*, *brave*.

P. 167 *a*. *Thou able to maintain an host in pay*
That livest by foreign exhibition.

Exhibition meant any *allowance* or *pension*. It is now confined to sums of money bestowed, on the ground of superior merit, upon students at the universities. The second line should, I think, be printed—

That liv'st *thyself* by foreign exhibition.

P. 167. *To overthrow those* factious *Puritans*.

The word *factious* was substituted, on the suggestion of Mr. Collier, for the unmeaning *sexious* of old editions. It may however have been *sections*.

P. 169 *a*. *As pale as ashes! nay then 'tis time to look about*.

Mr. Dyce has attempted to reduce this to verse. He has succeeded better in his suggestion that Guise must have seen himself in a mirror when he made this exclamation. It is an historical fact that he was looking pale when he entered.

P. 169 *b*. *Did he not draw a* sort *of English priests*.
Sort is here a *set*. See *Post*, 176 *b*. Waller has the line—

"A *sort* of lusty shepherds strive."

P. 169 *b*. *And* will *him*, *in my name*, *to kill the duke*.

Johnson defines *will* in this sense to be—to command, to direct. He quotes Hooker as an authority. "St. Paul *did will* them of Corinth, every man to lay up somewhat on the Sunday."

P. 171 *b*. *Search*, *surgeon*, *and* resolve *me what thou sest*.

Resolve means here *inform*. It was used in this sense by Dryden.

"Resolve me strangers whence and what you are."

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Dido, Queen of Carthage.

"The Tragedie of Dido Queene of Carthage: Played by the Children of her Majesties Chappell. Written by Christopher Marlowe, and Thomas Nash. Gent.

ACTORS.

Jupiter.	Juno.	Ascanius.	Ilioneus.
Ganymede.	Mercurie, or	Dido.	Iarbas.
Venus.	Hermes.	Anna.	Cloanthus.
Cupid.	Æneas.	Achates.	Sergestus.

"At London, Printed, by the Widdowe Orwin, for Thomas Woodcocke, and are to be solde at his Shop, in Paule's Church-yard, at the Signe of the Blacke Beare. 1594."

P. 173 *a*. *By Saturn's soul, and this earth-threatening hair.*

The old editions have *aire*. H's were liable to be dropped in Elizabeth's time as well as in Victoria's. The mistake was again repeated 175 *a*.

Yet shall the aged sun shed forth his aire!

P. 174 *a*. *Ah me! the stars* surprised, *like Rhesus' steeds,*
Are drawn by darkness from Astræus' *tents.*

The old editions spell it *supprised*, which Mr. Dyce seems to think a different word from *surprised*, giving the instance of the Countess of Pembroke rendering the French *combatu*, supprised. But surely this is precisely the sense in which we say a fortress is surprised—*i.e.*, captured suddenly when unprepared. So says Macbeth—

"The castle of Macduff I will *surprise*."

Astræus, says Dr. Smith, "was a Titan and son of Crius and Eurybia. By Eos he became the father of the winds Zephyrus, Boreas, and Notus, Eosphorus (the morning star), and all the stars of heaven."

P. 174 *b*. *Till that a* princess-priest, conceived *by Mars.*

Princess-priest is taken from Virgil's *regina sacerdos*. *Conceive* is to become pregnant (the neuter verb). So also in the last line but two of this same column—

Had not the heavens, conceived *with hell-born clouds.*

P. 174 *b*. *And Phœbus, as in Stygian pools, refrains*
To taint *his tresses in the Tyrrhene main.*

Mr. Dyce has here a long note to prove that *taint* in this particular place means to "dip—to bathe, and *not* to stain—to sully." But, as I understand the passage, Marlowe expressly means that Phœbus appears to be as much afraid of dirtying his tresses, as if the Ocean were a "Stygian pool."

P. 176 *a*. *Achates, 'tis my mother that is fled;*
I know her by the movings of her feet.

Marlowe had Virgil in his head—

"Pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
Et vera incessu patnit dea."

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Which Dryden takes exactly double the number of words to render—

> "In length of train descends her sweeping gown,
> And by her graceful walk the queen of love is known."

P. 176 *a*. *Or in these* shades *deceive mine eyes so oft.*

I am inclined to think that *shades* is a misprint for *shapes*. "Falsis imaginibus" are Virgil's words; and shadows certainly are delusive images, but Dryden's version has it "borrowed *shapes*."

P. 176 *a*. *Wretches of Troy*, envied *of the winds.*

Envied here, as *ante*, p. 120 *b*. means *hated.*

P. 176 *b*. *Aye, but the* barbarous sort *do threat our ships.*

By this is meant the uncivilized rabble. The use of *sort* for a *set* or *company*, is constant with our old poets. See *ante*, 169 *b*. Shakspeare has—

> "Remember whom you are to cope with all—
> A *sort* of vagabonds, rascals and runaways."—*Richard III.* v. 3.

P. 176 *b*. *As* shall *surpass the* wonder *of our speech.*

There is some confusion here. Mr. Dyce suggests the substitution of *all* for *shall*, but this would still require *wonder* to be changed to *power* or some similar word.

P. 177 *b*. *Oh, tell me, for I long to be* resolved.

Resolved, here, as in so many other places, means *satisfied.*

P. 179 *a*. *These hands did help to* hale *it to the gates.*

Hale is the disused form of *haul*. The words were used indifferently by Shakspeare and even by Swift.

P. 179 *a*. *In whose stern faces shined the quenchless fire*
That after burnt the pride of Asia.

In these and the preceding lines Marlowe has far excelled his original. We see the soldiers issuing from the wooden horse, as plainly as the advance of Bosquet's troops "with the light of battle on their faces."

P. 179 *b*. *At last came Pyrrhus, fell and full of ire,*
His harness *dropping blood.*

Harness—i.e., *armour*. Virgil's description of the death of Priam, in words full of simplicity and dignity, is singularly affecting, and even schoolboys read it with a kind of awe. Dryden has made the scene steamy with gore, and utterly destroyed the picture:—

> "*Sliddering* through *clottered blood* and holy mire,
> The mingled *paste* his murdered son had made."

P. 180 *a*. *And with the* wind *thereof the king fell down.*

"Here I have substituted *wind* for *wound* (as it stands in the old copy), in conformity, probably [i.e. certainly], with the author's meaning, and with the following corresponding lines in *Hamlet*:—

> "Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide,
> But with the *whiff* and *wind* of his fell sword
> The unnerved father falls."
> Collier's *Hist. of Dram. Poetry*, iii. 226.

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P. 180 *b*. *I die with melting ruth; Æneas,* leave!

Leave—i.e., *Cease*. This makes me think of a most amusing scene in Mrs. Trollope's *Domestic Manners of the Americans*, where a young lady stops a gentleman from asking a question about a shirt, by saying "Quit, Mr. Smith."

P. 182 *a*. *Yes, and Iarbas* foul and favourless.

Of *foul and favourless* Mr. Dyce says, "A pleonastic expression: for both words have much the same meaning—viz., ugly." Surely this is being a little hypercritical, especially as he has nothing to say against "rude *and* rustical" two lines lower down.

P. 182 *b*. *My* oars *broken and my tackling lost.*

Oars is here a word of two syllables.

P. 182 *b*. *I'll give thee tackling made of* rivelled *gold.*

Rivelled is evidently the same word as *ravelled*, which is used by Shakspeare, and preserved in the *unravel* of the present day. In Stubbes' *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1583, I find in the description of the London ladies, "some are pleated and *ryveled* down the back wonderfully with more knacks than I can declare."

P. 182 *b*. *Thy anchors shall be hewed from crystal rocks,*
Which, if thou loose, *shall shine above the waves.*

All previous editions read *lose*, and I have ventured to substitute *loose* as a word naturally connected with anchor, and as conveying a more poetical image than the other. Dido is drawing a picture of Æneas' ships, and, in describing the crystal anchors, says that even when you have *loosed* them they will still contribute to the beauty of the scene by shining above the waves. It is very bold to differ from Collier and Dyce combined, but the reading which they have sanctioned appears to me to carry a *Lloyd's* whiff about it which is very prosaic.

P. 182 *b*. *The masts, whereon thy swelling sails shall hang,*
Hollow pyramides *of silver plate.*

Marlowe has here anticipated the hollow metal masts of the nineteenth century. Mr. Collier thinks the general beauty of this exquisite passage would be heightened if we were to read *pyramids* instead of *pyramides*, but this last appears to have been Marlowe's favourite form of the word, which was not limited in its meaning as it now is. Cockeram (1621) defines *pyramides* "the like that Obelisk is."

P. 182 *b*. *Achates, thou shalt be so* newly *clad.*

The old edition reads *meanly clad*. Mr. Dyce alters it to *seemly*, and Mr. Collier proposes *newly*. Perhaps neither is right, but I prefer the latter, as conveying a better idea of *bravery*.

P. 183 *b*. Juno. *Here lies my hate, Æneas' cursèd brat,*
The boy wherein false destiny delights,
The heir of Troy, *the favourite of the Fates.*

All previous editors have printed the "heir of Fury," which to my thinking is neither sense nor rhythm. The speech is Juno's, and her only reason for hating Ascanius was his being the heir of *Troy*.

P. 183 *b*. *Who warn me of* such *danger* prest *at hand.*

Such I suspect should be *some*. *Prest* is the Fr. *prêt*, ready, at hand. Spenser has—

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"Loe! harde behind his backe his foe was *prest.*
With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head."

Hughes, in his edition of *The Faerie Queene*, altered the word to *pressed*, and made glorious nonsense of the passage. The great Dean of St. Patrick's, when prattling with Stella, calls himself *Presto* as a rendering of Swift.

P. 184 *b.* *All* follow us *now disposed alike to sport.*

Previous editions read "All *fellows* now disposed alike to sport," which I admit my inability to understand. Four lines lower down Dido says, "Lords, *go before*," which in some measure supports the change I have ventured to make.

P. 185 *b.* *Some to the mountains, some unto the* soil.

Souille in French is explained to be *lieu bourbeux où se vautre le sanglier*, the miry place where the wild boar wallows; and this no doubt is the proper meaning of the old hunting term *soil*. When a beast was said to *take soil* it signified that he had turned to bay in, or taken refuge in, a swamp. In the course of time the meaning got extended. Drayton and Fairfax use it for game drinking, and Spenser employs it, in the exigencies of his oft-recurring rhymes, for the game itself.

P. 185 *b.* *To see a Phrygian*, far fet o'er the sea.

The old edition reads *far fet to the sea*, which became *far set to the sea*, and Mr. Mitford was thus led to propose "a Phrygian o' the farthest sea." *Fet* is an old word for *fetched;* and is used by Marlowe in *Hero and Leander*, 205 *b.*

P. 186 *a.* *But now that I have found what to* affect.

Affect meant to love, and *affected* was beloved. Chapman, in his Homer, speaks of "the desperate hours of his *affected* Hercules."

P. 186 *b.* *In all this* coil *where have ye left the queen?*

Johnson defines *coil* to be "tumult, turmoil, bustle, stir, hurry, confusion."

P. 187 *a.* *The air is clear, and southern winds are* whist.

In Scotland the word *whisht* is still used as the English *hush*. Milton uses the word, in his *Ode to the Nativity*, precisely as Marlow does here—

"The winds with wonder *whist*
Smoothly the waters kist."

P. 188 *b.* *Her silver arms will* coil *me round about.*

The original edition has *coll*—i.e., embrace round the neck, and Mr. Dyce is probably right in retaining it. Yet the "round *about*" and the general idea of forcible detention speak strongly for *coil.*

P. 189 *b.* *And* will *my guard with Mauritanian darts, &c.*

Will—i.e., *direct*. See *ante*, p. 169 *b.*

P. 189 *b.* *Henceforth* you *shall be our Carthage gods.*

There are only nine syllables in this line, and Mr. Dyce suggests that the word '*mong* should be inserted before "our Carthage gods." But Marlowe frequently leaves out a syllable in order that extra force may be given to some particular word in the line; and here I think *you* (the *tempests* and *sand*) is intended to be dwelt upon.

P. 190 *a.* Packed *with the winds to bear Æneas hence.*

To *pack* was to agree, to conspire. Nares quotes Stanyhurst's Virgil, 1582—

"With two gods *packing* one silly woman to cozen."

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P. 190 *a*. *And let rich Carthage* fleet *upon the seas.*

Fleet is to *go afloat*. The same idea in the same words almost is expressed with regard to Britain in *Edward II*. See *ante*, 123 *a*.

P. 190 *b*. *Instead of* oars *let him use his hands.*

Here again *oars* is made into two syllables. See *ante* 182 *b*.

P. 190 *b*. *Brown almonds*, services, *ripe figs and dates.*

The *service tree* is the *Pyrus domestica*, the common pear being *Pyrus communis*. Johnson quotes Peacham :—"October is drawn in a garment of yellow and carnation; in his left hand a basket of *services*, medlars, and other fruit, that ripen late."

P. 190 *b*. *Go, ye wag,*
You'll be a twigger *when you come to age.*

A *twigger* was a "gay Lothario"—

"Now, Benedicite, her mother said,
And hast thou beene already such a twigger."
Pasquil's *Night Cap*. 1612.

Marlowe's Nurse always makes me think of the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*.

P. 191 *a*. *And plant our pleasant suburbs with* her *fumes.*

Mr. Dyce most unnecessarily changes *her* into *their*. As if the fumes came from the *bees* and not from *Hybla!*

P. 191 *b*. *And left me neither sail nor* stern *aboard.*

Stern, derived from to *steer*, meant the rudder of the vessel. It came from this to be applied very naturally to the tail of an animal, and is so used by Spenser, whose Knight is felled to the ground by the "sturdy sterne" of the Dragon. Mr. Collier, in his admirable edition of Spenser, has no note on this verse. The word is now used for the hinder part of a ship, and metaphorically of man, beast, or thing.

P. 192 *a*. *When I was laying a* platform *for these walls.*

Johnson defines *platform* to be "the sketch of anything horizontally delineated; the ichnography," in other words the *ground plan*. The sense in which the Americans use it, and which strikes our ears as so strange, was at least as old as Hooker, who speaks of a church being "founded conformable to the *platform* of Geneva." The stage direction—"a platform *before* the castle"—at the opening scene of *Hamlet*, is, I presume, of modern concoction, at least it is not found in the first folio, and is something like nonsense, although Johnson has taken it as a definition of the word. Guards are usually placed inside, not outside, a fortress, and in the old technical dictionaries I find the definition of platform to be "a place made level *on the rampart* for the planting of cannon; also the whole work raised in a re-entering angle."

P. 192 *b*. *Let me go* [*is*] *farewell! I must from hence.*

The line wants a syllable. Readers may prefer Mr. Dyce's suggestion, although it appears to me too harsh and abrupt for the occasion—

Let me go; farewell *none:* I must from hence.

P. 192 *b*. *Si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quidquam.*

These three lines, 317—319, of the Fourth Book of the Æneid are thus translated by Dryden—

"If ever Dido, when you most were kind,
Were pleasing in your eyes, or touched your mind;
By these my prayers, if prayers may yet have place,
Pity the fortunes of a falling race."

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The two lines in the reply of Æneas are 360-1 of the same Book—

> "Fair queen oppose not what the gods command;
> Forced by my fate, I leave your happy land."

P. 193 *b*. *Traitress too* kenn'd, *and cursèd sorceress.*

In the old edition the word is *keend*. *Kenned* is the participle of the verb "to *ken*—*i.e.*, see from a distance"—and means here *glaringly manifest.*

P. 194 *a*. *Save, save Æneas; Dido's* liefest *love.*

Lief, or *lieve*, is *dear;* from *leof*, Saxon. Shakspeare has—

> "And with your best endeavours have stirred up
> My *liefest* liege to be mine enemy."—2 *Henry VI.*, iii. 2.

P. 194 *b*. *Here* lie *the sword that in the darksome cave,*

And

Here lie *the garment which I clothed him in.*

Mr. Dyce weakens these verses very much by changing *lie* in both instances to *lies*. It is quite evident that Dido is addressing herself first to the sword, "thou shalt burn first," and then to the garment, "perish thou too."

P. 194 *b*. *And from mine ashes let a conqueror rise*
That may revenge this treason to a queen
By ploughing up his countries with the sword.

This prophecy about Hannibal is direct from Virgil—

> "Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor,
> Qui face Dardanios ferroque sequare colonos."—*Æn.*, iv. 625.

These lines are followed by those which are given in the original Latin, so that it would appear that Marlowe had intended to translate them also when he revised his work. The *Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras* is from line 660 of the same Book.

P. 195 *a*. *The grief that* tires *upon thine inward soul.*

To *tire* was, says Nares, "a term in falconry; from *tirer*, French, to drag or pull. The hawk was said to tire on her prey, when it was thrown to her, and she began to pull at it and tear it."—*See Note* 12 *a*.

> "Ye dregs of baseness, vultures among men,
> That tire upon the hearts of generous spirits."
> *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

P. 195 *b*. *What can my tears or cries* prevail *me now.*

Prevail was often thus used for *avail;* so Beaumont and Fletcher—

> "This prevails not,
> Nor any agony you utter, lady."—*Valentinian*, iii. 2.

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Hero and Leander.

Of this fine poem the old editions are very numerous.

1. Hero and Leander. By Christopher Marloe. London. Printed by Islip, for Edward Blunt. 1598. 4to.—This edition has only the first two Ses

2. [Another edition printed in the same year. Marlowe's portion is spli three Sestiads, and Chapman's continuation follows. Sir Charles Isham has t the only two—copies. It will soon be reprinted by Mr. Collier, see his lett the *Athenæum*, September 4, 1869. Previously to the date of this letter it wa known that Chapman's continuation had been published before 1600.]

3. Hero and Leander: Begunne by Christopher Marloe: Wherunto is a the first booke of Lucan translated line for line by the same Author. Ut Nectar, Ingenium. At London Printed for John Flasket, and are to be solde in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Blacke-beare. 1600. 4to.

[This title-page has the peculiarity of making no mention of Chapman's continuation, which occupies the larger portion of the volume, and of particularly specifying the translation, a separate publication, which has not hitherto been discovered bound up with it.]

4. Hero and Leander: Begunne by Christopher Marloe, and finished by George Chapman. Ut Nectar, Ingenium. At London. Imprinted for John Flasket, and are to be sold in Paules Church-Yard, at the signe of the blacke Beare. 1606. 4to.

5. Hero and Leander: Begunne by Christopher Marloe, and finished by George Chapman. Ut Nectar, Ingenium. At London. Imprinted for Ed. Blunt and W. Barret, and are to be sold in Paul's Church-yard, at the signe of the blacke Beare. 1609. 4to.

6. Hero and Leander: Begunne by Christopher Marloe, and finished by George Chapman. Ut Nectar, Ingenium. London. Printed by W. Stansby for Ed. Blunt and W. Barret, and are to be sold in Pauls Church-yard, at the signe of the Blacke Beare. 1613, 4to.

7. Hero and Leander: Begun by Christopher Marloe, and finished by George Chapman. Ut Nectar, Ingenium. London. Printed by A. M. for Richard Hawkins: and are to bee sold at his Shop in Chancerie-Lane, neere Serieants Inne. 1629. 4to.

8. Hero and Leander: Begun by Christopher Marloe, and finished by George Chapman. Ut Nectar, Ingenium. London. Printed by N. Okes for William Leake, and are to be sold at his shop in Chancery-lane neere the Roules. 1637. 4to.

FIRST SESTIAD.

P. 197 *a*. *Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fills,*
Which, as she went, would cherup through the hills.

An idea taken from the well-known toy, by which the song of birds may be so closely imitated.

P. 197 *a*. *And with still panting* rock *there took his rest.*

Some of the editions read *rockt*, which I am inclined to think must be the right

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word. It would mean that Cupid was rocked to rest by the gentle heaving of her bosom.

P. 197 *a*. *Fair Cynthia wished his arms might be her sphere;*
Grief makes her pale, because she moves not there.

This bold idea will remind the reader of *Tamburlaine the Great.*

P. 197 *b*. *So was his neck in touching, and surpast*
The white of Pelops shoulder.

Pelops was said to have been boiled by his father, Tantalus, and offered as a feast to the gods. His shoulder alone was consumed, and replaced by an imitation one of *ivory*. The earliest mythic Musæus is represented as presiding at Eleusis over the mystic rites of Demeter, the eater of the shoulder.

P. 197 *b*. *That my* slack *muse sings of Leander's eyes.*

Slack here stands for feeble, and in a way which I imagine to be very unusual. It does mean *feeble* certainly, but it is the feebleness of relaxation or looseness.

"All his joints *relaxed;*
From his *slack* hands the garland wreathed for Eve
Down dropped, and all the faded roses shed."—*Milton.*

P. 198 *a*. *When yawning dragons draw her* thirling *car.*

The old editions read *thirling*, and Mr. Dyce very properly removed the *whirling* of the modern editors in its favour. He has, however, been severely taken to task for defining it as "tremulously moving," by Mr. Robert Bell, who prefers the other reading. But *thirling* really means *penetrating by revolving*, and thus may be fairly poetically applied to the motion of a chariot through the "gloomy sky" of midnight. The word is preserved to us in the *drill* of a carpenter's workshop. The old Mussulman historian Al 'Utbi describes Mahmoud of Ghuzni forcing his way through an army "like a gimlet into wood."

P. 198. *Incensed with savage heat,* gallop amain.

Mr. Robert Bell thinks this line was in Shakspeare's head when he wrote—

"Gallop amain you fiery-footed steeds
Tow'rds Phœbus' lodging."

But unluckily Shakspeare's phrase is "gallop *apace.*"

P. 198 *a*. *The walls were of* discoloured *jasper stone.*

Discoloured is *diverse-coloured.* So Chapman—

"Menesthius was one
That ever wore *discolcured arms.*"—*Iliad*, xvi.

P. 198 *b*. Vailed *to the ground, veiling her eyelids close.*

Vailed—i.e., *bowed.* It is not often used as a neuter verb, except by the poets, and South, in doing so, spells it *veils*—"ignorantly," as Johnson says.

P. 198 *b*. *What we behold is* censured *by our eyes.*

Censure meant judgment, opinion. Shakspeare has—

"Madam and you, my sister, will you go
To give your censures in this weighty business?"

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P. 198 *b*. *Whoever loved that loved not at first sight.*

Shakspeare introduces this line very gracefully in act iii. scene 5 of *As You Like It*, which he is believed to have produced in 1599, the year after *Hero and Leander* was published—

"Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might
Who ever loved that loved not at first sight."

Shakspeare must have had the whole passage in his mind when writing this scene.

P. 199 *a*.

Rare creature, let me speak without offence,
Would God my rude words had the influence
To rule thy thoughts as thy fair looks do mine,
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner who is thine.
Be not unkind and fair: misshapen stuff
Is of behaviour boisterous and rough.

This is the shape in which these lines are put by Ben Jonson into the mouth of Mathew in *Every Man in his Humour*. Knowell remarks, "this is in *Hero and Leander*;" and on Mathew's quoting another couplet further on—

And I in duty will excel all other,
As you in beauty do excel Love's mother—

Knowell says "he utters nothing but stolen remnants! A filching rogue, hang him!—and from the dead! its worse than sacrilege." Gifford, who, when editing a book, hated everybody but his author and Dean Ireland, takes occasion to say of Marlowe, "he was a man of impious principles, and flagitious life, and perished in a drunken broil." Why did he not add that he was the son of a shoemaker?

P. 200 *a*. *So young, so gentle, and so debonair.*

Milton must have been thinking of this line when he wrote

"So buxom, blithe and debonair."

P. 200 *a*. *As* put thereby *yet might he hope for me.*

I think this ought to be written "put *then* by." At 203 *a post*, we find

She with a kind of granting *put* him *by* it.

P. 200 *b*. *Far from the town where all is* whist *and still.*

Whist is husht or hush.—See *Note, ante*, 187 *a*.

P. 200 *b*. *Her vows* above *the empty air he flings.*

Mr. Dyce has altered the *above* of the old editions to *about*.

P. 201 *a*. *Her mind pure, and her tongue untaught to* glose.

To *glose* or *gloze* is to flatter, to insinuate, to fawn. It was arrested for a time in its descent to the limbo of disused words by Lord Brougham's memorable taunt to Lord Melbourne. "*My* tongue is not hung to courtly tunes; I can't *gloze*."

P. 202 *b*.

And fruitful wits that inaspiring are,
Shall, discontent, run into regions far.

Mr. Robert Bell claims the merit of the comma on each side of "discontent," and adds, "I have ventured upon the punctuation in the text under the impression that *discontent* here means *discontented*, and that the interpretation of the passage is that foolish wits who fail in their inspiration [? aspirations] shall, discontented, seek their portion in distant lands. It may possibly be intended to convey an allusion to the numerous adventurers, such as Raleigh, who went at that time flocking to the New World." Raleigh is a curious specimen to select as an *inaspiring wit*.

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SECOND SESTIAD.

P. 202 *b*. *Had spread the board, with* roses strowed the room.

Mr. Robert Bell devotes a long note to this piece of extravagance in decoration, justifying it by similar examples from Heliogabalus and Cleopatra. "Not only were the tables and dishes covered with them, but by mechanical contrivance showers of roses were made to descend upon the guests!" He seems to think they cost the same everywhere as they do in Covent Garden. *Attar* of roses is by no means uncommon, or outrageously expensive, and a *quarter of a million* of full-grown roses are consumed in making every half-crown's weight of it! At Ghazipur I have seen many hundred acres cultivated with nothing else.

P. 202 *b*. *Where* fancy *is in equal balance* paised.

Fancy is *love*, and *paised* is *poised*, Frenchified in its pronunciation to suit the rhyme.

P. 203 *a*. *Moved by love's force unto each other* leap.

Mr. Dyce follows the old copies in printing *lep* in order that it may rhyme to the eye. *Step* is one of the words always quoted as having no corresponding rhyme, and among the irregular sounds suggested has been this very one of *lep* for *leaped*, which like *crep* for *crept*, *kep* for *kept* is often enough heard among *horsey* individuals. Mr. Thackeray makes Captain Crawley invariably pronounce them in this way.

P. 203 *a*. *She fearing on the rushes to be flung.*

Rushes were the ordinary coverings for the floors of mansions, as well as cottages, in the England of Marlowe's time. Sir Thomas More in his *Pittifull Life of King Edward V.* has drawn an affecting picture of Queen Elizabeth (Woodville) in the Sanctuary at Westminster sitting "alone below on the rushes all desolate and dismaid."

P. 204 *a*. *Like as the sun in a* diameter.

Marlowe appears to mean the sun shining upon an object directly opposite to it.

P. 204 *a*. *Oh, none but gods have power their love to hide!*

Another reading of this line is—

Oh, none have power, but gods, their love to hide!

P. 204 *a*. *Spits forth the* ringled *bit, and with his* hoves, *&c.*

In ages and countries where mechanical ingenuity has but few outlets, it exhausts itself in the construction of *bits* each more peculiar in form, or more torturing in effect than that which has preceded it. I have seen collections of these instruments of torment, and among them some of which Marlowe's curious adjective would have been highly descriptive. It may be, however, that the word is *ring-led*, in which shape it would mean *guided* by the ring on each side like a snaffle. *Hoves* of course are *hooves*, as some people affectedly, but perhaps correctly, call hoofs.

P. 205 *a*. *Relenting thoughts*, remorse and pity *rests*.

Mr. Dyce is liable to fits of virtuous indignation against tautology. In *Queen Dido*, p. 182 *a*, he complained of *foul* and *favourless* as "pleonastic;" and here *remorse* and *pity* are "all but synonymes." He might as well say that *revenge* and *murder* were identical.

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P. 205 *b*. *Whose lively heat, like fire from heaven fet.*

Fet is *fetched*.—*See Note* 185 *b*.

P. 205 *b*. *Even as a bird which in our hands we wring,*
Forth plungeth, and oft flutters with her wing.

This couplet, which is so beautifully appropriate where it now stands, was printed, in every edition up to that of 1820 inclusive, after the line

But deaf and cruel where he means to prey,

the fourteenth in the first column of the following page. This felicitous transposition was first made in 1821 in *The Select Early English Poets*, of which, I believe, Mr. Singer was the editor.

P. 206 *b*. *Than Dis, on heaps of gold fixing his look.*

Dis, Pluto, here seems to stand for Plutus. Dr. Smith's Dictionary, iii. 432, is not so clear as usual on the subject of these two names. As I understand him the one individual Pluto (Πλουτων) was both the "*giver* of wealth," and the "god of the lower world;" and Plutus (Πλουτος) was the "*personification* of wealth."

P. 206 *b*. Danged *down to hell her loathsome carriage.*

Danged or *dang* is the past tense of the old verb *to ding*, to drive with violence.

THE THIRD SESTIAD.

P. 207 *a*. *Joy* graven *in sense like snow in water wastes.*

Graven here means *buried*. It is not likely that Burns had ever read *Hero and Leander*, but compare *Tam o' Shanter*—

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed,
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever."

P. 207 *b*. *And every birth*
Of men and actions *makes legitimate.*

In *England's Parnassus*, 1600, the last line stands—

"Of men *audacious* makes legitimate,"

which may be the proper reading.

P. 207 *b*. *It fired with sense things* mere *insensual.*

Mere is *wholly, utterly*.

P. 207 *b*. *He said, See, sister, Hero's* carcanet.

Carcanet—a small chain or collar of jewels.

P. 208 *a*. *A rich* disparent pentacle *she wears.*

Mr. Dyce has no note on this line, but there are two words in it which seem to require explanation. *Pentacle* (from Low Latin *pentaculum*) was the name given to three triangles, intersected and made of five lines. It was worn as a preservative against demons, and when it was delineated on the body of a man, it was supposed to touch and point out the five places wherein our Saviour was wounded. But my brother, General Alexander Cunningham, informs me that this Pentacle or Pentagon is found on a coin of Tarsus of about 300 B.C., and he has

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himself an Indian seal of about 200 A.D. in which the device is inscribed over the word Ko-ma-dâ-ra. It has in fact been a favourite mystic symbol from a very early age, and is still cherished by the Freemasons. *Disparent* would seem to mean that the five points of the ornament radiated distinctly one from the other. "Pentacles, with characters," are mentioned by Ben Jonson in *The Devil is an Ass.*

P. 208 *a.* *One hand a* mathematic crystal *sways*
Which gathering in one light a thousand rays, &c.

Chapman may possibly have meant a prism, but more probably one of those balls of rock crystal, such as are still employed by the professors of *spiritualism*, that "liturgy of the apes of the Dead Sea," as Mr. Carlyle calls it. "Dr. Lambe," who was murdered by the London mob in 1628 had one of these in his pocket. As Mr. Forster remarks in relating this event, "Imposture and quackery are the same in all ages."

P. 208 *b.* *His* free *soul, whose living* subject *stood*
Up to the chin in the Pierian flood.

In this fine complimentary couplet *subject* is used for *substance*, or corporeal frame, from which Marlowe was *freed* by death.—*See Note* 57 *b.*

P. 208 *b.* *Tell it how much his* late desires *I* tender
If yet it know not.

Tender is to *hold in esteem.* Shakspeare has "I thank you, madam, that you tender her."

P. 209 *a.* The Iberian city *that war's hand did strike,*
By English force in princely Essex guide.

Cadiz was captured June 21, 1596, by the force under the command of Essex and Howard of Effingham. But Raleigh was the life and soul of the enterprise. His letters to Cecil, recently discovered at Hatfield, show the wonderful toil he went through in organizing the expedition.

P. 209 *a.* *When Peace assured her towers had fortified.*

This must mean that the towers of Cadiz were not sudden makeshifts, but fortified scientifically and deliberately in the leisure of an assured peace.

P. 209 *a.* *So fared fair Hero in the* expugnèd *fort.*

Our old writers used the word in several forms. Chapman elsewhere has *expugner*, and Sandys *expugnation.* We still have the word *impugn*, but have altered the pronunciation.

P. 209 *a.* *And not show that without that was* intire.

I at first thought that *intire* must mean *solely in possession;* but I find Spenser so frequently using it as simply *inside* that I have little doubt that Chapman so intended it.

P. 209 *b.* *A loose and* rorid *vapour, that is fit*
T' event *his searching beams.*

Rorid, from the Latin, is *dewy.* It is used by Sir Thomas Browne, but has happily ceased to exist. Another form, *rory*, is employed by Fairfax. The editors make no attempt to explain this passage. *Event*, I suppose, means *vent forth;* or *evert* may be the proper reading.

P. 209 *b.* *Base fools! when every moorish fool can teach.*

Chapman is here playing on the words *fool* and *fowl*, as he had previously done on

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gilt and guilt. Mr. Dyce was the first to point out that *moorish* meant inhabitant of the moors, like the lapwing, and not a native of Morocco. Mr. Bell, however, has persisted in printing it Moorish.

P. 210 *a*. *Exceeding large, and of black* cypres *made.*

In *Kersey's Dictionary*, *cypress* is defined to be "a sort of fine curled stuff, partly silk and partly hair." This reads as if it would have been eminently uncomfortable to wear. It was, I suppose, *crape*, which however is made entirely from silk.

P. 210 *a*. *All tools that* enginous *despair could frame.*

Enginous from *engine*, generally *ingine*, the Latin *ingenium*.

P. 210 *b*. With child of sail, *and did hot fight begin.*

We still make use of the image of sails "bellying out." Dryden has—

"The bellying canvas strutted with the gale."

P. 210 *b*. *Shall* slick-tongued *Fame, patched up with voices rude.*

Slick is *smooth*, and evidently the same as *sleek*.

P. 211 *a*. *Ah me! hath heaven's* straight *fingers no more graces?*

Straight for *strait*. In *Kersey's Dictionary*, we have only the first way of spelling, with the definition *right, direct, narrow*.

P. 211 *b*. *Of heaven's great essences found such* imperance.

This is one of the many forms which our poets delighted to make out of the word *empire*. It here means *commanding power*.

THE FOURTH SESTIAD.

P. 212. *The argument.*] *Leander's* counterfeit *presents.*

Counterfeit was a *portrait*, a *likeness*. It was a favourite word of Shakspeare's. In *Timon of Athens* we have—

"Thou draw'st a counterfeit best in all Athens;"

and who does not remember in *Hamlet* (that greatest achievement of the human intellect, which has so many lines that are, what Campbell calls "mottoes of the heart"),

"Looke heere upon this Picture, and on this,
The *counterfet presentment* of two Brothers."

P. 212 *a*. *On whose bright top* Peristera *did stand.*

Peristera is the Greek word for a *dove*.

P. 213 *a*. *She feared she pricked Leander as she wrought.*

Mr. Dyce quotes some pretty lines containing the same idea from Skelton:

"But whan I was sowing his beke
Methought my sparrow did speke,
And opened his pretty byll,
Sayinge, Mayd, ye are in wyll
Agayne me for to kyll,
Ye prycke me in the head."

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P. 213 *a*. *Beneath all these she wrought a fisherman.*

Mr. Dyce says, "This description of the fisherman, as well as the picture which follows it, are borrowed (with alterations) from the first Idyl of Theocritus."

P. 213 *b*. *To still their* eyas *thoughts with industry.*

"An *eyess*," says Kersey, "is a young hawk newly taken out of the nest." Nares says *a nias* is the proper word, and derived direct from the French *un oiseau niais*. Yet *ey* is the Saxon for egg, and *eyrie* is the "place where hawks build and hatch their young." Here *eyas* means immature, untried.

P. 215 *a*. *The swans and turtles that in coupled* pheres.

Phere, or Fere, is a companion. It is used by Burns.

P. 215 *a*. *Graceful Ædone that sweet pleasure loves*
And ruff-foot Chreste with the tufted crown.

Of the names of these doves *Ædone* means *Pleasure; Chreste* perhaps *Crested; Leucote, Whiteness;* and *Dapsilis, Abundant.*

P. 215 *a*. *The swans did in the solid flood, her glass,*
Proin *their fair plumes.*

Proin, from the Fr. *provigner*, was an old form of *prune*, or *preen*. King James I. of Scotland has—

"And, efter this, the birdis everichone
Take up ane other sang full loud and clere ;—
We *proyne* and play without dout and dangere."

P. 215 *a*. Coyness *and* pure *deceits for purities.*

Another reading is—

Coynes and impure deceits for purities,

which I am half inclined to think the more correct of the two.

P. 215 *b*. *From the sweet conduits of her* favour *fell.*

Favour was constantly used for *face, countenance.* Bacon speaks of "a youth of fine *favour* and shape;" and Sidney of "laying a foul complexion upon a filthy *favour*, setting forth both in sluttishness."

P. 215 *b*. *Did sing as woful* Epicedians.

Epicedians means *singers of dirges.*

P. 215 *b*. *Which was her torn robe and* enforced *hair.*

Chapman had previously called the hair *ravished*, and enforced has much the same meaning. In his translation of the *Iliad* he has—

"A sucking hind calf which she trussed with her *enforcive* seres (claws)."

P. 216 *a*. *Her name was* Eronusis.

The editor of the *Select Early English Poets* (1821) says that *Eronusis* is probably a compound of ἔρως love, and νοσος or νουσος Ionice (disease, mischief, plague).

P. 216 *b*. *To such as wore his laurel* anademe.

Anadem was a crown of flowers or other materials. Chapman concludes his Homeric Hymns with—

"Make me of palm, or yew, an anadem."

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FIFTH SESTIAD.

P. 217 *a*. *For young* Alcmane *and bright* Mya *sent.*

Mr. Robert Bell says, "Former editors very naturally ask whether these names are not mistakes for Alcmæon and Maia."

P. 218 *b*. *But many a dart*
And many an amorous thought enthrilled *his heart.*

The old editions read *enthralled*, but the word *dart* shows that *enthrilled*—*i.e.*, thrilled through, or pierced through, must be the right reading. It is believed that slaves were called *thralls* from the circumstance of their ears being *thrilled* or *drilled* through.

P. 218 *b*. *Women are most won, when men merit least:*
If Merit look not well, Love bids stand by;
Love's special lesson is to please the eye.

Here are three consecutive lines, each of which might have been quoted as "saws of might." They appear to me to be not the least in Chapman's style.

P. 218 *b*. *And with rude hands* enforced *their shining spoil.*

See Note 215 *b*.

P. 219 *a*. *Oh, what a hell was heaven, &c.*

Surely this is written by the author of Doctor Faustus.

P. 219 *a*. *Weeping about it, telling with* remorse.

Remorse is here used purely for *pity*, as in *Measure for Measure*:—

"If so your heart were touched with that *remorse*
As mine is to him."

P. 219 *b*. *First like the flower*
That Juno's milk did spring, *the silver lily.*

Spring is here used for *cause to spring*. We had previously had, p. 214 *a*,

This picture wrought, and sprung *Leandrian sects.*

And a little further on, 221 *b* (last line)—

This ditty that the torchy evening sprung.

The word in this sense is familiar to every man who has had a gun in his hand; and is also preserved in the *springing* of a *mine*.

P. 220 *b*. *The odd* disparent *number they did choose.*

Disparent (*see Note* 208 *a*) must here mean *distinct from others*.

P. 221 *a*. *To intimate that even the daintiest* piece.

The use of this word is remarkable. I suppose the full expression would be *piece of creation*.

P. 221 *b*. *Sharp-visaged* Adolesche *that was strayed.*

Adolesche means a *garrulous one*.

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SIXTH SESTIAD.

P. 223 *a*. *In* warping profit *or a traitorous sleight*
Hoops round his rotten body with devotes,
And pricks *his* descant *face full of false* notes.

To *warp* is sometimes used for to *weave* by our old writers, so I imagine *warping profit* means *weaving schemes of self-interest*. Mr. Dyce makes no attempt to explain the second line. I can only guess that *devotes* means such little images as Louis XI. wore in his cap; or the *vestimenta uvida*, "the damp and dropping weeds" which Horace vowed "to the stern god of sea" if he escaped from the wiles of the damsel who was simplex munditiis. The third line is couched in the technical terms of music.

P. 223 *b*. Whips *and calls*
For everything he lacks.

Whips may mean *knocks with his whip* upon the table or floor; or perhaps *whips out of the room*. I cannot perceive the meaning of "doth repair more tender fawns," and my predecessors give no help in any part of this long description. It is highly humorous and graphic, but surely not in poetic keeping.

P. 225 *a*. *And to another crooked reach doth fall*
Of half a bird-bolt's *shoot.*

Bird-bolt, says Nares, "a short, thick arrow with a broad flat end, used to kill birds without piercing." Marston calls it "a gross knobbed bird-bolt." The flight of such a projectile would of course be short.

P. 225 *a*. *Ill favoured storms must* chide
Thy sacred favour.

Chide is to *quarrel with*; and *favour* is *countenance*, or *beauty*.

P. 225 *a*. *Our painted fools, and* cock-horse *peasantry.*

Cock-horse is *upstart*. Taylor, the water-poet, has

"A knave, that for his wealth doth worship get
Is like the devil that's a-cock-horse set."

P. 225 *b*. *Whom the kind waves so licorously* cleapt.

Cleapt for *clipt*—i.e., *embraced*. Shakspeare has—

"Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about."

P. 226 *a*. *The* bating *flame from that dear food it eat.*

Bating, i.e., *fluttering*, as in the technical language of falconry.

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Ovid's Elegies, &c.

[The following enumeration of the early editions of this portion of Marlowe's Works is extracted from Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's valuable *Handbook to Early English Literature.*

1. Epigrammes and Elegies, by I. D. and C. M. At Middleborugh [circa 1597] 12mo. A. 2 leaves: B—G in fours, or half sheets. *British Museum.*

This is the same which sold at Bindley's sale for £8 18*s.* 6*d.* The last leaf of the portion containing the Epigrams is occupied by verses headed IGNOTO. On E occurs a new title: Certaine of Ovid's Elegies. By C. Marlow. At Middleborugh. The last leaf of D is blank. It can scarcely be necessary to mention that J. D. are the initials of Sir John Davies, author of *Nosce teipsum.*

2. All Ovid's Elegies. 3 Bookes. By C. M. Epigrams by J. D. At Middlebovrgh. n. d. 12mo.

There were several impressions of this book, which it is suspected, continued to be printed with Middleburgh on the title, and without date, as late as 1640. It is an usual error to suppose that all these editions appeared prior to 1600. Only the first is of any peculiar scarcity and value.

3. All Ovid's Elegies. 3 Bookes. By C. M. Epigrams by J. D. At Middlebovrgh. [circa 1630] 8vo.

P. 228 *b.* *Girt my* shine *brow with sea-bank* myrtle sprays.

Nares says that Spenser has once used *shine* for *sheen* "evidently for the convenience of the rhyme," but it is here employed by Marlowe without any such exigency. In the original it is *flaventia tempora.* Mr. Dyce rescued the two last words from the strange "myrtle's praise" of all former editions.

P. 228 *b.* *I saw a* brandished fire *increase in strength,*
Which being not shaked *I saw it die at length.*

Mr. Dyce restored this word *shaked,* which in all editions except the first had been printed *slackt* or *slaked.* But the brandished fire, *jactatas flammas,* proceeded from a torch which requires shaking to keep it alight. Ovid's line is—

"Et vidi nullo concutiente mori."

P. 229 *a.* *And give* wounds *infinite at every turn.*

The first edition reads *wordes;* but Ovid wrote—

"Tum quoque præteriens *vulnera* multa dabis."

P. 229 *b.* (*Soon may you plough the little land I have;*
I gladly grant my parents given to save).

This parenthesis is hardly to be understood without a reference to the original—

"Nec meus innumeris renovatur campus aratris;
Temperat et sumptus parcus uterque parens."

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P. 230 *a.* *Take and* return *each secret amorous glance.*

The old editions read *receive*, but Mr. Dyce, consulting Ovid, made this judicious change—

"Excipe furtivas et *refer* ipsa, notas."

P. 230 *a.* *Even in his face his offered* gobbets *cast.*

Jeremy Taylor makes use of this old word in speaking of "Cisalpine suckets or *gobbets* of condited bull's flesh." The old editions have *goblets!* Mr. Dyce restored the true reading. Dryden renders it "reject his greasy kindness, &c."

P. 230 *b.* *At night thy husband* clips *thee: I will weep*
And to the doors sight of thyself will keep.

Clips means *embraces*, but Marlowe has altogether misunderstood Ovid's meaning. His words are *Nocte vir includet*, "thy husband *will lock thee up* at night." Dryden renders this much more intelligibly—

"Tucked underneath his arm he leads you home,
He locks you in: I follow to the door,
His fortune envy, and my own deplore."

P. 230 *b.* *If thou givest kisses I shall all disclose,*
Say they are mine and hands on thee impose.

Marlowe is here very tame compared to Dryden—

"Do not, O do not that sweet mouth resign,
Lest I rise up in arms, and cry 'tis mine;
I shall thrust in betwixt, and void of fear
The manifest adulterer will appear;"

which is exactly the Fiam manifestus amator.

P. 230 *b.* *To me to-morrow constantly deny it.*

The meaning of this will appear clearer by the original and Dryden's version—

"*Cras mihi constanti voce dedisse nega.*"
"Coax me to-morrow by forswearing all."

P. 231 *a.* *Not one* wen *in her body could I spy.*

Marlowe has gone out of his way to put *wen* for the simple *blemish* of Ovid—

"In toto nusquam corpore *menda* fuit."

P. 231 *a.* *I* clinged *her* naked *body, down she fell.*

To *cling* was sometimes used for to *clasp*, to *embrace*. All editions except the first read "faire white" instead of "naked;" but *nudam* is Ovid's word.

P. 231 *b.* *Before I be divided from my* gear.

"Ante vel a *membris* dividar ipse meis."

P. 232 *a.* *Careless farewell*, with my fault not distained.

Ovid wrote *nec admisso turpis amante*, and evidently intended the negative to apply to *admisso* and not to *turpis*.

P. 232 *a.* *So, chaste Minerva, did Cassandra fall*
Deflowered except *within thy temple wall.*

I think that here also Marlowe has misunderstood Ovid, who by *nisi vittatis*

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capillis only meant—"except that her head was not bound by the *vitta*," or fillet, which Cassandra would wear as a priestess; but which could hardly have adorned the *Amica*, as Dr. Smith states—"It was not worn by *libertinæ* even of fair character, much less by *meretrices;* hence it was looked upon as an *insigne pudoris*." In the top line of the next column *in mea dispendia* is rendered *to mine own self*.

P. 232 *b*. *Like poplar leaves blown with a stormy* flaw.

A *flaw* was a sudden and violent gust of wind. So Hamlet—

"O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's *flaw*."

P. 233 *a*. *Put in their place the* kembéd *hairs again*.

"Pone *recompositas* in statione comas."

P. 233 *a*. *Give ear—there is an* old trot, *Dipsas hight*.

"Audiat—est *quædam*, nomine Dipsas, *anus*."

P. 233 *a*. *Her name comes from the thing, she being* wise, *&c*.

Dipsas means *thirsty*. Mr. Dyce remarks that *wise* is a strange translation of *sobria*. I suspect it was one of the thousand and one euphemisms for *inebriated*.

P. 233 *a*. *Great grandsires from their ancient graves she* chides.

To *chide* was sometimes used without any reference to scolding. Shakspeare has—"Never did I hear such *gallant chiding*." Ovid's word is simply *evocat*.

P. 233 *b*. *Of horn the bow was that* approved *their* side.

Without the Latin it would never be guessed that *side* meant *manly vigour*.

"Qui *latus argueret*, corneus arcus erat."

P. 233 *b*. *Time flying* slides *hence* closely *and deceives us*.

"*Labitur occulte* fallitque volatilis ætas."

P. 234 *a*. *Receive him soon* lest patient use he gain.

"Mox recipe: *ut nullum patiendi colligat usum*."

P. 234 *a*. *Oft thou wilt say "live well."*

As Mr. Dyce remarks, this was the rendering of *sæpe mihi dices* vivas *bene*, the accepted reading of Marlowe's time. It now stands *vivæ*.

P. 234 *b*. *The keeper's* hands *and* corps-du-gard *to pass*.

Hands should, I have no doubt, be *bands*, the Latin word meaning both. *Corps-du-gard* is a happy rendering of *vigilumque catervas*. Marlowe never misses an opportunity of bringing in military terms.

P. 235 *a*. *Whom Trojan ships fetched from* Europa *far*.

Had Marlowe possessed a better edition of Ovid he would have written *Eurotas*, the river of Laconia.

P. 235 *b*. Knights of the post *of perjuries make sale,*
The unjust judge for bribes becomes a stale.

Knights of the post (conducti testes) were hireling witnesses dubbed *Knights* at the whipping-*post*. The term was probably newly invented in Marlowe's time, as

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Nash, in 1592, appears to think it requires an explanation. "A Knight of the Post, quoth he, for so I am tearmed; a fellowe that will sweare you anything for twelve pence." Pope employs it in the well-known line—

"Knight of the post, corrupt, or of the shire."

A *stale* was a *bait* or decoy. Ovid's words are simply—

Non bene selecti judicis arca patet.

P. 236 *a.* *Napè*, free-born, *whose cunning hath no* border.

Free-born is the rendering of *neque ancillas inter habenda.* The word *border* must here be used for limit.

P. 236 *a.* *What need she* tire *her hand to hold the quill.*

The word *tire* was printed *try* till altered by Mr. Dyce—

"Quid digitos opus est graphis *lassare* tenendo."

P. 237 *b.* *Oft in the morn, her hairs not yet* digested.

Marlowe follows the Latin a little too closely—

Sæpe etiam, nondum digestis *mane capillis.*

P. 237 *b.* *In crooked* trammels *crispy curls to make.*

Mr. Dyce adheres to the old reading of *trannels*, although he admits that the explanations given in the dictionaries to which he refers you "do not suit the present passage." A *trannel* seems to have been a pin or a bodkin; but the word *trammel* in another form was certainly used as *ringlets* or *locks*—

"Or like Aurora when with pearl she sets
Her long discheveld rose-crowned *trammelets.*"
Witt's Recreations.

P. 238 *a.* *Praising for me some unknown* Guelder dame.

In the original it is—

"Nescio quam pro me laudat nunc iste *Sygambram.*"

One would think that this and the preceding lines had been written in 1869.

P. 238 *a.* *War's* dusty *honours are refused being young.*

Two of the old editions read *rustie* honours, but the original settles the question, even without Ben Jonson's corresponding line to confirm it—

"Præmia militiæ *pulverulenta* sepie."

P. 238 *b.* *Then though death* rakes *my bones in funeral fire.*

The oldest edition reads *rocks* for *rakes*, and Mr. Dyce adheres to it. I have seen thousands of human bodies burned, and can understand the latter word, but not the former. The Latin word, *adederit*, gives no help.

P. 238 *b.* *The same by B. I.*

Ben Jonson introduces this version "neck and crop" in his *Poetaster*, putting it into the mouth of no less a person than Ovid himself. The *Poetaster* was produced in 1601, and the verses in this shape were published about 1597. Gifford *assumes* that the preceding version is also by Ben Jonson, and on the strength of this assumption accuses Chapman of stealing from him in order to exalt the fame of Marlowe! And still working on the assumption, he adds, "it certainly affords a curious instance of

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the laxity of literary morality in those days, when a scholar could assert his [*meaning another's*] title to a poem of forty-two lines, of which thirty at least are literally borrowed, and the remainder only varied for the worse."—*Gifford's Ben Jonson*, ii. 397. If the "free souls" of Marlowe, Chapman, and Ben Jonson (*see* p. 208 *b*), were cognisant of the publication of this piece of posthumous championship, how they must have enjoyed it! The fact is, that either translation of this Elegia XV. is below, rather than above, the average level of Marlowe's versions.

P. 239 *b*. *The* frost-drad *myrtle shall impale my head.*

"Sustineamque coma *metuentem frigora* myrtum."

P. 240 *a*. *Snakes leap by verse from caves of broken mountains.*

Mr. Dyce may well observe, "this is a marvellous translation of"

"Carmine dissiliunt, abruptis faucibus, angues,"

of which the accepted translation appears to be that "by the power of verse (incantation) serpents burst, their jaws being rent asunder."

P. 240 *b*. *There where the porch doth Danaus'* fact *display.*

Fact (if the right reading) stands here for *guilt:* as in the *Winter's Tale*—

"As you were past all shame
(Those of your *fact* are so), so past all truth."—*See post*, 261 *b*.

Oddly enough, in discussing this passage of Shakspeare, Nares says, "*Pack* is certainly wrong," and I am inclined to think that this very word is what Marlowe used. The portico under the temple of Apollo, on the Palatine Hill, was adorned with the statues of Danaus and his forty-nine guilty daughters, to whom the word *pack*, as a translation of *agmen*, might very well be applied. Ovid's words are—

"Illa, quæ Danai porticus *agmen* habet."

P. 241 *a*. *Counterfeit tears, and thee* lewd hangman *call.*

"Et simulet lachrymas, *carnificemque* vocet.

P. 241 *b*. *I mean not to defend the* scapes *of any.*

"Non ego *mendosos* ausim defendere *mores.*"

P. 241 *b*. *If any eye* me *with a modest look.*

Mr. Dyce says, "Our author's copy of Ovid read *in me disjecta*," instead of *se*.

P. 242 *a*. *Methinks she would be* nimble.

The earliest edition reads *quick*. The Latin word is *mobilis*.

P. 242 *b*. *Poor* wench, *I saw when thou didst think I slumbered.*

Mr. Dyce thought that the word *miser* in Ovid's line justified him in changing *wench* to *wretch*, altogether ignoring the word *poor*—

"*Ipse* miser *vidi cum me dormire putares.*"

P. 242 *b*. Or such as lest long years should turn the *dye*,
Arachne stains Assyrian ivory.

Dye is here used for *natural colour*. There is no mention of Arachne in the original, but simply *Mæonis femina*. Mr. Dyce says, "Marlowe, I presume, was induced to give this extraordinary version of the line by recollecting that in the Sixth Book

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of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* Arachne is termed *Mæonis*, while her father is mentioned as a dyer." Mæonia was an ancient name of Lydia.

P. 243 *a*. *I know no master of so great hire sped.*—(Also p. 244 *a*.)

Marlowe's line is not easy to understand without the Latin—

"Nescio quis pretium grande magister habet."

P. 243 *a*. *Go*, godly *birds*, *striking your breasts bewail.*

The old editions have *goodly*, which was very properly altered by Mr. Dyce—

"Ite, *piæ* volucres, et plangite pectora pennis."

P. 243 *a*. *Why*, *Philomel*, *dost Tereus'* lewdness *mourn?*

The word *lewd* had a very wide meaning. Here it stands for *scelus*. *See Note*, 241 *a*, where it is employed as an appropriate epithet for a hangman! Shakspeare has a noun of his own—*lewdster*.

P. 243 *b*. *The* puttock *hovers*
Around the air, *the* cadess *rain discovers.*

The *puttock* is the kite or buzzard, *milvus*. The *cadess* is the jackdaw, *graculus*.

P. 243 *b*. *There lives the phœnix one* alone *bird ever.*

The use of the word *alone* in this way is very effective. Johnson gives an instance of it from Bentley—"God, by whose alone power and conservation we all live and move, and have our being." The adverb *alonely* is very often found in our old writers.

P. 244 *a*. *A grave her bones hides: on her corps'* small *grave.*

Marlowe's Ovid had *magnus* instead of *parvus* in this line. I have thought it best to alter the word in the text.

"Ossa tegit tumulus: tumulus pro corpore *parvus*."

P. 244 *b*. *But* being present, *might that work the best.*

It is impossible to recognise the original in this curiously mistaken translation—

"At quanto, si forte refers, præsentior ipse."

["But how much, if by chance you remember, more ready-witted was I."]

P. 245 *a*. *His sword laid by*, *safe*, *tho' rude places yields.*

Marlowe, not having any Dr. Smith's dictionary to refer to, naturally enough thought the line

"Tutaque deposito poscitur ense rudis"

referred to the soldier of three lines above, whereas it was a *gladiator*, not a *miles*, who obtained repose through the substitution of the *rudis* (or wooden sword) for the *ensis*.

P. 245 *b*. *Let merchants seek wealth*, and *with perjured lips*,
Being wrecked, *carouse the sea tired by their ships.*

This has always hitherto been printed—

"Let merchants seek wealth with perjùrèd lips,
And being wrecked carouse the sea tired by their ships."

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On this Mr. Dyce remarks, "A very clumsy translation of

"Quærat avarus opes; et quæ lassarit arando
Æquora, perjuro naufragus ore bibat.

"J. M[itford], in the *Gent. Mag.*, in January, 1841, pronounced this distich of Marlowe to be wanting both in metre and sense; but as to the metre the second line was perhaps intended for an Alexandrine; and as to the sense it becomes plain enough when we turn to the original." I venture to think that, by simply transferring a little word from the second line to the first, I have restored both sense and metre.

P. 246 *a*. *Lo* country gods *and known bed to forsake.*

It is worth while to annex Ovid's line—

"Ecce fugit notumque torum, sociosque Penates."

Seven lines lower down the "sucking shore" is *bibuli litoris.*

P. 246 *a*. "*Let others tell this, and what each one speaks*
Believe: no tempest the believer wreaks.

Mr. Dyce on this has a note, "*wreaks, i.e. wrecks* (for the rhyme)." But surely this is quite erroneous. *Wreaks* was frequently used for *recks*—

"My master is of churlish disposition,
And little *wreakes* to finde the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitalitie."
As You Like It. First Folio, p. 192 *a*.

And Mr. Dyce, in his edition of Shakspeare, alters this word to *recks.*

P. 247 *a*. *She, secretly* from *me, such harm attempted.*

Former editions have "secretly *with* me," but the original *clam me* rendered the misprint obvious.

P. 247 *a*. *And where swift Nile in his large channel* skipping,
By seven huge mouths into the sea is slipping.

In the old editions *both* lines have *slipping.* It was quite plain that in *one* "skipping" should be substituted. Mr. Dyce thought in the second. I think in the first. The *celer Nilus*, when confined to one channel, *bounds* along; but when frittered away in the Delta, *glides* quietly into the Mediterranean.

P. 247 *a*. *Where the* French *rout engirt themselves with bays.*

The original of this mysterious line is—

"Qua cingit lauros *Gallica* turma tuas."

The priests of Cybele were called *Galli.* Marlowe's mistake was natural enough.

P. 247 *b*. *Life is no light price of a small surcease.*

"Est pretium parvæ non leve vita *moræ.*"

P. 248 *a*. *And whoe'er see her*, worthily lament.

Mr. Dyce exclaims, "Vilely rendered;" and certainly one would hardly guess, without the original, that *worthily lament* stands for *call out, she deserved it*, or its vulgar form of *served her right.*

"Et clamant 'Merito' qui modo cunque vident."

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P. 249 *a.* *And falling valleys be the smooth ways* crown.

Mr. Dyce pronounces this to be "very far from plain," but Marlowe was using *crown* in the sense it bears in the Scotch phrase, "the crown of the causeway."

P. 249 *a.* *Venus with Vulcan, though,* smith's tools *laid by,*
With his stump foot *he halts ill-favouredly.*

"Vulcano Venerem : quamvis *incude* relicta
Turpiter *obliquo* claudicet ille *pede.*"

P. 250 *a.* Fat love, *and too much fulsome, me annoys.*

Ovid's phrase is *pinguis amor,* which Dryden happily renders *Gross easy love.*

P. 250 *b.* *Who covets lawful things, takes leaves from woods,*
And drinks stolen waters in surrounding floods.

Dryden's translation of these two lines is characteristic of his own times if not of Ovid's.

"Let him who loves an easy Whetstone whore,
Pluck leaves from trees, and drink the common shore."

Why are these translations omitted by Mr. Robert Bell in his otherwise valuable edition of Dryden?

P. 251 *a.* *Then with huge steps came violent Tragedy,*
Stern was her front, her cloak *on ground did lie.*

The old editions have *her looks,* very properly altered by Mr. Dyce to *her cloak*—

"Venit et ingenti violenta Tragœdia passu :
Fronte comæ torva, *palla* jacebat humi."

P. 251 *b.* *The maid to hide me in her bosom* let not.

Let not is *did not forbid.*

"Ancillæ missam delituisse sinu."

P. 252 *a. b.* *Envious garment, so good legs to hide!*
The more thou look'st, the more the gown's envied.

Mr. Dyce says this is wrongly translated, but I hardly see where. Perhaps he means that *thou art* should be substituted for *the gown's* in the second line.

"Invida vestis eras, quæ tam bona crura tegebas :
Quoque magis spectes, invida vestis eras."

P. 252 *b.* *While thus I speak, black dost her white robes* ray.

To *ray* would seem originally to have meant to *streak,* from which came the meaning of to *defile.* But I am not aware of an instance in which the original idea does not peep through. "With botes on his legs all durtie and *rayed:*" here it is distinct from *dirty,* and means *splashed.* And the Latin word which Marlowe here translates is *sparsa.*

P. 252 *b.* *Now comes the pomp :* themselves let all men cheer.

Alas for the tuition at Canterbury and Cambridge!

"Sed jam pompa venit : *linguis animisque favete.*"

P. 253 *a.* *She smiled and with quick eyes* behight *some grace.*

"Risit, et argutis quiddam *promisit* ocellis."

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P. 253 *a*. *Comely tall was she, comely tall she's yet.*

"Longa decensque fuit : longa decensque manet."

P. 253 *b*. *Her own request to her own torment turned.*

Mr. Dyce says this is "a wrong version of"—

"Officio est illi pœna reperta suo,"

but this very slight departure from the original is evidently intentional.

P. 254 *a*. *I know not what men think should thee so move.*

Here Ovid means "men think it must be something quite out of the usual that has so taken thee"—

"Nescio quid, quod te ceperit, esse putant."

Nescio quid was used much as *je ne sais quoi* now is.

P. 254 *a*. *She is not chaste that's kept but a dear whore;*
Thy fear is than her body valued more.

Ovid's meaning is, "Let it be that she is not chaste, whom her husband guards, but an adulteress; she is beloved: this fear causes her value rather than her beauty."

"Non proba sit, quam vir servat, sed adultera. Cara est
Ipse timor pretium corpore majus habet."

P. 255 *a*. *In mid Bithynia 'tis said Inachus*
Grew pale, and, in cold fords, hot lecherous.

Marlowe's copy of Ovid must have been very faulty here. The accepted reading has a totally different meaning—

"Inachus in Melie Bithynide pallidus isse
Dicitur, et gelidis incaluisse vadis."

P. 255 *a*. *Strayed barefoot through* sole places *on a time.*

"Errabat nudo per *loca sola* pede."

P. 255 *b*. *Shame that should make me blush I have no more.*

Ovid meant simply "Let this disgrace be ended which marks my features."

"Desit famosus, qui notet ora, pudor."

P. 256 *a*. *To this I* fondly *loves of floods told plainly.*

These line for line translations are frequently curiously illustrative of the sense in which our ancestors used particular words.

"Huic ego væ! *demens* narrabam fluminum amores."

P. 256 *b*. *With virgin wax hath some* imbast *my joints?*

"Sagave Puniceâ *defixit* nomina cerâ."

P. 256 *b*. *The benefit which* lewdly *I* foreslowed.

The use of the word *lewdly* in this place is particularly noteworthy.

"Credo etiam magnos, quo sum tam *turpiter usus*."

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P. 256 *b*. *So in a spring thrives* he that told so much.

The allusion is to Tantalus. It is quite necessary to give the original—

"Sic aret mediis *taciti vulgator* in undis."

P. 257 *a*. *Either thou art witched with blood of* frogs *new dead.*

Mr. Dyce says that Marlowe's Ovid had *ranis* for *lanis*.

"Aut te trajectis Æsea venefica *lanis*
Devovet."

P. 257 *b*. *At thy* deaf *doors sing verse* in my abuses.

"Ad *rigidas* canto carmen *inane* fores."

P. 258 *a*. *They manage peace and raw war's bloody jaws.*

The striking expression, "war's bloody jaws," is entirely Marlowe's own.

"—— hi pacem crudaque bella gerant."

P. 258 *a*. *For me she doth keeper and husband fear.*

This is hopelessly unlike Ovid's line—

"Me prohibet custos: in me timet illa maritum."

P. 259 *a*. *The godly sweet Tibullus doth increase.*

Mr. Dyce says "No one could possibly find out the meaning of this line without the assistance of the original."

"Auxisti numeros, culte Tibulle, pios."

P. 259 *a*. *A little boy drunk* teat-distilling *showers.*

The editor of 1826 thought this ought to be *tea-distilling* showers.

P. 259 *b*. *Ida the seat of groves*, did sing *with corn.*

The Canterbury schoolmasters must have been lax about "quantities," or Marlowe could not have made the amusing blunder of translating *cănebat* "did sing," instead of "grew white."

P. 259 *b*. *Victorious wreaths at length my temples greet.*

Ovid's meaning is very different from this.

"Venerunt capiti cornua sera meo."

i.e., he had found himself "possessed of means of offence," like the young bull of Horace *cui frons turgida cornibus*. Mr. Riley mentions a French translator of Ovid who has rendered this most ludicrously. "Trop tard! hélas! j'ai connu l'outrage fait à mon front!"

P. 260 *b*. *What day was hat which all sad haps to bring*
White birds to lovers did not *always sing.*

This rendering is neither happy nor correct. The negative in the second line belongs to *white*, not to always.

"Quis fuit ille dies, quo tristia semper amanti
Omina non albæ concinuistis aves."

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P. 260 *b*. *And men enthralled by* mermaids' *singing charms.*

The *ambigua virgo* of Ovid is supposed to be the Sphinx.

"*Ambiguæ* captos *virginis* ore viros."

P. 260 *b*. *Heaven-star, Electra, that bewailed her sisters.*

Mr. Dyce says, "Whatever text our translator may have followed here, he has mistaken *electra* for a proper name, and made nonsense of the whole line."

"Flere genis electra tuas, Auriga, sorores."

i.e., "that thy sisters, O Charioteer (Phaeton) weep amber from their eyelids."

P. 261 *b*. *Which* fact *and* country *wealth Halesus fled.*

Fact here stands for *crime*, *see ante*, 240 *b*. *Country* should be *father's*.

"Et *scelus* et *patrias* fugit Halesus opes."

Epigrams by J. D.

P. 263 *b*. Ep. iii. *Or* through a grate *doth show his double face.*

Malone understands from this line that Davies means what, in his days, was called a *private box*. From a print prefixed to Kirkman's *Drolls* 1673 he was induced to think that the boxes, for which a lower price was paid, were placed at each side of the stage balcony.

P. 264 *a*. Ep. vi. *Yet my* Lord Chancellor's tomb *he hath not seen,*
Nor the new waterwork, *nor the* elephant.

The Lord Chancellor whose tomb this "valorous young gallant" had not seen was Sir Christopher Hatton. It was erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, and Bishop Corbet says was "higher than the host and altar." The new water work was at London Bridge. The *Elephant* was an object of great wonder and long remembered. A curious illustration of this is found in *The Metamorphosis* of the *Walnut-tree of Borestall*, written about 1645, where the poet brings trees of all descriptions to the funeral, particularly a gigantic oak—

"The youth of these our tymes that did behold
This motion strange of this unweildy plant,
Now boldly brag with us that are more old,
That of our age they no advantage want,
Though *in our youths we saw an elephant.*"

The really charming poem from which these lines are quoted will be found in *The Pastorals and other Workes of William Basse*, which were *intended* to have been *Imprinted at Oxford* in 1653, but which have remained unknown till 1869, when Mr. F. W. Cosens, of Clapham Park, entrusted the MS. to Mr. Collier, who has printed it in a beautiful little 4to of 130 pages—the latest (but we are glad to think not by any means the last) service rendered to old English literature by this unwearied and unweariable labourer.

P. 265 *b*. Ep. xx. *The going to Saint Quintin's and New-haven.*

New-haven was our ancestors' name for Havre de Grace.

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P. 266 *b*. Ep. xxiv. *Of curtains, parapets and palisadoes.*

This line has hitherto stood—

"Of parapets, curtains and palisadoes."

It would almost seem that Davies was quizzing Marlowe himself in this epigram.

P. 267 *a*. Ep. xxix. *Heywood that did in Epigrams excel.*

I take the following copy of a title-page from Mr. Hazlitt's Hand-book. "John Heywoode's Woorkes. A dialogue conteynyng the number of the effectuall proverbes in the Englishe tounge, compact in a matter concernynge two maner of maryages. With one hundred of Epigrammes; and three hundred of Epigrammes upon three hundred proverbs: and a fifth hundred of Epigrams. Wheronto are now newly added a syxt hundred of Epigrams by the sayde John Heywood. Londini, 1562."

P. 267 *b*. Ep. xxx. *He first taught him that keeps the monuments*
At Westminster his formal tale to tell.

The keeper might have had a better teacher than Dacus, as Sir Walter Raleigh mentions in one of his recently published letters to Cecil that he had taken the French Ambassador to see the "Monuments at Westminster"—the other sight being the Bear Garden! No horse has ever been so celebrated by poets as Banks' *Curtal*. One scene of his performances was the roof of St. Paul's Cathedral! What would Dean Milman have said if Mr. Rarey had made an application to him for the same purpose, and quoted precedent? And as for "apes," Gifford says that "the apes of these days are mere clowns to their progenitors. One is recorded who would knit his brows if the Pope's name was mentioned." For *Dacus* see note post 270 *b*.

P. 267 *b*. Ep. xxxiii. *To make* himself *his wench but one half hour.*

The word *himself* has always hitherto been printed *myself*. The change seems almost necessary for the sense.

P. 268 *a*. Ep. xxxvi. *Yet that vile medicine it doth far excel*
Which by Sir Thomas More hath been propounded.

Sir Thomas More's unsavoury *Epigramma* is entitled "Medicinæ ad tollendos fœtores anhelitus, provenientes a cibis quibusdam." It is given at length by Mr. Dyce, and certainly deserves the epithet *vile*.

P. 269 *b*. Ep. xlii. *Lycus which lately is to Venice gone*
Shall if he do return gain three for one.

Mr. Dyce says, "In our author's days it was a common practice for persons, before setting out on their travels, to deposit a sum of money, on condition of receiving large interest for it at their return; if they never returned the deposit was forfeited."

P. 269 *b*. Ep. xliii. *To Paris Garden doth himself withdraw*
* * * * * * *
To see old Harry Hunkes and Sacarson.

The theatre at Paris Garden stood almost exactly at what is now the Surrey starting place of Blackfriars Bridge. In 1632 Donald Lupton in his *London and the Country Carbonadoed* says of it, "Here come few that either regard their credit or loss of time; the swaggering Roarer; the amusing Cheater; the rotten Bawd; the swearing Drunkard; and the bloody Butcher have their rendezvous here, and are of the chiefe place and respect." Harry Hunkes and Sacarson were two celebrated

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Bears. Malone conjectures that they were called after their masters. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor* Slender boasts "I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times and have taken him by the chain."

P. 270 *a*. Ep. xiv. *Dacus with some good colour and pretence*
Terms his love's beauty "silent eloquence."

Samuel Daniel in his *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592, talks of the "silent rhetorique" and "dumb eloquence" of a lady's "perswading eyes," and very pretty and poetical phrases they are; but important in this place only as determining the name of the writer to whom Epigram xxx. is addressed.

P. 270 *b*. *And so is Lepidus his printed dog.*

Mr. Dyce quotes an epigram by Sir John Harington which identifies him with Lepidus, whose "printed dog," Bungey by name, figures on the title-page of that writer's *Orlando Furioso*. 1591.

First Book of Lucan.

Lucans First Booke. Translated line for line by Chr. Marlow. At London, printed by P. Short, and are to be sold by Walter Burre at the Signe of the Flower de Luce in Paules Churchyard, 1600. 4to. [At Heber's sale it fetched £7 7*s*.]

P. 278 *b*. *Not yet the adverse* reaking *southern pole.*

"Nec polus adversi *calidus* qua mergitur Austri."

P. 278 *b*. *Of these* garboils *whence springs a long discourse.*

Garboil from French *garbouille*, tumult or commotion. Shakspeare uses it more than once.

P. 279 *a*. *A town with* one poor church *set them at odds.*

"Tunc erat: *exiguum* dominos commisit *asylum*.

Marlowe's version makes one think of those *one horse towns* spoken of in American newspapers.

P. 280 *a*. *At night in dreadful vision* fearful Rome.

Fearful is full of fear—*trepidantis patriæ.*

P. 280 *b*. *The* thunder-hoofed *horse in a* crooked *line.*

The epithet applied to the war horse is happier than the rest of the translation. Lucan meant that the cavalry crossed up the stream not to *scape* but to *break* the force of the current for the infantry to cross more easily. In Central Asia where everybody rides, and bridges are unknown, the taking of horses across rivers is a profession by itself, and during our occupation of Afghanistan these "Sporters with Water" as they are called, drove a roaring trade.

P. 281 *b*. *Envy denies all; with thy blood must thou*
Aby thy conquest past:

It is not easy to recognise the original in this version—

"Livor edax tibi cuncta negat: gentesque subactas
Vix impune feres."

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P. 282 *a*. Babbling *Marcellus, Cato* whom fools reverence.

"Marcellusque *loquax*, et *nomina vana* Catones."

P. 282 *b*. *And* jaded King of Pontus *poisoned slain*.

In the 1600 edition the equivalent of *lassi Pontica regis* is printed JADED King of Pontus, which makes a good scriptural name for a monarch.

P. 283 *b*. *And Vangions, who, like those of Sarmata,*
Wear open slops.

It is worth while to append the original Latin—

"Et qui te *laxis* imitantur Sarmata *braccis*
Vangiones."

P. 285 *a*. *The earth went off her hinges; and the Alps*
Shook the old snow from off their trembling laps.

This is one of Marlowe's mighty lines. Mr. Dyce, in my opinion very tastelessly, changes *laps* to *tops* to bring it nearer the Latin.

"Veteremque *jugis* nutantibus Alpes
Discussere nivem."

The whole passage is very grandly rendered—so grandly indeed that Shakspeare, who evidently had it in his mind, has not excelled it in the speech of Calphurnia, or its echo in *Hamlet*.

P. 285 *b*. *Defiled the day: and wild beasts were seen.*

There is something wanting here, and a reference to the original, where *sub nocte* is found without any equivalent in Marlowe, shows that the line must in all probability have been written—

"Defiled the day: at night wild beasts were seen, &c."

P. 285 *b*. *And Marius' head above cold* Tav'ron *peering*.

Teverone is the modern name of the Anio.

P. 286 *a*. *And which (ah me!) ever pretendeth ill.*

Here, as before, Marlowe uses *pretendeth* for *portendeth*.

P. 286 *b*. *And first his* cleyes; *why art thou thus enraged?*

Cleyes for *claws* is used by Ben Jonson in the form of *cleis*. Gifford says the word "is common enough in our old poets: it is a genuine term, and though now confounded with claws, was probably restricted at first to some specific class of animals." Gawain Douglas has it in an intermediate form—

"And in thare crukit *clewis* grippis the pray."

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The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus.

FROM THE QUARTO OF 1604.

These notes have already extended to so great a length that I do not feel justified in making them longer still, by adding to what has been given in elucidation of the other impression of this play. It is as well however to mention that in the stage direction, in the awful and pathetic closing scene (306 *b*), I have added the words in brackets—*Thunder, lightning* [*and rain*] to indicate the connexion between thunder and lightning, and the desire to

"Be changèd into little water-drops,
And fall into the Ocean."

Additional Note to Tamburlaine the Great.

Since the notes to this Play were printed off I have been favoured by Mr. John Payne Collier with the copy of the title-page of an edition which has never yet been noticed by any writer on Marlowe's Works. I have therefore given it in the exact shape in which it was transmitted to me.

Tamburlaine
the Great
Who, from the state of a Shepheard
in Scythia, by his rare and
wonderfull conquests, be
came a most puissant
and mightie
Monarque.
As it was acted by the right Honorable
the Lord Admyrall his Servauntes

[a pink]

Printed at London by Richard Johnes:
at the Rose and Crowne, next above
St Andrewes Church in Hol
borne. 1597.

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APPENDIX.

A.

The Atheist's Tragedie.

This ballad is printed from a manuscript copy in the possession of Mr. J. P. Collier. The "Friend once gay and greene" is, of course, Robert Greene; *Wormall* is the anagram of *Marlow*.

ALL you that have got eares to heare,
Now listen unto mee;
Whilst I do tell a tale of feare:
A true one it shall bee:

A truer storie nere was told,
As some alive can showe;
'Tis of a man in crime grown olde,
Though age he did not know.

This man did his owne God denie
And Christ his onlie son,
And did all punishment defie,
So he his course might run.

Both day and night would he blaspheme,
And day and night would sweare,
As if his life was but a dreame
Not ending in dispaire.

A poet was he of repute,
And wrote full many a playe,
Now strutting in a silken sute,
Then begging by the way.

He had alsoe a player beene
Upon the Curtaine-stage,
But brake his leg in one lewd scene,
When in his early age.

He was a fellow to all those
That did God's laws reject,
Consorting with the Christians' foes
And men of ill aspect.

Ruffians and cutpurses hee
Had ever at his backe,
And led a life most foule and free,
To his eternall wracke.

He now is gone to his account,
And gone before his time,
Did not his wicked deedes surmount
All precedent of crime.

But he no warning ever tooke
From others' wofull fate,
And never gave his life a looke
Untill it was to late.

He had a friend, once *gay* and *greene*,
Who died not long before,
The wofull'st wretch was ever seene,
The worst ere woman bore.

Unlesse this WORMALL did exceede
Even him in wickednesse,
Who died in the extreemest neede
And terror's bitternesse.

Yet Wormall ever kept his course,
Since nought could him dismay;
He knew not what thing was remorse
Unto his dying day.

Then had he no time to repent
The crimes he did commit,
And no man ever did lament
For him, to dye unfitt.

Ah, how is knowledge wasted quite
On such want wisedome true,
And that which should be guiding light
But leades to errors newe!

Well might learned Cambridge oft regret
He ever there was bred:
The tree she in his minde had set
Brought poison forth instead.

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His lust was lawlesse as his life,
  And brought about his death;
For, in a deadlie mortall strife,
  Striving to stop the breath

Of one who was his rivall foe,
  With his owne dagger slaine,
He groaned, and word spoke neve moe,
  Pierc'd through the eye and braine.

Thus did he come to suddaine ende
  That was a foe to all,
And least unto himselfe a friend,
  And raging passion's thrall.

Had he been brought up to the trade
  His father follow'd still,
This exit he had never made,
  Nor playde a part soe ill.

Take warning ye that playes doe make,
  And ye that doe them act;
Desist in time for Wormall's sake,
  And thinke upon his fact.

Blaspheming Tambolin must die,
  And Faustus meete his ende;
Repent, repent, or presentlie
  To hell ye must discend.

What is there, in this world, of worth
  That we should prize it soe?
Life is but trouble from our birth,
  The wise do say and know.

Our lives, then, let us mend with speed,
  Or we shall suerly rue
The end of everie hainous deeds,
  In life that shall insue.

Finis. Ign.

B.

A Note,

Contayninge the Opinion of one Christofer Marlye, concernynge his damnable Opinions and Judgment of Relygion and Scorne of God's Worde.

FROM MS. HARL. 6853, FOL. 320.

This paper was first printed by Ritson in his *Observations on Warton's Hist. of E. P.*, p. 40.

In a volume, now in the Bodleian Library, Malone has written as follows:—

"This Richard Bame or Banes was hanged at Tyburn on the 6th of Dec. 1594. See the Stationers' Register, Book B, p. 316.

"It is obvious to remark upon this testimony, that it is *not upon oath;* that it contains some declarations which it is utterly incredible that Marlowe should have made (as that concerning his intention to coin, which he must have known to be penal); that Bane does not appear to have been confronted with the person accused, or cross-examined by him or any other person; and that the whole rests upon his single assertion. This paper, however, may derive some support from the verses quoted at the other side [of the page in Malone's book] from *The Returne from Parnassus*, which was written about 10 years after Marlowe's death."

THAT the Indians and many Authors of Antiquitei have assuredly written of aboue 16 thowsande years agone, wher Adam is proved to have leyved within 6 thowsande yeers.

He affirmeth That Moyses was but a Juggler, and that one Heriots can do more than hee.

That Moyses made the Jewes to travell fortie yeers in the wildernes (which iorny might have ben don in lesse then one yeer) er they came to the promised

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lande, to the intente that those whoe wer privei to most of his subtileteis might perish, and so an everlastinge supersticion remayne in the hartes of the people,

That the firste beginnynge of Religion was only to keep men in awe.

That it was an easye matter for Moyses, beinge brought vp in all the artes of the Egiptians, to abvse the Jewes, beinge a rvde and gross people.

* * * * * * * * * * *†

That he [Christ] was the sonne of a carpenter, and that yf the Jewes amonge whome he was borne did crvcifye him, thei best knew him and whence he came.

That Christ deserved better to dye then Barabas, and that the Jewes made a good choyce, though Barrabas were both a thiefe and a murtherer.

That yf ther be any God or good Religion, then it is in the Papistes, becavse the service of God is performed with more ceremonyes, as elevacion of the masse, organs, singinge men, *shaven crownes*, &c. That all protestantes ar hipocriticall Asses.

That, yf he wer put to write a new religion, he wolde vndertake both a more excellent and more admirable methode, and that all the new testament is filthely written.

* * * * * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * * * * *
* *

That all the Appostels wer fishermen and base fellowes, nether of witt nor worth, that Pawle only had witt, that he was a timerous fellow in biddinge men to be subiect to magistrates against his conscience.

That he had as good right to coyne as the Queen of Englande, and that he was acquainted with one Poole, a prisoner in newgate, whoe hath great skill in mixture of mettalls, and, havinge learnid some thinges of him, he ment, thorough help of a cvnnynge stampemaker, to coyne french crownes, pistolettes, and englishe shillinges.

That, yf Christ had instituted the Sacramentes with more ceremonyall reverence, it wold have ben had in more admiracion, that it wolde have ben much better beinge administred in a Tobacco pype.

* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

That one Richard Cholmelei hath confessed that he was perswaded by Marloes reason to become an Athieste.

Theis thinges, with many other, shall by good and honest men be proved to be his opinions and common speeches, and that this Marloe doth not only holde them himself, but almost in every company he commeth, perswadeth men to Athiesme, willinge them not to be afrayed of bugbeares and hobgoblins, and vtterly scornynge both God and his ministers, as I Richard Bome [sic] *will justify both by my othe and the testimony of many honest men, and almost all men with whome he hath conversed any tyme will testefy the same: and, as I thincke, all men in christianitei ought to endevor that the mouth of so dangerous a member may be stopped.*

He sayeth moreover that he hath coated [quoted] *a number of contrarieties out of the scriptures, which he hath geeven to some great men, whoe in convenient tyme shal be named. When theis thinges shalbe called in question, the witnesses shall be produced.*

RYCHARD BAME.

(Endorsed)

Copye of Marloes blasphemyes as sent to her H[ighness].

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